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THE HEIR OF ATHOLE

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Philip starts for Philadelphia. **Page 23.**

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THE

HEIR OF ATHOLE.

A STORY.

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT, 1840-1903.

AUTHOR OF

"ALMOST A NUN," "ROLAND'S DAUGHTER," "AMONG THE ALASKANS," ETC.

"Yet pause ere thou unmoor
And set thine ark adrift on unknown seas;
How wert thou bettered so, or more secure,
Thou and thy destinies?

"How would it make the weight and wonder less,
If, lifted from immortal shoulders down,
The worlds were cast on seas of emptiness
In realms without a crown?"

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PREFACE.

THE heir of Athole is not the hero of his own story. Probably the strongest interest of the narrative centres about a representative of the lowest, most dangerous, most despised caste among us—a tramp. Barry is not an antic play of fancy: the character is the result of a close study of a class and an individual. Barry represents the intense heathenism that marches side by side with the splendid enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

Barry arrives at manhood so thoroughly let alone by both Church and State that his soul possesses as little as is possible besides its original innate ideas, while his native disposition is of the type called "harmless." In this soul we trace the process of the development of moral and religious sense. What is there to break the sleep of a conscience that has no notion of the holiness of God, the sinfulness of sin, and no terrors awakened by overt or startling acts of wickedness?

TRANSFER FROM C. A. NOV 1922

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Barry and his kin represent to us one of the paramount problems of the hour. What shall we do for our brother to make his natural force helpful to humanity and active in God's service? When diverted to the Master's use, he is often a potent instrument. Akin to Barry are such men as Jerry McAuley, Ben Hogan and others. It will be noticed in these, as in Barry, that after conversion they still drew their typology and phraseology from their former life, from all that they knew—from natural objects, from their cards, their fortunes. It would be impossible for them to do otherwise, and this very fact has perhaps rendered them more effective to their own class. In this as in other cases the wrath of man, that naturally worketh not the righteousness of God, is turned to praise him, and what is a "remainder" beyond that use is restrained. When it pleases God to give Barry a new heart, he does not give him a new head. As he is, let us make the best of him; let alone, he is decidedly dangerous.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE HEIR OF ATHOLE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN A SHADOW FALLS AMONG THE ROSES.

ATHOLE garden owed its beauty to Nature, not to Art; no hand pruned or planted its luxuriant flowering shrubs. If Athole roses had not a pedigree as long as that "race of funeral flowers" celebrated at "Alnwick Castle," they were of far more ancient descent than any other flowers in "Morning Sun." Since Morning Sun was settled there had been Atholes there, and roses in their garden. The flowers maintained their glory better than did their masters. The roses were bountiful, beautiful and fragrant still; the family of Athole had faded away to one cold, bitter and barren heart.

It was early June. The lilacs and the snowballs had filled the air with perfume, and had passed with May; clove-currants and laburnums had scattered their gold, and now the honeysuckles climbing over the old house swung sweet odors from their cream-lined censers, and the roses—white, red, yellow, variegated, bush roses and climbing roses—

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held their brief yearly reign and received the homage of bees, butterflies and breezes in the garden of Athole. Against the west side of the cottage grew a clump of roses of unusual splendor, and hidden under these, just beneath the window, which the blossoms almost covered, lay a boy of thirteen, Philip Fenwick. He had "wept until he had no more power to weep," and now he lay on his back exhausted, his arms flung over his head and his breast panting and heaving with the subsiding storm of his sorrow. To him the June sky was not a canopy of gold and blue through which the birds shot tuneful and exultant; the roses were not flushed and fragrant: they were stifling under the pall of death. His mother had perished with the toys of his infancy; his father was becoming daily a dimmer memory. The boy had a loyal and loving heart, and his affections had clung to the one centre left them, an aged woman, and at last she had accomplished her warfare and gone to fairer habitations, and the lad in his utter loneliness found no wings for his spirit to follow her to the many mansions, and all his thoughts yet clung in desolation to the little heap of earth covering the place where some two hours before he had seen them bury his dead.

Philip Fenwick was of an enthusiastic, ardent, dreamy disposition. He had no lack of courage when courage was called for, but he cared more for

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gathering flowers, watching clouds, seeking out exquisite bits of landscape which entranced him he knew not why, than for joining the plays of the other lads of Morning Sun. As for work, he had never done anything but wait on his grandmother; she had rejoiced to keep him at her side, sheltered from mischief and temptation. She had taught him a simple piety that had become second nature to him; his knowledge was limited to that, the studies he had pursued at a country school and a few books which he had found in a box in the garret. These were *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Legends of the Round Table*, *Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, *The Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Philip and his books alike belonged to the regions of the unreal. As for the books, he had a vague fancy that they were all nearly and about equally true, and that if he went far enough from the dullness and the commonplace activity of Morning Sun, he should find knights pricking over the plain, ladies enchanted in castles, mysterious footprints on sandy shores, and even Apollyon "straddling quite across the way"—as, no doubt, he would. In the two days since his grandmother's death he had not had time to face what life was likely to be to him without her; he had only grieved over his loss as he did now.

The question of action rather than of emotion came suddenly upon Philip. He lay under the

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"best-room" window. Within the room he heard the voice of old Deacon Keppler saying,

"Well, we all must die. She was a good woman, and she's gone to her rest. I'm glad you are not quarreling with Providence over your loss, Miss Athole. I was downright sorry for the boy at the grave; he looked overwhelmed-like. She was fond of him. It's well he has you left, Miss Mary."

"I don't know what you mean; the boy is nothing to me," said Miss Mary Athole, in her sharp, loud voice.

"Eh? what? He's your nephew, Miss Mary."

"No, he's not; there's not a drop of my blood in him."

"Why, I'm not quite clear, Miss Mary. Your mother, you know—" began the deacon.

"She was my stepmother, you remember," said Miss Mary, "and I've been robbed by her and hers all my life, till now I'm fifty years old. I'll make it all clear to you, deacon, for a cause. My mother —as you call her out of habit—was my stepmother. My father left her this place, house and land, for her life, and to me, his only child, after her. I've waited long to get my own. He left her, too, a thousand dollars, to will as she liked; that he should have left to me. She married again. I lived here, but I had to see my stepmother's new husband here, and she had a child, her only child, which she spoiled and doted on as the child of her

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age—a curly-haired romantic girl—and she married her to Peter Fenwick and gave her half that thousand dollars that by right were mine. Peter Fenwick lost it for her."

"Dear, dear!" said the deacon. "But don't look at it in that way, Miss Mary; the sorrow of this world worketh death."

"In what way shall I look at it?" cried Miss Mary, pouring forth the bitterness of years. "I was kept out of my own; I saw that foolish little Laura petted and flattered and married. When she died, her boy was put here in her place to have all the old lady's admiration and petting. If the place had been hers to leave, she would have left it to him."

"But he is an excellent boy," suggested the deacon.

"'Excellent'! That's as you look at it. A dreamy boy, lying under a rose tree by the hour—a boy to match his mother, with long curls like a girl; a boy that sings and reads books. I hate the whole generation of boys, and Philip Fenwick worst of the entire lot of them. Nine years I've had to bear having him round, and now I'm done with it. To-morrow he goes to the poorhouse."

"Miss Athole!" cried the astounded deacon.

At the same instant the boy lying prostrate under the roses—the boy into whose ears this flood of accusation had reached—lifted himself as by a gal-

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vanic motion into a sitting attitude and clutched at his breast as if he were suffocating.

"I've told you all this, deacon, as you are one of the guardians. You'll understand why it is; the boy is no more kin to me than to you, and I will not keep him a day longer. At last I have my house to myself; I've waited for it thirty-five years since my stepmother married the second time."

"But, Miss Athole, all the community will cry out against putting Philip Fenwick into the poor-house."

"Let them. I can be deaf; I have learned how."

"And the boy could be very useful to you."

"I need no one; I am enough for myself."

"Dear, dear!" said the deacon, wringing his hands. "I am seventy-five years old and living with my son, who has a houseful of children; if things were otherwise, I'd take the boy myself. Where is Fenwick?"

"Not heard from for three years. Run off, I suppose."

"Where was he when you did hear?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Suppose you keep the boy until we write or advertise, or in some way get hold of the father?"

"I will not keep him one day; I want my house to myself."

"But, Miss Mary, listen: the boy is thirteen;

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we bind boys out at that age. Our funds are low, the house is small; the first thing would be to bind him out, and at present Farmer Shaffer is the only person wanting a boy bound to him; and he is a notoriously hard man."

"So much the better. A boy that has been petted and spoiled all his life—an idle, fantastic dreamer, a boy with a girl's face and curly hair—needs a hard man to put a little backbone into him. Let him be bound to Shaffer; let him haul manure, and milk cows, and build stone wall, and rise at four in the morning, and let him learn what the world is made of."

"Of little that is harder and more bitter than this most unchristian conduct, Mary Athole!" cried the deacon.

"And who pretends to Christian conduct? Have I made any profession? Do I belong to your church?"

"Though you do not, God demands of you at least ordinary humanity. And remember, for all our acts we must give account to God in judgment. As you act you will be dealt with. If you cast out this boy, so will God cast you out in that day."

"You cannot frighten me with that talk, deacon."

"Nothing," said the deacon, "is harder than the heart of an irreligious woman."

"See here!" flamed Miss Athole: "for nine

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years I have tolerated him here—cooked his food, washed his clothes, and since his grandmother got so helpless I have mended for him and minded his room. I have not abused him; I have just waited for the time to come when I could have my house to myself. It has come. I shall start him to the poorhouse to-morrow at six in the morning, and let the guardians bind him to Shaffer if they like."

The old deacon rose to his feet.

"Mary Athole," he said, "your house shall be left unto you desolate, and you shall feel its desolation. You have waited to have it to yourself alone; the hour will come when it shall be too lonely for you."

There were steps in the room, then the front door closed, and the slow, uneven sound of the deacon's feet and cane went down the walk to the gate.

The flood-tides of Philip Fenwick's anguish rose again, but this time there was a deeper and fiercer element in his misery. The poorhouse! A bound-boy! Bound to Shaffer, known as one of the hardest of masters! Day after day to be spent in such rude drudgery as his aunt Mary had indicated—his only home in the noise, negligence and quarreling of the Shaffer family! Against this iron decree of Miss Athole, reinforced by his own youth, poverty and friendlessness, Philip felt impotent. He rolled upon his face in the agony

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of his soul; doing so, he rolled against a gnarled uptwisted rose root, and that pressed against his side some hard thing in his pocket. After a little, when his outbreak had partly exhausted itself, he felt the pain of this pressure, and remembered what caused it. He had received one legacy from his grandmother; it was here in his pocket—or part of it was. She had given him a Bible bound in two parts. The New Testament was this that the rose root pressed against his breast. He recalled what the dear grandmother had said:

"When I am gone, Philip, this book will comfort you in every trouble and tell you what to do in every doubt; I have always found it so. If you will go to it always and keep on reading till you get what you need, you will see that God has here always a word in season for the sad and the weary."

Philip had ever scrupulously obeyed his grandmother from love and habit. She was gone; her voice could no longer instruct him, but she had left him her counsels. He struggled up on his elbow, got the book from his pocket, wiped his eyes and began to read wherever he opened the book. In the tumult of his heart the words were vague and woke no echoes in his mind, but the very action of reading was calming to his distraction, and by and by his brain cleared a little and the words were the expressions of ideas, and he read on. Suddenly one sentence leaped into his mind as if written in fire;

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a gate of possibility was flung open in the blackness that closed him in, and through this open gate he saw a splendid light. They were old and simple words—read so very often, but at last become to him a revelation with a fitness for him: "I will arise and go to my father." Again and again he read; he re-read. It seemed that God had spoken. He had no grasp of the parable as a parable; it was simply a plain practical direction. The "father" was not the divine Father; the father's home was not holiness nor heaven; the far country was not the lusts of the flesh, nor were the "husks" the joys of this world. The father was the human parent, unseen for three years; the far country was this, Aunt Mary's house, where he was hated; the prodigal was his sorrowful and blameless self, and Philadelphia the place where he should find his father. "Father"! The word set him thinking, and Philip was acute enough in reasoning. His father had loved him; his grandmother had said so, and Philip recalled fond acts and words in his father's few visits. He had made him a little cart; he had given him a knife and a great Chinese silk kerchief; he had brought him candies, also a parrot and a monkey, both of which had soon perished —not without suspicion of Aunt Mary's interference. The father had sent money to grandmother to buy him clothes, and had once made him a little ship named the Ellen Something, after—yes, after

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his ship. Surely the missing father was a sailor—no doubt a captain. Philadelphia was a seaport, and people there would know his father "Peter Fenwick of the ship Ellen Something." The father would be glad enough to see him—would, no doubt, put him in school. Why should a boy with a father be sent to the poorhouse or be bound to a tyrant? That the father was a sailor the parrot, the monkey, the little ship, grandmother's sighs and groans when the sailors' psalms were read, proved clearly. Grandmother's words were true: the marvelous book had spoken; Philip had been shown a way out of his trouble. He had his marching orders; he would arise and go to his father. There was not the least doubt that God could take care of him on the way. The summer days were long and fine; the roads were good; so were Philip's legs. He had never been ten miles from Morning Sun within his memory, but he recalled how Christian, Robinson Crusoe, Sinbad and the famous Munchausen had come safely through perils of flood and field, and he, going out with a clear conscience, was sure he should go safely on his way. On the whole, he felt most like Christian; he was in a true City of Destruction and must escape for his life. He recalled, chiefly from the pictures, that Christian had a bundle of some kind with him; this suggested to him that he himself should do well to take at least a change of raiment.

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Philip put the Testament back in his pocket; it had served its turn for that time. Then he began to plan. He was a curious mixture of shrewd common sense and fantastic visions—of acuteness and inexperience.

"Philip!" shouted Miss Athole.

Philip went round to the kitchen.

"Here! you can have your supper."

There was abundant bread, milk and cold meat on the table; if Philip meant to go on a journey, he must eat. With an impenetrable countenance he ate his supper.

"Now off to your bed! If there is one thing I hate, it is a boy," cried Aunt Mary, who took her milk-pails and went out to the yard.

The yard was at the back of the ancient one-story house; Philip's room was in the front attic. He had formed his plan. He hurried up stairs, spread his Chinese handkerchief on the floor, laid thereon two shirts, two kerchiefs, two pair of socks, put in one pocket of his jacket his Old Testament, in the other the New, in his trousers-pocket his knife and a dime—all the money he had—tied the handkerchief by the ends, flung it far out the window among the flowers of the garden, did the same with his shoes—which he tied together, placing his stockings in them—and then stole softly down stairs. If by any chance Aunt Mary met or saw him, she would fancy he was going to the well for a drink. But

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Aunt Mary did not see him; not only the big red body of the cow which she was milking, but also the broad extent of the low red cottage, was between Aunt Mary and the flying Philip. He gathered up his impedimenta, slid quietly from the gate, hurried to the turn of the road, then over a field and into a lane, aiming to keep out of sight not only of Miss Athole, but of every one else who knew him, and so came at last by swift "short cuts" to the country schoolhouse.

Philip had not been here for a week. He knew under which brick the schoolhouse key was hidden, at the service of the pupil whose turn it was to make the room tidy in the morning. He opened the door and locked himself in. The lower half of each window had a shutter; the upper portions were free to the light. It was only six o'clock; there were two hours of daylight for him yet. His common sense had forbidden him to carry off any of that small store of books to which his fancy so strongly clung, neither had he come here for books. He sat down at his own desk and looked to the platform; he conjured up there the form of his teacher. He loved him; he had been lenient to his dreaming—had once called him an "embryo poet," though in that he was mistaken. Then he went to the teacher's desk and looked down at all the scholars' seats. He could call up each face. None of them had been very intimate with him,

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but he had shared some of their games and good things, and on stormy days they had been his noon-time audience as he rehearsed stories. The low square room with its blue desks, its blackboards, its globe, its maps, was to him a pleasing spot peopled with dear and familiar phantoms, part of the best of his past. Well, he had not come to see these phantoms—had not thought of them till he had suddenly seen them, each at a desk, ciphering, smearing ink over copybooks, firing surreptitious wads of paper, shooting peas, crowding in a long, wavering, tumultuous line to toe the mark in spelling class, trooping to the "water-bucket" and trickily squirting water out of over-full sponges, accidentally behaving very good for odd half-hours, then plunging their towzled heads behind the desks to eat forbidden apples and chew gum. No; he had not come to see this phantasmagoria of school-life; he had come about the map, and up to the map he climbed and set himself to study.

Morning Sun was not on the map, but the teacher had put a red wafer upon its probable locality, making it a far more prominent place than New York or Washington. With one index-finger on the wafer and the other on Philadelphia, Philip scanned the space between, and, noting the general direction, told over the important towns lying between himself and the city of his desire. The first he named was Aladdin—not that it was a town of

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any note, but it savored of *The Arabian Nights*, and he meant to pass through it. Morning Sun was in Butler county; he noted that he must pass through portions of eleven other counties to reach Philadelphia, but these counties looked only little blue, pink and yellow spaces on the map, like garden-beds of forget-me-nots, verbena and marigold. There were some rivers—no doubt they would be small—and mountains that could not be very high. He measured these landmarks in his mind by Cowslip Hill and Lost Creek, near Morning Sun, so true it is that imagination, unwinged by experience, oftener falls below than out-soars reality in natural objects.

Philip wrote a list of counties, towns, rivers and mountains that were in the line of his journey to the sea. His errand at the schoolhouse being now done, he closed the door behind him, and, locking it, he seemed to have placed an impassable barrier between himself and all his past placid and pleasant life. He hurried along the path through the "West woods," his bundle in one hand, his shoes in the other, intent on putting all possible space between himself and his aunt Mary, having concluded that she would capture him and out of pure malice bind him to Farmer Shaffer. On the contrary, when, twenty-four hours after, it fully dawned on Miss Athole that Philip had run away, she tranquilly remarked that "it was no fault of hers," and was

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secretly glad to be relieved of the odium of sending the boy to the poorhouse. It is true that the deacon did not fail to mention what had been her purpose, but, as the plan had not been carried into effect, many of the neighbors charitably said that "most likely, come to the point, she would have kept the boy."

Miss Athole was useful in the community. She made the best shirts, sold the nicest butter and eggs, was the most reliable cake-maker for weddings and other grand occasions, and, moreover, had the most dangerous tongue in Morning Sun; so it was not easy to ignore her, or safe to vex her. She had now reached the acme of her hopes in having her house to herself; she had a vision of the curly-haired Philip flying along some of the many Pennsylvania high-roads, and rejoiced as to her fancy's eye the slender figure grew less and less in the distance.

As for Philip, he had a vision of his aunt Mary in which she seemed to tower like Giant Despair and pursue him with great strides, her arm extended, her bent fingers almost clutching him by his hated curls, and he held his breath and hurried his walk to a run, as in his imagination she grew and gained upon him until she was close on his heels, Nemesis or an avenger, ready to give a fatal blow. His back was to the crimson and orange and purple of the sunset; the crests of the east-

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ward hills glittered in pinnacles of fire, and he trod his own lengthened shadow as he fled along the plain sown with the golden stars of the cinquefoil. He lifted his eyes at last, to see, not Miss Athole, but a little brown girl, her face and hair made bronze in the last flames of the daylight.

"Oh, Philip Fenwick!" cried the little maid.

"Where have you been, Clytie Harper?"

"I've been trying to have a picnic," said Clytie, in the most miserable tone. "I never was at one, and I had read so many stories about 'em, and Cousin Kate said she would fill me up a basket and I could go have one; so I tried, and it wasn't any fun at all: you can't play tag all alone, nor talk all to yourself. I see it's not the good things to eat, but the folks that go along, that make the picnic. If you'd been there, Philip— And oh, Philip, Cousin Kate says your grandmother's dead and buried! I'm so sorry for you—indeed I am!"

Tears rushed to Philip's eyes. Flight had put loss out of his mind for two hours; now loss came into the foreground of his life.

Clytie took his hand, and, pulling him to a seat by her on the roadside, she polished his face with her clean white apron. She was a shrewd little damsel, and the bundle and the shoes told her a story:

"Philip, where are you going?"

"Clytie, won't-you-never-never-tell-upon-your-

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sacred-word-an'-honor?" demanded Philip, administering the recognized district-school oath of secresy.

"Never-'pon-my-word-hope-I-may-die," quoth Clytie, promptly completing the cabalistic formula.

"Then I'm running away."

"I'm afraid that's wicked, Philip."

"No, it's not; they were going to bind me out to old Shaffer."

"Why-y-y! Shaffer kicks boys, and throws billets of wood at 'em, and never let's 'em eat a mite of pie or cake."

"That's why I'm running: I won't be a bound-boy. I am going to my father. Mind, you're not to tell. He will put me in school, and after a while I shall do something great, and be a governor or a general, perhaps, and then I'll come back here in a carriage with six horses, like a circus-man, and I'll drive by Aunt Mary's house and let her see whether I look much like a bound-boy. I'll let you ride with me, Clytie."

Clytie took a minute to contemplate the coach with its superfluous horses and herself seated by Philip, but she was as practical as the boy was fanciful; so she demanded,

"How long will it take you to get to your father?"

"To Philadelphia? Much as five or six days if I run pretty near all the time."

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"And where will you sleep nights?"

"'Nights'? I think I'll travel most of the nights."

"You'll have to sleep days, then; people have to sleep, just as a clock has to get wound."

"Well, I can sleep out-doors; it's warm. Who's afraid?"

"And what are you going to eat?"

"I'll— Well, I'll pick apples or berries, or go without."

"There's not an apple nor a berry yet. And you can't go five or six days without eating, Philip; nobody can."

Philip flinched a little:

"I've got ten cents, and I'll work for my meals."

Clytie inspected her picnic-basket:

"Here's two tarts, two biscuits, two doughnuts, some boiled ham. I'll give you basket and all, Philip. And see here: our hay-barn down by the creek is empty: you can go up and sleep in the loft there, and to-morrow morning I'll come down early and bring you a lot of breakfast, and you can start all right with the basket."

The proposal was too pleasing to be rejected.

"Let's see your bundle," said Clytie, who had assumed superintendence of the escapade.

Philip laid it open. Clytie's brunette countenance took a fine expression of superiority.

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"I don't see any towel, or any combs, or any cake of soap, or any needle and thread. What sort of a looking boy will you be, Philip, when you get to Philadelphia?"

Philip, being a neat boy, was conscience-struck.

"I'll bring 'em to you," said Clytie, loftily, "to-morrow."

"How? You can't tell your cousin Kate."

"Haven't I things of my own?" demanded Clytie, severely.

Philip slept in the loft of the hay-barn. He had succeeded in getting two miles from his aunt Mary, but he seemed to be infinitely far from her and his only home. In the morning Clytie came, fed him, made him neat, advised him not to get wet, to take mint-tea if he had a cold, and by all means to say his prayers.

Philip went his way. Looking back from the turn of the road, he saw the little maid in a pink gown, her hair and face gleaming as bronze in the dewy light of morning as she waved a little brown hand.

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CHAPTER II.

SHOWS THE TENDENCY OF LIKE TO LIKE.

"The best-laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

PROBABLY not more than one-tenth of human planning is ever carried out. Philip was not an exception to this general rule when he began his pilgrimage to Philadelphia. He had planned "to run most of the way," but, like Christian in the *Progress*, he "presently fell from running to going;" before night he was yet further ready to scramble along on his knees had he not been deterred by consideration for his only pair of trousers. The suit which he wore was his best. Having been bought, two years before, by Miss Athole, who made liberal allowances for "outgrowing"—an iniquity in which boys frequently indulge—it was now a tolerable fit, though somewhat faded and rather threadbare along the seams, unfit also for hard usage.

In the early morning Philip's progress had been rapid, and he had compared himself to Christian, and Clytie to one of the fair maids of the House called Beautiful, who gave the Pilgrim good entertainment and provisions to carry by the way. But the day

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was hot, and Philip, like most country-lads, was unaccustomed to long summer walks in shoes and stockings. His feet ached intolerably; they began to blister. He took off the hose and shoes and limped along as best he might, having cut a stick whereon to hang his luggage over his shoulder. His little lunch-basket was light; the provisions which the prudent Clytie had calculated should last for several days were nearly gone by supper-time. Who ever heard of a hungry boy walking a whole June day and economizing his provisions? Philip was not disturbed by the disappearance of the viands—when one is well fed, one does not expect ever to desire food again—but he did feel disappointed at not having reached even the first town set down on his course.

The road made a bend, and Philip saw before him a larger copy of himself. A man, hot and dusty, moved slowly along the road and carried over his shoulder a stick on which hung a bundle done up in a kerchief, and beside it a pair of shoes tied together.

The man looked over his shoulder and hailed Philip:

"I say, boy! Who lives in the white house yonder?"

"I don't know," said Philip.

"What's the name of the little village over there in the valley?"

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"I don't know."

"How far is it to Lane?"

"I don't know."

"I vow by my head, you're an entertainin' chap to talk to! Sit down here by me, brother," said the man, sitting down.

Philip was tired; he sat down—not because he wanted to rest, but he felt pretty sure he could not run out of the man's reach if he gave him chase.

"That's right," said the man; "if you'd been uncivil and run off, I'd broke your neck." He made this statement in no fierce or blustering way, but in a matter-of-fact tone, as if going round breaking necks were his lawful profession. His tone was quiet and confidential. "You 'don't know' these parts, my bantam," he continued. "You're on a tramp. You've took to the roads young; so did I. Now, speak up clear, why you started. No lying over it."

"I don't tell lies," said Philip, sharply.

"So much the better, when it's betwixt you and me," said his inquisitor; "otherwise, it ain't a mark of sharpness to fling truth round promiskuss. What are you running away for?"

Philip reflected that if he kept silence his neck might be broken; other than truth he could not speak:

"My aunt was going to bind me out to a Dutch-

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man who is an old tyrant and starves and beats boys."

"An' so you ran, my chicken! An aunt, says you? Why did not you say a stepmother?"

"Because she's an aunt," retorted Philip; "I'm telling truth."

"'An aunt'! No doubt it's next thing to a stepmother. I never tried. And you ran," said the tramp, shaking his head, "and before you got bound, even! You're blessed wise, brother."

"You see," said Philip, suddenly bestowing his confidence, "I found out what she meant to do, and I concluded I'd better go to my father; so I'm going."

"A father!" said the tramp, taken aback. "Oh! Well, it depends on what make of a father it is. A father that sends you after whisky, and slings brick-bats and pokers lively after you, and has the trembles, and gives you more curses than coppers, ain't a relation to run after."

"Mine isn't that kind," said Philip; "he made me things and gave me things and carried me on his shoulder. And he is captain of a ship, and he will put me in school."

"Mebby you're in the rights of it," said the tramp, dubiously.

"I know I am; I found it in a book. I opened the book to know what to do, and it said, 'I will arise and go to my father.'"

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The tramp had never heard of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, but at the mention of a book he fell into great admiration:

"A book, says you! And you can read it yourself?"

"Of course," said Philip, loftily.

"He can read the book!" cried the tramp, addressing the surrounding landscape. "Was it a dream-book or a trance-reader's book? Have you it by you?"

"It was none of those, and I have it," said Philip, tartly.

"Well, sort it over and let's hear it; I'm death on books if I could only read," cried the tramp. "'Cause why? I've give you the style of father I inwested in. Then I had a stepmother who mostly dealt in pokers and flinging water—hot or cold, as happened. Then I got put in the poorhouse, and just as I was having a little comfort there I got bound out to Beelzebub himself—just such another tyke as you had reference to—and without any directing by a book I cut stick, an' have kept the roads mostly since. Not allus that I perfers it. When it's cold, wet days or coming night and not supper, an' I see the little kids gatherin' in-doors and their daddy smokin' his pipe on the doorsill and somebody cooking him a chop inside, then I wish I'd had a different make-up of dad and been learnt to read, and hadn't followed the roads. So

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now, while we're restin', and seein' you can read, sort that book out an' let's hear what it told you."

The man was communicative, friendly, but predominant; he might develop the fashions of "Beelzebub himself" if he were crossed.

Philip opened his New Testament at the fifteenth of Luke. The tramp examined the page crosswise and upside down, to make sure of fair play, then put his elbows on his knees and prepared to comment on the reading.

"'A certain man had two sons—'" read Philip.

"Don't mean you; you are only one son."

"'And the younger of them said unto his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me—'"

"Well, if he wasn't a cool hand!" cried the tramp. "No doubt the old gentleman fetched him a sound rap on the head?"

"No.—'And he divided unto them his living—'"

"Oh, come, now! If he wasn't a soft un, to do that!"

"'And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living—'"

"Of course!" said the tramp, in deep disgust; "that's all one got for treatin' him decent. If I'd been there, I'd broke his neck."

"'And when he had spent all, there arose a

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mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want—'"

"Served him right! I'm glad of it," said the listener.

"'And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into the field to keep swine—'"

"Something soft about that fellow. Why didn't he take to the roads?"

"'And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him—'"

"That wasn't in this country," said the tramp. "Everybody gives you here, and of their best, too. —meat, coffee, cakes, pies."

"'Now when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger? I will arise and go to my father—'"

Philip paused and looked anxiously at the man.

"You're all wrong," cried the tramp; "it don't fit you at all. It is only a story-book. But it's a mighty fine one. Go on!"

The interest of the story had taken such hold of him that he forbore to comment, but, leaning forward, his eyes following Philip's on the open page, he listened until Philip reached the end, where the whilom prodigal, in robe and ring, feasts beside his father and is glad, while the music rings, and the

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dancers tread their maze, and the lights pour across the doorway of the banquet-hall.

"Oh, I vow by my head," said the tramp, "it's the best piece of a book I ever heard in my life! Don't be down on your luck at its not meaning you. I didn't know as they grew such kind of fathers, but, since they do, and yours may be one of them, you'd best go to him. Then I like your grit in running away from being bound to an old Turk; and if you don't find your father or he won't take you in, why you can keep to the road, same as other men. I'm bound to see how it turns out. I'd as soon go one way as another. I'll bear you company, brother, to Philadelphy; and if anybody interferes with you along the road, I'll break his neck."

Philip was stunned at this offer of escort; he reflected that the summary vengeance so freely indicated by the tramp might be directed to himself in case they differed. The stranger was neither dirty nor particularly ill-looking, but he was far too strong and self-asserting to be a desirable fellow-traveler. So far as the tramp was concerned, it is fair to state that his overpowering characteristic was laziness: Philip's fresh, innocent and handsome face attracted him, and he saw that by attaching himself to Philip he might be saved even the small trouble of asking for meals on the road. He was social, and the boy with the book would keep him from loneliness; and when the wealthy father was

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found, he would make the tramp a suitable present for having acted as escort.

"You're sure your father's a captain, my chicken?" he asked.

Philip explained the facts of the parrot, the monkey and the little ship Ellen Something as awakening and confirming that suspicion in his soul.

The tramp shook his head; that might all be, but he had knocked about the world long enough to know that these were but slight premises whereon to reach a firm conclusion. Peter Fenwick, supposably of the ship Ellen Something; unheard of for three years; said then to have been in Philadelphia. Slight clue to a father, sure enough! But then it was as easy to walk one way as another in these golden summer days.

"He may be dead," said the tramp, "or he may be off on a long sail to China, or the 'quator, or some other such place; or he may have got married again and set you up with a stepmother, in which case you just look out."

Philip's face expressed his agony at these terrible possibilities.

"We'll go see," said the tramp. "Don't get down in the mouth; Barry's at your back to stand up for you. Sort your book over and see if anything to match *me* is in it. Sort it over, I say!" he added, louder, as Philip hesitated.

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Philip desperately snatched a book from his pocket, happening on the Old Testament this time, and, opening in Proverbs, read,

"'Better is a friend that is near than a brother far off.'"

"That's what I says," observed Barry, "and a right-down good book that is. Now, if you've got a bite in this basket, we'll share it even. And do you see yonder fodder-stack over in the field? It will make us a good hotel, and no charges for the night."

The basket contained two tarts. After these had been eaten, Barry escorted Philip to the fodder-stack, offering him choice of places. Philip chose his side, Barry took another. Very naturally, before crawling into his nest, Philip knelt and said his prayer; as he finished he saw Barry peeping at him round the corner of the stack.

"What the land!" cried Barry. "Sayin' a prayer? Ain't all safe?"

"S'pose it is," said Philip. "Don't you say your prayers?"

"Well, one time I did. It was an awful thunder-storm—struck a tree and killed a heifer right near me. I thought I was gone, and I own up I did say a prayer—only one I knew:

'Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
Acts of 'Postles, every one,
Bless the bed that I lie on.'"

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"That isn't a prayer," cried the astounded Philip.

"Why ain't it?" demanded the tramp.

"Because," said Philip, promptly proceeding to air what he knew about theology and concurrent subjects, "if you pray, you must pray to God. Now, Matthew, Mark and the rest of 'em are only men, and dead men at that. Then, too, in praying, you ask for things you want; now, you didn't want your bed blessed, 'specially when you didn't have any bed. Besides, when you pray, you have to say 'for Christ's sake' or you will not get a thing. And you have to say 'Amen!'—at least, folks always do."

"'Cording to all that, parson," said Barry, "I never prayed in all my life; and you'll be a good one to have along, 'cause in case of danger or thunder-storms, or such-like, you can do the praying for both of us. Got anything in your book about that? Sort it out if you have, quicker!"

Philip turned over his Testament to "After this manner pray ye," and read the Lord's Prayer.

"That's good!" said the tramp. "Daily bread is good, only a little narrow when one wants meat and sauce with it. 'Deliver from evil' ain't amiss. That book is a right square book; I will have it sorted out frequent."

Philip had for years been in the habit of reading these two Testaments to his grandmother, sometimes

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for hours each day. He was fairly acquainted with their contents, but he apprehended that if required to "sort out" a commentary on every daily event he might presently get himself into trouble.

The birds woke Philip early in the morning.

"Hullo!" shouted Barry, from his side of the stack. "Anything about birds in your book?"

"Yes," said Philip; "says when the world was all full of trees and land and water and flowers, and not a living thing in it, God made birds and fishes on the same day."

"Which was first?" said Barry. "Eggs, or birds to lay 'em?"

"Birds," said Philip.

"Hold up there! I don't believe there ever was a bird that didn't come out of an egg."

"And I don't believe there ever was an egg before there was a bird to lay it," retorted Philip.

"Blessed if you mayn't be right; only, I have heard folks say it wasn't so that God made things, but that they just fell together like."

"I don't believe things could fall together just right. There was a cyclone near our place once; tore houses and threw them all about, and none of the sticks came down in the shape of a house, or even of a chair."

"Yes, boy, but houses and chairs have to be made."

"So do birds and horses and trees. If they

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just fell together, a bird might have got four thick legs, so its wings couldn't lift it, or a calf might have got only two legs under its body, and couldn't go. Everything looks to me all planned out by thoughts, and it would take much more thoughts than any man ever had to plan out all the stars and plants and living things. Besides, the book says God made all, and there's an end of it."

The wayfarers had come out from under the fodder-stack, and were beside a trough near the road, where bubbled a spring. Here they took a wash. Barry gave Philip some salve for his feet, and in return helped himself to Philip's soap. The toilette ended, said Barry,

"You go over to yon white house and get our breakfast."

Philip departed, and returned with a pitcher of coffee and a plate laden with bread, potatoes and fried pork.

"They weren't stingy there," said Barry as they finished.

"I thought it was pretty good for ten cents," said Philip.

"'For ten cents'! Did you pay for it?" shouted Barry.

"Yes. You didn't suppose I *begged* for it, did you?"

"Brother," said Barry, dropping his tone, "have you more money?"

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"That was all," said Philip, with evident sincerity.

"Well, of all moves!" cried Barry, in deep disgust, as Philip returned to the house with the crockery.

As they pursued their way Philip wanted to go faster; Barry explained to him the true tramp theory of crawling along the road:

"Slow and steady, my lad. If you hurry, your feet wear out, and days of lyin' by use up more time than slow-going."

Slowly, slowly, they moved along. The wayside grass was cool and soft; the wild strawberries were forming in their coverts; the robins were teaching their young to fly; bluebirds, blackbirds, orioles, jays, yellow-hammers, flashed in the air. Barry knew some things beyond what Philip had learned from books: he could tell the time of day from the sun, and from certain flowers; he explained how the chicory changes its tint with the growth of the day. He had no compass, but the bark of trees, the lichens on the fences and the leaves of the trees told him his way. When it was high noon, they had reached a little village, and, pointing to the best house in it, Barry told Philip to go there for their dinner while he waited behind the hedge. Philip seemed to have no difficulty: he brought roast meat, bread and pie on a large plate.

"Now, my bantam," said Barry, "take the

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chiny-ware back. Don't forget your manners in saying 'Thanky,' and then we'll take a sleep under this 'ere hedge."

"You may take the sleep," said Philip, "but I must go and clean the grass out of this lady's front walk. I told her I would do it for our dinner."

"What! Working out our dinner? Offered to? I vow by my head, I never heard the ekal of that!"

"Did you think I'd beg?" demanded Philip. "My book says, 'If any man will not work, neither let him eat,' and that 'every man with quietness must work and eat his own bread.' That lady has no call to feed me for nothing."

At this view of human duty Barry was so exhilarated that he burst into inextinguishable laughter, and finally rolled over and over on the ground in excess of merriment. Philip left him in this happy frame of mind, and was soon rooting away at the truant grass in his hostess's gravel-walk. When he was about halfway down the path, the gate opened, and Barry, coming softly in, addressed himself to the lower end of the walk, and rooted out grass till he and Philip finally came together.

"Blame that book of yours! Now I hope you're satisfied? And after this you needn't sort out unless I say so," remarked Barry, in his evenest tones.

Before night they crossed the Alleghany at Freeport, and at Schenley Station betook themselves to

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the Westmoreland side of Kiskiminetas Creek. Hereabouts, Philip had his first view of steam-cars, and Barry liberally bestowed upon him all that he knew about railroads, which consisted chiefly in methods of stealing rides on freight-trains.

At six o'clock they came upon a man who was making desperate efforts to get twenty pigs inspired with a common purpose of entering a field. It is a point of honor in pigs that no two should think alike; these twenty all took different views of life, and only one embraced in his plan entering the field. Barry mounted the top rail of the fence to admire the ways of pigs; Philip, disencumbering his stick, set about helping the man.

"Come down from there and help us," said Philip to Barry.

"Anything in the book about it?" demanded Barry.

"Yes, there is. If you'll come down, I'll read you an awful funny story about two thousand pigs all running one way."

Whereupon Barry came down, and, three master-minds being thus applied to the problem of the pigs, it was soon solved. The farmer remarked that if they would come up near his house he would bring them out their supper and they might sleep in his barn.

The supper was a bountiful one, and, like Jamie in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Philip and Barry set

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themselves to serious eating. After this, Philip lay on his back and read of the Gadarene swine; this led Barry into a discourse on crazy men and crazy animals.

"I didn't know but you was coming a game over me, promising that story," he said.

"That would be lying; I don't lie," said Philip, stiffly.

"Oh, I ain't so pernickety as that," said Barry. "I don't go in for throwing away a good solid lie; I'd tell it when I could make something by it, as a meal, a dime or a lodging, or when I could get rid of something, as a sulky pal or a bobby."

"Don't you like the name Bobby?" asked Philip, innocently.

Barry went into an agony of laughter, so that the tears ran down his cheeks. During this cachinnation Philip meditated.

When Barry was capable of speech, said Philip,

"Since you go in for lying, what do you think of stealing?"

"Oh, come, now! Stealing's mighty risky and unhealthy. I like to roam round too much to risk being sent up, and anybody so all-fired lazy as I am should not be so careless as to get six months, with hard labor."

"I don't notice that you swear," said Barry's self-appointed confessor.

"No more I don't; 'I vow by my head' is all

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the swear I do. That is along of— Now, I say, brother, I b'lieve I'll tell you a bit of my story. You see, I told you the kind of folks I had. Well, finally they got sent to jail, and the constable took me to the poorhouse. It wasn't a city poorhouse like a great jail, but it was a country poorhouse like a farm. I was all rags and dirt, but the boss gave me a great tub of hot suds and a suit of clean clothes, and I've liked bein' clean from that day out. There was nothing small about the boss; he gave us all we needed to eat, and he didn't bother to work us hard. If he'd been up for guv'nor an' we'd done the votin', he'd have won his 'lection every time. The boss kep' me workin' for his house most of the time. I fetched water and picked up chips, picked currants an' peas an' beans, an' fed chickens. It wasn't hard work; I took my time to it, and 'tween-whiles I played jackstraws an' jackstones, an' such. The boss had a little girl not so big as me; she had red hair braided in two shinin' tails down her back, an' she wore a pink gown an' had a voice like a dove. 'Ada' her name was. She used to sing songs to me, an' tell me stories when we were shellin' out beans or sitting by the fire. She read to me, too, out of a big brown book. She wanted me to learn to read, and she taught me some letters, but there were such an awful lot of letters in the book I couldn't see my way through, an' I gave it up. She was a good

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little girl, was Ada. She made me stop all the bad words I'd learnt of my folks, an' I promised her I'd never say no more; an' I don't. She cried awful when I got bound out, and so did I. I've never forgot her. Sometimes children 'long the road run from me 'cause I'm a tramp; but if there's 'ere a little girl with two red tails hangin' over her shoulders, an' a pink gown, I'd die sooner than hurt a hair of her head. I mind some of the stories she read me. One was all about a man as sold something—the best he had—for a mess of potash; I don't know what he wanted so much of potash. Cain, his name was; if it wasn't Cain, it was somethin' else. Then there was one 'bout a boy that fired a stone right into the middle of a big man's head and knocked him dead; he got terrible lots of praise and presents for it, too. Now'days the bobbies treat boys very different that are so keerless 'bout firin' stones. Then there was another story—of a man that kep' wild beasts. He sat in their den all night, and the lions never ate him. I don't think that was so wonderful; of course, he was a menagerie-man, and lions never eat their keeper: they're afraid."

"Why, Barry, I believe—I'm sure—that this Ada's big brown book was a Bible—just the very kind of a book I've got. All those stories are in it."

"You don't say so! But no; it was bigger."

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"They have 'em all sizes," said Philip. "It's the same."

"I never see her again," said Barry, in a lower tone. "After I'd been run away a good while I felt I'd no more call to be afraid of the old man and I'd better settle steady, perhaps, and I concluded to slide round by the poorhouse and see her and ask what she thought I'd better do. I went careful-like, inquirin', but the boss wasn't boss any more. He'd moved away, and the little girl had gone further than he had, for she had been dead years. I say! Is there anything about little girls in your book?"

"Yes, lots," cried Philip, recklessly.

"Sort out a piece."

Philip wanted to find about the little Jewish maid of Naaman the Syrian, but he could not turn to the place; so, concluding that biblical little girls were scarcer than he had thought, he looked out the story of Jairus's daughter.

Barry listened intently.

"Just her age!" he said. "And fell sick too, and died! But she had luck: here was One as could bring her back. Don't mention the color of her hair or eyes, or what make of a gown she wore? Well, it's all the same. There was no one to cure *her*."

The farmer gave them their breakfast, and again they set out.

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Passing a little village at noon, Philip proposed to save himself carrying the lunch-basket farther by exchanging it for rolls at a bake shop. Barry advised him that his plan was bad, but Philip insisted, and Barry walked on.

"Trade your basket for rolls?" cried the baker's wife. "Not much! Whose lunch-basket have you been stealing now? I see you with a tramping-man; you'll end in jail, and serve you right. The country is just overrun with your gentry. I s'pose you've met some school-children and taken away their dinner for your breakfast, and now you want to trade me the basket for your dinner. Clear out with your rubbish!"

Philip hastened after Barry. His eyes flamed, his chest heaved with wounded feeling.

"She accused me of stealing," he exclaimed—"*me*, of stealing!"

"I knew she would," said Barry, tranquilly. "They all do—if you're innocent. There's nothin' so common in this world as for people to get the wrong pig by the ear. Take a tramp with a great hand-bag packed full of shirts an' hankerchers he's took off clothes-lines an' a bad ten-cent piece in his hand, what he offers with a whine for a cup of coffee, an' they'll call him a honest fellow; but take a quiet-lookin' chap like me or a pretty boy like you, an' they takes it out on us, accusin' us of all the ill deeds the rest do. As far as other people go,

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it don't pay to be honest in this world; you get no credit for it. I look every day to be 'rested an' convicted of somethin' I never did."

"But I'd want to be honest on my own account," said Philip.

"Oh, as for that, brother, that's another thing. A man can do what he likes on his own account, an' mebby his own feelinks will pay him; if they don't, he won't get paid. But I don't steal, an' I don't fight. I'm as good a man as there is goin'. I don't get drunk. You don't find many better men than I am; there's no harm in me. I'm just lazy; I don't like to do nothin', an' I don't do nothin'."

"Well, that's harm," said Philip, stoutly.

"No, it ain't. What harm is it? It don't hurt nobody."

"It is harm to be lazy; the book says so," insisted Philip.

"What does it say?" demanded Barry, sulkily.

"Plenty of things; I learned 'em all once for grandmother: 'The way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns;' 'He that is slothful is brother to him that is a great waster;' 'The desire of the slothful killeth him;' 'Thou wicked and slothful servant;' 'The slothful will not plough, so he shall beg in harvest;' 'Not slothful in business,' and lots more."

"Well, I *know* there's no harm in bein' lazy," insisted Barry.

"Yes; just as the book says: 'The sluggard is

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wiser in his own conceit, than seven men that can render a reason,'" retorted Philip.

"Well, I vow by my head, I ain't going to stick by that book in everything. It's a little too tight a fit for me," shouted Barry.

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CHAPTER III.

WHICH LEADS AMONG QUEER PEOPLE.

IT was on a Monday evening that Philip fled from Morning Sun; on Tuesday evening he overtook Barry. His intention had been to escape from Barry and go on alone, but he perceived that tramps were plenty and that most of them were of a more evil and savage stamp than Barry, and he concluded that his self-constituted companion might be a protection to him; when he saw good reason to part company, he would fly.

Just after the dispute concerning laziness, on Thursday noon, they came to a bit of woodland and drawn up under the trees found a strolling show—two men with a performing bear, a man with an organ and a monkey and a man who was a full band in himself: he played a tambourine with his hands, while simultaneously he beat a drum at his back with sticks fastened on his elbows, blew a mouth-organ, and rang in tune a bell hung on his hat. This company at once divined the status "tramp" of Barry, and invited him and Philip to join their dinner. It was a good dinner, and the invitation was accepted.

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"You don't seem to have no show nor tools," said the elder bear-man to Barry. "Just round priggin' or beggin' your way?"

"We're learned people, we are," said Barry; "we can read, we can write, we carry our books. We can write letters or do accounts for folks that ain't their learnin' handy."

Philip was doubly incensed that the ignorant Barry was claiming to share his gifts and was clearly lying about their methods.

"Read, write, make accounts!" cried the organ-man. "That's prime! More than we do, but we warn't born in this country. Mebby you can sing too?"

"'Sing'! Of course we can. Perfect larks on singin'," said Barry.

"Try us a tune. I'll start you one. Know this?" He turned the handle of his organ.

"Oh, I know it," said Barry, "but I'm hoarse; got a cold sleepin' out last night."

"Let the boy take his turn at it, then."

"Oh! the boy?" said Barry. "I don't 'low him to sing too much, for fear of spoiling his voice."

Philip knew that Barry's assertion about the singing was as recklessly made as had been that about their literary accomplishments, wherein Barry had claimed share in all Philip's learning. He resolved to defeat his fellow-traveler by making good his last statement.

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"I'll sing," he said, promptly, "but I don't know your tunes."

"Try one of your own," said the organ-grinder.

Philip knew only the hymns he had sung with his grandmother and in Sabbath-school and a few tunes learned at day-school for exhibition-time. He sprang up, threw aside his cap, shook back his curls over his shoulders, and gallantly began:

"'My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.'"

He had a sweet and powerful voice, untrained, but correct in time and clear in enunciation, and, his blood, being up to convert into truth the attempted lie of the wicked Barry, he rolled forth the refrain with a right good will:

"'For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover!'"

Philip's audience clapped hands heartily. The man of many instruments and the younger bear-leader did not know enough English to follow the words, the others were equally ignorant as to sentiment, but musical notes overthrew the Babel-walls of divided tongues as the silver trumpets overthrew the walls of Jericho. For the time Philip had

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touched the keynote of these rude souls, and they yielded to his sway. Under a birch tree stood the graceful boy, his large gray eyes full of light, his complexion smooth and fair as a girl's, his hair—his grandmother's pride because it was so like his mother's—parted on one side, combed loosely back to his neck and curling at the ends in large rings about his shoulders. He was not a common-looking boy, and as he stood there, the sunlight sifting through the leaves over his slender figure and laughing face, he was in greater danger than he knew; for the four strangers were men who had but one idea—to convert into gain for their own pockets whatever they could lay hold of.

The elder bear-leader was chief of the party, a huge Englishman. Like Bottom, he proceeded to "aggravate his voice to roar as gently as a sucking dove."

"You don't beg, sez you?" he remarked, softly clapping his hands. "No more you needn't, with such a woice. Wen was you a-going, an' wot might you be a-goin' to do? That's wot I asks fair an' friendly."

Philip was on the verge of replying frankly, when Barry, who had stepped behind him, hissed in his ear, "I'll break your neck!" and, suddenly assuming a new character, broke out:

"Well, he's sung, an' he's sung without leave. If you've got any questions to ask, ask 'em of me;

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I'm the one to answer 'em. We're on our way, says I, to the city, where the boy's goin' to sing in a theayter, and I'm to be doorkeeper, and such."

"Well, pardner," said the Englishman, "now you've spok', I lay you a bet, as we're movin' your way, you won't fight shy of good company."

"Mebby not," said Barry.

"An', bein' an enterprisin' man, you won't quarrel with makin' a snug little fortin' along the way?"

"I never quarrels with no fortin's," said Barry, placidly.

"Then, pardner, we'll move along together. The boy will give a tune or two when we stops to exhibit, and we'll share what comes to us with you and him. We live like lords; we sleep in hotels and eat an' drink the best goin'."

Philip withdrew behind a tree to meditate; the organ-man at once moved to have him under observation. Philip suspected that he was a prisoner with five keepers. His soul revolted at the idea of going about with a show of a bear, a monkey and a band-man. Yet he had already found that distances are far greater on the earth's surface than on maps, that roads are rougher than fancy paints them, that streams are deeper and hills are higher, that the long route demands the slow step, that he who walks all day needs three meals a day and a resting-place at night. To beg he was ashamed;

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he was not likely to get a chance to dig. It might be possible to go on toward Philadelphia with these men—at least until he had earned enough to carry him on his way. The boy absolutely fancied that these modern knights of the road would each evening make an honest division of the day's gains!

The noontide rest was over. The organ-man shouldered his instrument; the monkey perched on top. The eldest man took up the luggage; the second, with chain and stick, led the bear. The band-man fell into line. Barry placed himself by Philip, but the big Englishman was close on the other side. It was some two hours before Barry had a chance to say a word aside to Philip. Then, as they all gathered round a wayside well and the strollers were seasoning the cups of water with whisky from pocket-bottles, Barry hastened to say,

"Oh, you've got us into a precious scrape getting your mouth off so free and easy! Now, you keep mum. Keep your eye on me, an' don't you open your head whatever I say or do, or I'll break your neck."

Philip thought himself the most unhappy boy on the face of the earth; he wished he had remained with his aunt Mary, or had even risked Farmer Shaffer. Still, he sang at a village and before a large white house when the "company gave a exhibition," as the leader said. The gains seemed to be satisfactory.

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As night fell the party arrived at a deplorable little tavern where dirty floors, broken windows and whisky strove for pre-eminence. The strolling party seemed known there, and a great smell of frying pork, boiling coffee and cooking onions and potatoes filled the air, mingling in horrible fashion with the odor of tobacco, stale beer, rum and general dirt. Philip was not suffered out of sight one minute; he ate his supper with the rest, and was then told he could go to the attic to bed. The attic was a close, dirty place. Philip opened the window and caught the last rays of light on the pages of his Testament as he tried to get a little comfort in his misery. Then he said his prayers, and amid the petitions heard the voice of Barry, who seemed to be making great friends with the people below. The beds were too dirty to tempt a boy brought up under the cleanly administration of Miss Athole; he took his bundle for a pillow and lay down before the window, where from sheer weariness he soon fell asleep. Next day Barry seemed to have deserted him; he walked by the Englishman and had not a word for Philip, who was closely watched by the organ-man, who made him carry the monkey. The sight of the little animal filled Philip with memories of his father, who on one occasion had brought him such a pet.

During the day the company passed a cross-road, where Philip lingered a little.

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"Come on!" said the organ-man. "We don't go there."

"That don't hinder *my* going if I like," said Philip.

"Yes, it does. An' let me tell you a rabbit has a poor chance hopping away from five hounds."

Then Philip felt sure that he was a prisoner, and, taking counsel with himself, he resolved to put on an easy face and sing his best until they came to some town where there were creatures called policemen—which he had heard of as conserving order and defending the helpless—when he would appeal for succor. Meantime, the Englishman and Barry seemed to have become great friends.

Evening found the wayfarers at another wayside den, where Philip, having eaten with the rest, went, as before, to the attic. Meanwhile, Barry talked with the Englishman.

"Now, pardner," said the leader of bears, "it won't pay you half so well to take that boy on to the city to sing in a the*ay*ter. He's no kin to you, that's plain, an' in a little while he'll get sassy, and folks will take up for him an' not for you, an' you'll get none of his earnings. But if you'll join our show, you'll make a pocketful of money and nothing to do. And the boy is such a 'an'some boy, an' such a woice! If we dress him up in welvet, he'll draw more money nor the bear. He can't run with us all to watch him, and we'll keep clear

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of the cities till we've got him afraid to cut up rough. If it comes to a matter of the police, I'm willin' to swear as I've knowed you for a 'onest man for ten year an' he's your born son."

"That's liberal an' 'commodatin' of you, brother," said Barry, "an' I'm your man; only I don't take to no dry bargains."

"Oh, we'll drink to it," said the Englishman.

"A reg'lar blow-out?" said Barry.

"I didn't say that," said the bear-leader.

"I say it," said Barry, "an' what I say I'll stick to. The boy's worth a mint of money, an' I say, No dry bargains."

"Howsomdever," said the bear-leader, "you get the worth of your money if you drink it; so we'll have a blow-out."

Now, if Barry thought he was likely to get the Englishman drunk, he was much mistaken. Nothing in the shape of drink overpowered him, while Barry, who had a fortunate incapacity for whisky, was obliged to sit on the window-sill and secretly pour his cups of drink out on the ground.

Late in the evening the Savoyard went to the barn to sleep with the bear, as was his custom; the others went to the attic, but, the night being hot, the Englishman put his three companions into the room where Philip lay by the window, and, himself closing the door, lay down in the hall before the threshold, thus making them all prisoners.

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There were two beds in the room. Barry insisted that Philip would take cold lying on the floor, and so spoil his voice. Very much to the boy's disgust, he dragged him into bed with him. Philip rolled close to the wall and felt sure he had erred in running away.

Soon the snores of the other men began a steady chorus in the opposite bed, and then Philip felt Barry bending close to his ear:

"We're in a beastly bad box, boy, and we've got to run for it. We're high up from the ground, only that one little window, and the big man lying across the door. You got us into the scrape; now sort your book over in your head an' see if it tells any way to get out of such a place as this."

Philip sat up in bed, and, as Barry had directed his mind to the book—which, indeed, was his only monitor—he began to think over the contents. Barry waited patiently while the sorting was going on; finally, Philip whispered,

"There was one man that his friends let down over a great wall by a rope in a basket, and there were two men that a woman let down by a rope out of a window; but we haven't any rope or any woman or any basket."

"If you says another word, I'll break your neck," whispered Barry, joyfully. "I'll never find no fault with that book again, s'long as I live. Slip out of bed and tie your bundle an' shoes to-

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gether, an' don't make a breath of noise; only hold up the side o' this blessed straw bed."

Barry then gathered off the bedclothes and thrust them under the bed, and while Philip held the miserable tick he skillfully drew off the rope that held up the tick by passing across and around little knobs. One side loosed, he loosed the other, silently let down the tick upon the clothes, all the time noticing the nasal performances of the other sleepers, and if they made a break in the snoring filling it up himself. The rope secured, he told Philip he would let him down from the window, and if he found grass below he was to shake the rope; if stones, to give no sign:

"If there's stones, you see, brother, I must be a little keerless how I come down, lest the rope breaks."

There was grass below, and Barry, having tied his rope to the window, swung himself out. The rope broke when he was halfway down, and he went rolling over and over, bowling Philip down and sweeping him with him into the tavernkeeper's newly-planted cabbages. However, neither of the travelers was particularly injured; so, brushing off the dirt, they made for the road, and for an hour fled at the top of their speed, soon turning from the road which they had traveled and going in a different direction. They went at a brisk pace most of the night; then Barry directed their steps

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toward a huge straw-stack that stood like a landmark in a great field. A ladder leaned against the stack, and, climbing up the straight side by this, they scrambled to the top, Barry being very careful that the straw should not be disarranged. At the top of the cone they buried themselves in the straw, leaving only a breathing-place. Then Barry explained to Philip the proposition of the Englishman.

"Much profit we'd have made!" said Barry. "They'd have got rid of me in no time, 'cusing me of stealin' or something bad at the first town, and then they'd had their way of you. You'd been their slave."

"I'd have run," said Philip.

"Not much, an' four of them watchin' you."

"Well, why didn't you say so up and down and call me and go off?" asked Philip.

"I'd not gone far. They'd have swore I was a man as burnt a barn or robbed a farmer or hit a woman over the head 'cause she didn't give me money, and while I was lyin' in jail getting 'vestigated they'd swore the Englishman was your father, and took you off. Tramps haven't much chance in this world if one makes a hue-and-cry after them; they're a hard lot, most of them, an' in repytation it's share an' share alike."

"I begin to think it was a dangerous thing to run away," said Philip.

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"You bet, boy! It was the reskyest thing ever you could do."

"Aren't you afraid they'll get after us, Barry?"

"No. We've come as much as nine miles, and they can't make a bear run, and all of them are too loaded to go fast. They'll not know we're gone for a while yet, and I've come another way; they turned out of the Philydelphy line yesterday noon. Now, brother, mind your own affairs next time, and don't you go to showing off nor talking to no tramps further than to follow my lead. I knows the world, an' you knows the book. Now I'm goin' to sleep."

Barry soon slept, but Philip thrust his head out of the straw and looked about. He had escaped a great danger, yet how did he know but that Barry was as dangerous to him as any other might be? He did not even know his own way. The world had never seemed so large; even the field and the adjacent pasture-land looked immense, endless, in a gray sea of mist lying low along the earth, in which mist moved the dark forms of cattle, looking large as elephants, with here and there a white horse or a cream-colored cow, a more defined figure than the rest. The sky was a deep-blue dome scintillant with stars, and Philip noticed what had never struck him before—that some of these orbs quivered and seemed at one instant swallowed up in space, and then glowed out again; some were red and some

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shone with a blue light, and there were great spaces that seemed empty of these sons of glory, and along the skies lay a broad luminous band, as if it might be the pathway of heaven's ascending host or the road trodden by the spirits of just men made perfect as they go up to God. Then he found that the dome was growing paler in its hue and that the stars were losing their intensity, while low along the horizon there trembled a pale gray band that presently widened and took the faint tint of the first wind-flower that opens in the spring. And now this band had won the color of the daffodils that deck the fields for Easter-tide, and all the hosts of the stars were routed before the advancing banners of the morning, and the but now silent world broke into full music to greet the day. From farm to farm the cocks challenged one another, the mighty clarion of some great senior of the barnyard waking to emulation the shriller notes of the lesser cocks. Swallows wheeled and cried through the air; martin, thrush, phœbe-bird, lark, catbird, finch, blackbird, robin, crow, flicker, jay, kingbird, cry, whistle, trill, chirp, full burst of song, until the very air quivered again, and the heavens were flaming in red and gold and green, and the stars were gone, and weariness and sleep mastered Philip in the very ecstasy of his wonder and admiration. When he woke, the sun was high and had drunk up all the dew; the flowers were wide unfolded, the leaves on the trees were still

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in the breezeless noon; the birds had hidden in silence in the coverts.

"You've slept late, my chicken," said Barry, "but I knew you was tired, an' I didn't wake you. As soon as the folks is all in at dinner we'll slide out of this and go our way."

"There are no houses very near," said Philip.

"No, but there never were such hands as farmers for seein' far off an' all round their heads; I'm surest of them when they're eatin'. That was a mighty 'cute idea you sorted out of that book las' night. Come, now! is there in it of ary a fellow as went on a tramp or run away?"

"I was thinking of one before I got asleep last night," said Philip; "he ran off to go a long way for fear his brother would kill him."

"That wasn't very affectionate of his brother," said Barry.

"No, but I always thought he treated his brother pretty bad. Well, he lay down to sleep at night and put a stone for a pillow."

"Why didn't he use his bundle?" asked Barry.

"He didn't seem to have any—nothing but a stick. And while he lay there he saw the skies opened and angels going up and down between him and God."

"That would have skeered me out of my seventeen senses," said Barry. "Wasn't he afraid?"

"No, not a bit."

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An experience in Tramp Life. **Page 65.**

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"Then he must have been friends with God, you see, and not a bad chap, after all."

"Yes; God stood by him and took care of him right along."

"I wouldn't mind bein' in the same box myself," said Barry; "only I know I never shall."

Then the fugitives crept out of their nest, slid down the stack, took a wash and a comb at a wayside stream, and went their way until they turned up to a well to drink.

A woman observed them from the kitchen door, and Philip's boy-beauty caught her eye. She called him:

"Have you been to dinner?"

"Not yet," said Philip, hesitatingly.

"Sit down here, then; I was just wondering what I should do with a fine lot of apple dumplings I had left. I'm always making too much. Is that your father?"

"No, madam," said Philip, standing cap in hand. "I am going to my father; he will put me in school. This man is traveling along with me."

"You look a queer-matched couple," said the woman. "But I must say you have manners; I seldom see better. Now will you sit down for your dinner?"

"Madam," said Philip, "I must tell you we have nothing with which to pay for it."

"Land! I don't keep a hotel. Now I think of

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it, you can both come in and sit by the table. Where is your mother?"

"She is dead, madam, and I lived with my grandmother until she died too, and now I am going to my father."

"I hope he is a proper man, you seem such a nice boy."

"Thank you, madam," said Philip, whose manners had been his grandmother's care until he was a little flower of courtesy.

The lad and Barry made a fine dinner, and, thanking their hostess, went their way, she looking after them and assuring herself that they were a queer couple, and she hoped the boy would come to no harm. Barry, meanwhile, set higher value than ever on his traveling companion, and chuckled over their late escape.

Toward sunset our travelers might have been seen moving slowly along a country road. Barry went first, his bundle carried over his shoulder, humming to himself a monotonous tune. What more did Barry desire in life? He thought, with a self-gratulatory chuckle, of his escape from the show, and of the beautiful manner in which he had made a promise to the big Englishman's ear and broken it to his heart; he remembered with complacency the dumplings and the syrup that had refreshed him at dinner, and was more than ever glad to have found a companion to whom all hearts were gracious.

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To stroll along grass-bordered ways when the air was mild, and the summer suns stooped low, and the bean-fields were come into fragrant bloom, and the red clover loaded the air with balm,—this was Barry's joy. Philip had followed with a slower step; his late experiences had opened his eyes to the dangers of his way, but by degrees the gentle ministrations of Nature had calmed him. Earth was garlanded with beauty, and now, when he saw great wings of crimson unfolding up the sky, and silver ships go sailing along purple seas, and every little wayside pool glowing red in the reflection of the sunset, and swallows darting low with tawny breasts and backs clad in glittering rainbows, his cares fell away from him as fell Elijah's mantle when he was carried up toward heaven.

On a bald little hill, by several fields removed from any dwelling, was a country schoolhouse with a deep sheltered porch. On this porch sat a woman with black hair twisted into a huge careless knot, her face burnt by the sun, her clothes dusty, her bonnet lying on the step at her side, a big bundle in a blanket on the ground before her. She was reading a thick book bound in red. At the side of the schoolhouse a fire had been built, and over it hung an iron pot from which came forth a steam of cooking; a dingy little coffee-kettle was near the pot, on the coals. Sitting on his heels brandishing a long iron spoon, wherewith he stirred the contents of the

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pot, was a man in his shirt-sleeves; he too was reading—a book in paper covers.

So absorbed were these literary tramps in their books that neither looked up until Barry hailed them:

"Hello! Is that a hotel or a private house?"

"It's a free hotel," said the woman, lifting her eyes. "Turn in if you like; there's room enough for all."

"Now, that looks handsome, both of you a-readin' so learned-like. Me an' the boy does a little in the literary line too.—May that be a cook-book you're readin', brother? Your pot smells as if you was puttin' some science in it."

"I don't need no receipts for cookin'; I has them all in my head. I was cook at a eatin'-house once," said the man.

"Eh? And you had misfortin's, brother?" said Barry.

"Just some trouble about the cash-box," said the woman, "an' he got a whole year for it; so, when he come out, we took to the roads. There's no chance for a man when he's had the misfortin' to be sent up; no openin's after that."

"I don't know as I wanted any," said the man; "I had been kep' in so long it seemed as if trampin' ahead as I like was the best thing I could do. Keepin' in town winters is bad enough, with rent to earn, but we make the winters as short as we can."

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"And how do you get things to eat in winter?" asked Philip.

"Hear to him!" cried the woman. "Why, ain't there the coals-distributin', and soup-kitchen, and loaves? We get plenty."

"He's country; never been in the city," explained Barry.

"I don't see your supper about you," said the ex-cook.

"We've just a paper bag of nut-cakes a lady give the boy where we had dinner," said Barry, in a conciliatory tone.

"With a spry slip of a boy like that, I should think you might have brought along a chicken," said the woman.

"Do you mean I might have *stole* one?" demanded Philip, whose wit was sharpening rapidly.

"There's no use speakin' quite so bold; but if I *did* mean it, what then?"

"I don't steal; it's wicked," retorted Philip.

The man and the woman looked at each other, and then at Barry and at Philip, in great amazement.

"Pious lay?" demanded the woman, after consideration.

"Yes," said Barry, "but the cream of it is it's earnest: the boy means it. I vow by my head it ain't put on;" and at the astounded expression of his auditors Barry went into roars of laughter and fairly tore his hair in excess of mirth.

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"Rather than you should starve in a good cause," said the woman, "you may eat with us. We've got a chicken."

"I hope—" began Philip, and stopped short.

"Oh, we bought it, if that's what you mean," said the woman; but she winked at Barry as she went on her knees to get some tin plates out of her bundle.

"What did you stop for?" asked Barry, softly, of Philip. "'Fraid?"

"No," said Philip, scornfully, "but I thought of a word in the book."

"Eh? Sort it out. What was it?"

"'Whatsoever is set before you eat, asking no questions for conscience' sake.'"

"I never in all my life hear of a book so pat," said Barry, in great admiration. "Anything in it about all these fields of good-smelling things?"

"Yes. It says, 'Like the smell of a field that the Lord hath blessed.'"

"Well, I vow! Anything about bees?" demanded Barry as he alertly dodged from the belated citizen of some distant hive that flew against his cheek.

"Why, it says about honey, 'Honey out of the rock.'"

"Honey don't grow in rocks," said the woman, looking about.

"It does in some countries," said Philip.

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"Is that book meant for more than this country?" asked Barry.

"It is for all countries and all people and all times."

"Then it's a lib'ry—a whole complete entire lib'ry, I vow!"

The woman set forth her plates of stewed chicken and Philip divided his nut-cakes. The supper was despatched eagerly, in quite a short time and with small ceremony.

"Now, brother," said Barry, "can't you deal out a little of your book?"

"It's a queer book," said the man; "I got it because it was cheap—only five cents at a stall. I don't take all the sense of it, but the gist of it is there was a king—a nice, easy old fellow he seems to have been—and he went visiting at a lord's castle. By bad luck the lord had that day met some witches that told him he was to be king. It's a pity he hadn't had a little sprinkle of holy water for 'em or made the sign of the cross before they cockered up his brains with notions. Well, he told his wife, and she got so on end to be a queen that the two together concluded to kill the poor old king and lay it to some innocent soldiers. It makes one's hair rise to read how much blood there was in him, and how the woman couldn't get it off her hands even after she was queen. Well, they saw ghosts—and served 'em right—and they all went crazy an' come

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to a bad end. I don't go in for killin' people; it's right and proper to draw a line somewhere, and I draws it there. 'Cause why? When folks is dead, they can't come to life; dead is done. What can't be cured, it ought not to be did, and no dead people come alive."

"I vow, brother, I've got you there! The boy knows a good story about coming alive, and he'll sort it out for you too, by and by, from his strange book.—What's *your* book about, missis?" said the easy Barry.

"My book," said the woman, with a wink, "was give me to-day by a Mr. Bench—or mebby his name was Mr. Board—as I see a-settin' in a garding. It's about a young woman, name Elizabeth, who appears to have had hard times when she was young, but they didn't nowise make her tender-hearted; an' I don't b'lieve hard times generally does. Well, she growed into a queen, an' she wasn't in nowise scrup'lous about killin' folks, for she cut off heads right and left. As for gowns an' jewelry, she had no end of 'em, an' left a thousand dresses, all jewels an' gold an' silver, a-hangin' up in her spare-room closet, an' she old as old could be, scared awful at dyin' an' ready to give all she had for five minutes more to live in."

"I vow, that's none of it very lively readin'," said Barry. "Now, the boy has got a book that is not 'speci*al*ly lively, but it's soothin' to the feelin's

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and comes pat to what you want.—Now, my lad, you sort out a good piece. Nothin' second-hand, now, but spick an' span new, to bear out what I says."

The stories told by the tramps had given direction to Philip's mind, and he quickly opened to the account of Lazarus. When he came to the two days' delay of Jesus, the tramp-woman said she "thought he might have gone sooner, but one could never depend on folks." At the ninth and tenth verses, about walking in the day, the man said "those were his views; he never traveled by night." At the words "Lazarus is dead," Barry broke forth: "Oh, come, now! He said he was not goin' to die." When the narrative told of the sisters and friends going to the grave to weep, the woman said, "Well they might! but weepin' don't mend no bones." But at the description of the shrouded Lazarus coming forth from his grave, they all cried, "That can't be true!"

"It's true, every word of it," said Philip, "and in the very next chapter it tells how Mary and Martha made a great supper and Lazarus sat at the table. And they invited Jesus."

"They couldn't do no less," said the woman. "Where do you s'pose that Lazarus was those four days?" She did not know that her ignorant, coarse mind had touched the supreme circle of the poet's thought in those themes that make all men kin:

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"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?
There comes no echo of reply
Which, telling what it was to die,
Had surely added praise to praise."

"Where was he? Why, in the cave," said Barry.

"In heaven," said Philip.

"Then he wouldn't have come back, you bet!" said the man.

"It's growin' dark," said the woman, "an' we are talking too much about death and dead folks; we may see ghosts, for all there's no graveyard nigh. Let's have some singing."

"I'll give you 'Captain Kidd,'" said the husband; and he began to roar in a most unmusical voice, "My name is Captain Kidd," etc.

"I like more touchin' things," said the woman. "Here's one." She began "Home, Sweet Home." Her voice was hard and out of time and tune. Whisky, tobacco, fog, rain, hail, sleet, snow, the heats of Sirius, had robbed her of any melody that might once have been hers. It was a horrible commentary on this fallen human state, this rude woman, who had never known home or family-love, nor any of the generous amenities of life, ragged, dusty, unkempt, sitting shelterless by the highway and singing "Home, Sweet Home"!

"The boy can sing," said Barry.—"Tune up, hearty!"

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Philip had always been used to singing hymns to his grandmother on Saturday night; this was Saturday night, and he had stood by her death-bed just a week before. The twilight was falling over him as he sat, a little removed from the other three, on the schoolhouse steps. What could he sing but one of the old hymns? He began slowly:

"'Mary to her Saviour's tomb
Hastened with the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone.'"

"Ain't that sweet an' affectin'?" said the woman.

"'For a while she grieving stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.'"

"He's in uncommon good voice," said Barry, approvingly; and Philip finished his contribution of song amid great applause.

Then the literary tramps got their blankets from their cumbersome bundles; Barry, hardened by years of exposure, stretched himself out on the walk; Philip, with a longing in his empty heart for home and friends, curled himself up on the sill of the schoolhouse door; and soon sleep brought its wonted consolation to the sorrowing and the weary.

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CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES PIERRE BRESCIA.

THE first Sabbath sun of his wanderings shone over Philip. He awoke, and the tramps were already making up their bundles.

"We'll get on," said the man; "don't do to stay too long in one place."

"And we'll have to look up a breakfast," said the woman.

"Come along, boy!" said Barry, shaking himself.

"I'm not coming," said Philip.

"Not? Why not? Sick?"

"No, but it's Sunday, and I don't travel on Sunday; it's wicked."

"You'll do well," said the woman to Barry, "to knock all such fol-de-rols out of his head."

"Come on," said Barry, wheedlingly. "What are you going to do, I asks, if so be you don't come on?"

"I'm going to church over where that steeple is."

"See here, pal!" said the man. "The pious lay

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won't do at all; it's too cumbersome for tramping-people."

"But, you see," said Barry, turning in bewilderment from one to another, "it's no lay, it's real; he means it."

"Take him by the scruff of his neck and drag him along," said the woman, fiercely; "he'll soon get enough of it."

"And you'll get enough of it," said Philip, furiously. "I'll scream 'Murder!' till I bring out people; then see what you'll get. I'm none of your affairs."

"Ain't he a plucky one?" said the admiring Barry.—"Now, I says to you, Come on, brother. Breakfastses don't grow on no schoolhouse steps, nor yet dinners. What's got in you?"

"My book says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"That book," said Barry, shaking his head, "has its disadwantages. I sometimes think it would be well for folk like us if it was burnt up."

"Burning up don't hurt it any; it's been tried," said Philip.

"Then it's black art," said the man.

"It says, 'Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath,'" said Philip to Barry.

"Well, brother, I only asks you to set foot on the road."

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"'And from doing thy pleasure on the holy day,'" said Philip.

"But this ain't your pleasure, brother," said the pacific Barry, who, when affairs reached a crisis, seemed to have abandoned all idea of breaking necks. "You don't *want* to go; you comes on just out of 'commodation."

"When all's said, I will not go; it's wicked," concluded Philip.

"Let me get at him!" cried the woman, stepping forward and brandishing a big arm. "I'll beat the nonsense out of him in five minutes."

"Hold hard!" said Barry, stepping in before Philip. "He's none of your pals; let him alone."

But the man thought he knew the value of a pretty boy in a strolling-party; he said to Barry,

"Make him behave, then. Bring him along, and it will be share and share alike. You thrash him into sense, or I will."

Then the easy Barry made a new development. He caught up his huge stick and whirled it round, crying,

"You'll share a good pounding first, then. —Stand by, boy; and if they touch us, at 'em tooth and nail. If scrimmage is what they want, scrimmage they shall have."

At this the literary pair drew back: Barry looked a burly fellow to handle.

"Since you're not what we took you for, we're

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better parted," said the man; and he and the woman trudged up the road.

"Now," said Barry, crossly, to Philip, "see what you've got me into. I don't see no apple trees loaded nor no chicken pies laid out here, and you've got me to stayin' here all day. If I'm starved into eating you, it won't be my blame."

"Now, Barry," said Philip, soothingly, "I'll get you three good meals from yonder farmhouse, and we'll have a nice bath in the creek down there, and we'll go to church over in the village, and I'll read you out of the book the very same stories that little girl, Ada, used to read you."

"That's fair-spoken," said Barry, to whom lying a whole day in the fragrant woods, with mellow sunlight sifting over him, the music of waters in his ears, butterflies swinging on golden wings by his half-closed eyes, looked not amiss.

Philip set off briskly over the fields, and came back with a great tin pan containing a loaf of bread, half a pie, a large piece of cold meat, a huge pickle and a generous wedge of cheese.

"Oh, you're a quartermaster!" cried Barry, with joy. "I tie to you and your book from this out."

"You're very variable about the book," said Philip; "one while it's 'burn,' and the next it's 'obey.'"

"Yes," said Barry; "I change with my feelings. Don't every one?"

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"No," said Philip. "There's another thing besides feeling: there's *principle*. That makes you do right, any way, 'cause it is right."

"Oh, I haven't got any such backbone stiff'nin' as that," said Barry.

The bath and the breakfast having passed successfully, the remainder of the provisions were put in safety, and Philip read to Barry the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. Then he said it must be time for church, and neatly brushed his hair and his clothes, placed a clean kerchief in his pocket, tied a ribbon round his neck and put on shoes and stockings.

Barry looked at him with admiration.

"Oh, if that's your style," he said, "I s'pose I'll have to follow suit. But I'll allow it's hard on a quiet, decent man like me to have a pious chum."

Whereupon Barry bestowed on himself the unwonted decorations of a clean dicky and a blue neckkerchief ornamented with yellow half moons. They crossed the fields to church, took the farthest back seat, and, the first hymn acting as a cradle-song to Barry, he sped at once into Slumberland and only returned after the benediction.

"What made you sleep so in church?" demanded Philip, wrathfully, as soon as they were out of doors.

"Because I have a good conscience," responded

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Barry, briskly. "Don't folks say that when a man's mind's clear and he knows nothin' agin' himself, he drops off easy as a babby?"

"It's just as likely to be so," said Philip, indignantly, "when a man's conscience is asleep or so stupid it don't know right from wrong. Any way, if you never did anything wrong before, you did to-day when you went to sleep in church."

"Well, then it wasn't wicked till it was done, and so I had no call to stay awake beforehand. Come on, brother!"

"Well," said Philip, hesitatingly, "there's a Sunday-school given out for this afternoon, and I'd like to go to it."

"Now, did I ever!" returned Barry. "We can't stay all day without eatin'—I can't live on no diet but good words—and it's too far to go get our grub and come back."

A lady had been a hearer of this discussion, and, having composed her countenance, she stepped up to Philip and remarked that her house was across the way and she would be glad to give them lunch in the arbor in her garden and have them attend the afternoon service. The lady herself brought the lunch to the arbor and laid a clean towel on a little rustic table for them.

Said Barry,

"Missis, you are very good, to make yourself so much trouble."

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"Oh, this is merely common Christianity," said the lady.

"Then I'll have a mighty high idea of common Christianity from this out," said Barry, "and will never hanker for anything uncommon in that line."

The singing in the Sunday-school greatly pleased Barry; he had also the happiness to see a little girl with red hair braided in two tails over her shoulders. She did not wear a pink dress and her name was not Ada, but Barry contemplated the red tails and remembered the one voice and smile that had given joy to his desolate boyhood, and finally he returned with Philip to the creek in a subdued and serene frame of mind.

"Come on, now! Let's be moving," cried Barry next morning, when the sun was well up and they had eaten a light breakfast.

"Hold on!" said Philip. "I've got yesterday's provisions to pay for."

"What, man?" cried Barry.

"I said I'd come to-day and chop wood. When will you learn, Barry, that I feel too much of a gentleman to beg?"

"My eye! And does a gentleman chop wood?"

"Yes, he does," said Philip, tartly.

"Go chop, then," said Barry, and laid himself down. However, within an hour, he came into

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the farmyard and addressed himself to the wood-pile with such good-will that the approving housewife sent out hot coffee and cakes.

Even when traveling in company tramps have an inveterate habit of moving in single file and about two rods distant each from each. Adhering to this fashion of the road, Barry was pursuing his way one afternoon with a slow, regular step, while Philip, who did not find Barry congenial enough to desire his constant conversation, was cheerfully coming on by himself. Thus moving, they overtook a solitary traveler. The stranger was tall and strongly built; his white hair fell over his shoulders and mingled with a heavy beard as white as snow; his eyes were deep-set under thick white brows, but his step was vigorous and his face had a ruddy bloom. He carried his small luggage folded squarely across his back, as one who had been used to carry a knapsack; his felt hat was high and peaked in the crown and wide in the brim; his coat was very long, had a broad collar, was thrown open at the neck and girded with a woolen belt at the waist, while his feet were cased in large slippers of cowskin with the hair on; his staff was so long that it looked almost like a shepherd's crook, and he moved on as one in deep thought.

"Evenin', daddy!" said the amiable and irreverent Barry.

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"Peace be with you!" said the traveler as Barry passed.

After a little time Philip came up; he had been carefully taught "thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God;" so he took off his cap, made a bow and said,

"I wish you good-evening, sir."

The old man looked approbatively upon him.

"God be merciful to thee, my son!" he said.

Now, here were two figures which belonged in one picture. The old man might have been one of those "Poor Men of Lyons" who carried about the gospel in the midnight of the world, and Philip, given leather breeches instead of his gray trousers, with a little lute in his hand, would have served for a boy-troubadour wandering from castle to castle and singing the lay which eventually made Richard the Lion free.

Philip, not being a tramp, had no objection to walking in couples, and something in the old man attracted him. They fell into conversation and walked on for nearly an hour, Barry keeping the same distance before them, though often looking back. Finally he planted himself in the middle of the road, faced them, and scanned the old man closely as they came up.

"Is anything wanted?" asked the patriarch, calmly.

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"No," said Barry; "I was just inwestigating what kind of s'ciety the boy had got in now. He's a easy disposition, the boy is, and free of his mouth, an' might fall into bad company."

"I hope I am not displeasing to you?" said the old man.

"Oh, no—not particular," said Barry, amicably. "I'm not proud; I don't wear a boiled shirt. I'm lookin' out for the boy."

"You do not seem to be his father."

"No; I'm takin' him to his father. He's under my care."

The old man looked curiously from one to the other, and seemed to think Philip had a very questionable guardian.

"Are you going to any place, or are you just travelin'?" asked Barry.

"I'm traveling," said the old man, "but I have an errand, and I hope the good God will show me my way."

"Then you don't know just where you're going?" said Barry.

The old man shook his head and sighed.

"Seems acquainted with the good God," said Barry, softly, to Philip. "Got anything like him in the book?"

Philip considered:

"Well, it says Abraham went out not knowing whither he went, and— Why, this man looks

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just like the Abraham in the pictures grandmother had."

"P'raps he's a relation," said Barry; "and if he's in the book, he's likely to be all right.—I say, Mr. Abraham, will you join us company for a bit to eat?"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Pierre Brescia."

"It's a jaw-breakin' name, an' I can't twist my tongue to it. If you'll take no offence where no offence is meant, I'll call you Abraham. Here's a nice bit of grass under a tree, and a spring handy. We've got a decent bite of supper here; we earned it. The boy an' me makes it a point to earn our vittals."

This enraged Philip, for *he* had earned the food by doing a churning while Barry snored under a tree.

They all seated themselves by the wayside, Barry so far recognizing Philip's ownership of the supper as to allow him to do the honors.

Barry continued to talk:

"I have been this road before, and about a mile farther on is a barn that nobody uses; makes a very good free hotel for the night. This boy is going to Philadelphia to his father; that's his business. I'm taking him there; that's my business. What is your business? Business is very respectable."

Barry's ideas had recently been enlarging.

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"I am looking for a little child," said the old man.

"I vow, children ain't nowise scarce," said Barry.

"But this little girl is *mine*," said the patriarch.

"A little girl?" said Barry. "I hope you may find her."

"Is she lost?" asked Philip.

"She was stolen two months ago," said Pierre Brescia. "Have you seen a tall thin woman with black eyes carrying or leading a little girl of three? She has black eyes and soft yellow curls, and a dimple in her chin."

Barry shook his head:

"Never saw them. Been looking all these two months?"

"She was stolen in April, at Easter. We have looked, and so did our neighbors and the police, and it was put in the papers. But even rich folks do not always find lost children, and we were poor and had little money to spend in searching; and finally I said, 'I have no money more to use in seeking the child and I am too old to work much, but my legs are good, and I will go out, and travel all along the roads, and inquire of all the strolling people, and seek my child, and perhaps find her.'"

"Not your own? All the one you had?" said Barry.

"She is my grandchild; her father was my son.

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He is dead; her mother is dead. I have other grandchildren—ten—the children of my daughters, but they are safe with their mothers, and this little one is lost."

"For them as has lived at home and for them as is old," said Barry, "the roads is hard and long; to be out in all weathers, wet or dry, hot or cold, is very wearin'; not to know where you will lie down or where you will sleep is wearin'; and you are doin' all for the little girl! Mr. Whatever-Your-Name-Is—Abraham, if you don't mind—you must have loved her?"

"I did," said the old man, with a dry sob; "she was the apple of my eye."

Barry was moved, but emotion he scorned; to cover it he turned an indignant glare on Philip and in a roaring voice demanded,

"Why, ain't you sortin' over the book? Is there anything in the book like that? Why ain't you findin' it? Wot's the use of havin' a book if you keeps it in your pocket? SORT IT OUT!"

Philip was absolutely terrified by Barry's fierceness; he swiftly turned over the Testament leaves, and began to read:

"'What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when

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he cometh home, he calleth his friends and his neighbors together, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep, which was lost.'"

"He found it!" said Barry, triumphant; "he found it, says you! He laid it on his shoulder! He carried it home and showed it to his folks!— Don't you get down in the mouth, Abraham; the book says *found it!*" and, as the author of Gilpin's Ride, Barry piously added, "May I be there to see!"

"The word be made good unto me!" said Pierre Brescia.

"Now, Barry," said Philip, somewhat drawn to Barry by his hearty sympathy with the stranger, "I'll sing you about that; I learned it last spring;" and he began:

"'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

"'"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And, although the road is rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."'"

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"You'll find her, sure," said Barry to Pierre, the singing ended.

Then the pilgrims rose and walked slowly along to the abandoned barn. It was a building too old for use and not worth repair. One of the great doors had been carried away; part of the roof was gone; the flooring on one side had rotted and fallen through. High up in the gable pigeons made their home; bats were wheeling in and out through the broken spaces. A great heap of last year's corn-stalks in one corner offered a bed. The moon was full, hanging low in the sky, making a brightness nearly as clear as day; under the breeze the grass, almost ready for the scythe, rose and fell in long undulations, like a sea. From the marshy places along a little stream the frogs lifted stentorian notes; the shrill tree-toads answered them; the "dry cicalas" called from among the leaves for to-morrow's glowing sun; the crickets piped sharply; now and then a lonely whippoorwill lifted its mournful cry; and in and out among the ripening wheat the firefly shut and showed his tiny lamp.

The three wanderers sat on the sunken threshold of the barn to cool and rest after the journey of the day.

"I hope you feel chirker now the boy has sorted out the book?" said Barry, cheerfully, to the old man.

"I feel my faith revived," said Pierre Brescia.

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"I don't take your meanin' quite so plain as I take the book," said Barry.

"I mean that I believe God will lead me the right way."

"Think he's interested in tramps? The boy sorted one out of the book for me, and he made mention of Abraham."

"God often calls people to go on long journeys," said Pierre Brescia. "Abraham was called to go out for many hundred miles, far from his kindred and his father's house, to a land the Lord meant to give him, and God led a whole nation once through a wilderness a journey of forty years."

"'Forty years'! That *was* a tramp! And in a wilderness! What I asks is how they got food and drink and clothes and what became of them winters."

"It was in a land where winters are unknown. For drink the Lord clave a rock and waters gushed out, and that living stream followed them along the desert-way. For food the skies each night rained upon them angels' bread, soft, white and sweet and strengthening. In all those forty years their clothes never grew old, nor did their shoes wear out, and their feet never grew sore nor swollen. They could not lose their way, for on before them moved every day a tall white pillar of cloud, and they had only to follow it as it guided them; but when the sun went down, that pillar of

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cloud shone with the glory of the Lord, a pillar of fire, and its light lay all along the host of Israel to lead them if they were to go, to guard them as they slept and to shut them in with a wall of splendor that no enemy could pass through."

"It is not a fairy-story?" said Barry.

"No," said Philip; "it is true. It is in the book."

"Have you ever made long journeys yourself, Abraham?" said Barry. "You look foreign-like."

"I am a Waldensian," said the old man.

"What may that be?" asked Barry.

"One who comes from a mountain-land beyond sea—from Italy."

"I've seen *I*talyans," said Barry, "but not your stripe."

"I've read about Waldensians," cried Philip.

"I am one," said the old man, "and in my youth I went down into Italy to carry to hundreds of Italians who had never seen it copies of that book you have in your pocket."

"That was good of you," said Philip.

"It seemed to be my duty, but for doing it the Austrians took me prisoner and put me at hard labor. I told the verses of the book to other prisoners, and for that I was put in a dungeon and chained to the wall. To celebrate some happy event the Austrians made a release of some prisoners, and I was let out by a mistake; perhaps the

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jailer meant to make it, for his little girl was fond of me."

"Nothin' like little girls," said Barry.—"In red hair and pink frocks," he added to himself.

"I fled to this country. Thirty-five years ago."

"I vow! Never let go home in all that time?" cried Barry.

"I could have gone—since some time the Austrians are out of Italy and the word and the people of God are no longer bound—but I had grown old, my children were settled here; they are silk-weavers, as I was. And in the valleys there is no one now knows Pierre Brescia; my parents and my brothers and sisters are all dead."

"I vow!" said Barry; "I never heard of such a thing as putting a man in a dungeon for sorting over such a book as that. Why, it's the properest book I ever heard tell of."

"It is a book for a free people," said Pierre Brescia. "My people were bound body and soul and mind, and the tyrants of Church and State feared the good word. For whom the Son of God makes free, he shall be free indeed. Have you never heard, man, that my Waldensian people were for five hundred years hunted like wild beasts on the hills, their homes burned, their children stolen, they themselves butchered without mercy, all because they kept the faith of God and loved his holy word?"

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"Never heard of such doings," said Barry. "Brother, is there anything in the book to match that; if so, sort——"

"There *is* such a word in the book," cried the old man, interrupting, fired with the memories of his people's wrongs. "I can tell you the words of the book, as our preachers often read them to us among the hills: they had 'trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins, and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth.' Such as these were the woes of my people, and such at last their recompense: 'they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.' Oh, to this day remain the glorious names of Paschal, of Masson, of Peter Gonin, of Janavel, of Arnold—of the glorious return, of the solemn covenant of Sibaoud! These are things that are written in heaven."

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CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN THE WORLD GROWS GREATER.

A NEW world had opened upon Barry. His chief characteristic was an amiable and a childish curiosity. Ignorant of reading, his sole means of acquiring information had been by observing men and things as he passed along; now, by a rare good fortune, he had found a boy with a marvelous book that had a word on every subject. Moreover, he had found a man with a history—a man who belonged to lands, ages and vicissitudes remote and wonderful. Barry was likely never to hear of Father Æneas, but he felt as if there was an undertone of *magna pars fui* in the narrations of Pierre Brescia; he would have gone out of the Philadelphia way a hundred miles rather than part company with Brescia, and he would have deemed it not merely venial sin, but positive virtue, to tell Philip, meanwhile, that they were taking the most direct road. However, there was no need for deceit: Pierre preferred the shortest course toward Philadelphia, as on that road he was most likely to meet many tramps, and they might give him news of his lost Jacqueline.

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True to his tramp habit, Barry walked alone, while Pierre Brescia and Philip came on side by side; but at noon or evening, as they rested, Barry plied his questions, and as he walked he pondered what he heard.

"Your people that you told me of," said Barry to Pierre, "that had so much trouble—what was it all about? Just for the sake of a book such as the boy has?"

"Yes."

"Come, now, Abraham! Wasn't that carrying matters pretty far? The book, I allow, is a good one, but you can't eat it nor wear it, nor will it keep off the rain."

"When I say 'the book,' I mean, also, freedom to worship God as he has commanded in that book."

"Well, Abraham, if they had just peaceably dropped the matter of the book and the worship, and kept to minding the corn and the grapes and the silkworms as you told of, would they have been left in peace with their houses and their fields, their cows an' sheep an' children, to live comfortable like other folks?"

"No doubt they would," said Pierre Brescia.

"Then I vow by my head I don't know why they didn't do it! What more does a man want than victuals and drink?"

"'Man does not live by bread alone, but by every

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word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,'" said Pierre Brescia. "'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and faith and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

Barry looked fixedly at Pierre Brescia, in absolute and placid ignorance as to what these words could mean. Close behind him, as he sat on the roadside, a ruminating ox looked over the fence, its eyes round and content in an unbroken dream of good pastures. Pierre Brescia realized that the biped before him led almost as entirely an animal life as the quadruped, and that he must come down to a lower plane than these spiritual mysteries if he proposed to instruct him.

"To live entirely for the sake of and to enjoy food, drink and shelter, rest and warmth," he said, "is fit for a brute, because the beast lives only in this life, and what it can get here is all that it can have. But life in this world is only a part, and a small part, of man's living; we die out of this world only to begin a living without end in some other state. If we please God here, then that life to come will be full of happiness, not a want unsatisfied; but if here we live contrary to God's will and go out of this world enemies to him, then in that other life we cannot enter his presence; we shall be cast into outer darkness: 'there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' God has chosen but one way for us to be friends with him and to

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come at last to his happy home; this way he points out to us in his book. If we have not the book, how can we know the way? If we give up the book and turn from God's way, we shall miss happiness in that world to come that has no end. What profit is it to gain food and drink and quiet for this short life here if in so doing we destroy our happiness in the long life beyond death?"

"Well, but why can't we get on tolerably well in that next world without having anything to do with God?" asked Barry.

"Because he has set all glory and joy and peace where he is, and to live out of his presence is to be miserable; but we cannot be happy in his presence unless we are like him and our thoughts are like his thoughts. The book says, 'Can two walk together except they are agreed?' If we go unholy and vile into the presence of God, his great holiness terrifies us, and his eye, looking our sinful spirits through and through, is like fire to our souls. God is so holy that he cannot look on sin, and we must be holy when we go before his throne. His book shows us the only way to that holiness, and to learn and follow that way was the one wish of my people; for that they suffered and died—that, whatever was their fate in this world, they might have eternal good in the next."

"I don't know anything partic'lar about God," said Barry; "I've kind of felt inside my mind

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that there was a God far up over all, greater, stronger, brighter, than all—something like the sun, perhaps."

"Yes; the book there says he is like the sun, truly."

"Then," pursued Barry, who had great natural shrewdness, and whose dormant mind had lately been waking up, "let's say he is like the sun. What difference does it make to the sun whether he is shining on a flashin' little bluebird or on an ugly black buryin'-beetle? The sunshine is just as good to a mean, dirty, beastly-smellin' little weed as to a fine big sunflower or a nice perfumery-like rose. What difference is it to the sun whether things is good or bad?"

Pierre Brescia looked somewhat surprised at this development of acumen in Barry; then he said,

"It is true that the sun sheds life and strength and beauty on these things alike, but notice that both the bird and the beetle, the weed and the flower, *live.* It is with that life that the sun deals; to that life the sun is good, and in the sun that life thrives. But let the sun shine on just the same, and the bird and the beetle be not alive, but dead; what then? Does the sun help them? No; the very heat or light by which they thrive when alive corrupts them now. That which was a savor of life unto life is a savor of death unto death. The flower grows in the sunlight, so does the weed, the

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leaf; but as soon as it is dead the sun burns, dries, scorches, withers it; the ray by which it lived turns it to dust. So the soul of man is dead in sin, and the goodness and the glory of God bring us no blessedness, but added shame to sorrow. The life we live here when we do not love God is unrighteous; our souls are dead. Now, what is there that life has in common with death or light with darkness? But God has found a way to give life to the dead soul: we can share the life of God. This book, for which my people fought and suffered so much, tells us how the life we live in the flesh we can live by faith in the Son of God. There is a new life for us, and in the presence of God that life will grow better and stronger."

Barry's mind, like a bird new-fledged, was already weary of trying its feeble wings.

"This is too much to think of," he said. "I've always been lazy and wouldn't work, and it is as hard to work in thoughts as any other way. Let it be."

"But, man," said Pierre Brescia, "this has to be decided before you die. Even if you live to my age, death will not seem long coming. To every one come the dim eye, the deaf ear, the failing breath, death and the grave."

"I don't like to hear about that; why not say something nicer and more cheery and fit for summer?" said Barry.

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"Perhaps you had rather hear of a city built by God for those that love him? Its streets are gold, its walls are jewels; it is full of music and light; no thirst nor hunger, weariness nor tears, are there; all its citizens wear white raiment and crowns of gold; pain and sickness are unknown; the trees yield fruit every month, and all its homes are palaces."

"Ay, now you begin to talk!" said Barry, enthusiastically.

"And into that city nothing with stain of sin can enter."

"Well," said Barry, plucking up courage, "I don't see why I can't get in there just as well as another. You shouldn't be so narrow-minded, Abraham. If after I get out of this world I go tramping along to one of them fine gates you tell of—for I've always tramped here, and seems to me I will keep it up there: I often think nights whether when I'm done with this world I sha'n't go tramping round among the stars, callin' at them occasional, as I do here at houses,—when I gets to one of them gates and they ask me if I have any sin, I'll say fair and square, 'No!' for I haven't. I leave it to the boy: he knows. Do I steal? No. Do I cuss? No. Do I get drunk? No. Am I dirty? No; there's ne'er a man washes more nor I do. Do I fight? No. Did I ever kill anybody? You bet I didn't! If I laid it out fair

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and clear to whoever kep' the gates of that city, they *sure* would let me in."

"Barry," said Philip, "it says in the book, where it tells of the city, that without is whoever loveth and maketh a lie."

"Now, see here," said Barry: "I only tell small lies when there is some needcessity for 'em. And I vow by my head if you haven't read me in that book of folks what told lies, an' you said they was now got into heaven."

"But they repented; they were sorry for it," said Philip.

"Well, I don't repent, and I ain't sorry, because I don't see no call to be. But if I got to the city and they tried to keep me out of the gate on account of them little trashy lies, then I'd be sorry, and so they'd let me in if they did what was fair by me."

Here was a pretty specimen of that impregnable modern civilized heathen called a moralist; his two auditors did not know what to do with him. Philip, in the days of unquestioning child-faith, had been told that he was a sinner, that his natural heart was enmity against God, and he had believed it. Pierre Brescia, nourished in the bosom of the "Israel of the Alps," had received great doctrines from the mouths of his teachers; as he grew in years and in wisdom he had perceived their logical fitness and the grandeur of their strength. In his

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long experience of life he had studied much the human heart, the book of nature and the book of revelation, and he had found the one ever solving the problems or illustrating the mysteries of the other. Man's fallen estate, the holiness of God, the immortality of the soul, human responsibility, future reward or doom, the need of a Mediator between God and man,—these were to Pierre Brescia the great facts with which he had to deal. He had met many very wicked people, many open haters of God, many who had been forced to admit something against themselves, but he had found them easy to handle in comparison with Barry. Barry's inner consciousness seemed like some round, hard, smooth, slippery surface on which it was impossible to take hold or make any impression.

These were some of their discussions as they wandered on their way.

Philip had set out on his travels in Butler county, and at the south-eastern corner of that county had come upon Barry. Barry and Philip had overtaken Pierre Brescia in Westmoreland county, and together the three had crossed Indiana county and the high uneven table-lands of Cambria. Day after day they had passed through or along the edge of forests of pine, oak, chestnut and maple. Ever before them as they looked eastward had lifted a dark, uniform, unindented line against the blue or saffron of the sky. When this strong rampart lay in the

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vivid reflection of the sunset, it divided into ruddy or purple ridges lying in parallel lines, with depths of sunless blackness between. Toward this barrier they toiled day after day. Approaching it, the earth rose and grew more broken, the valleys had a sharper curve. Beech, chestnut, cherry, pine, ash, hickory, clothed the slopes; here some great bare shoulder of stratified rock thrust through the vegetation, handiwork of mighty ages called Silurian or Devonian. Where chasms were rent or the bosom of the valleys laid bare, vast beds of limestone were revealed written with a history of ancient flood and fire. Worn and eroded by uncalculated ages, there were the Alleghanies, older than the Alps or the Andes, lifting their even arches in the light of modern day.

When, on the south-east border of Cambria, the pilgrims surmounted a mighty ridge and stood at last with mountains at their feet on every hand and rising still above them, the soul of Pierre Brescia seemed to revive with memories of his fatherland. His home had been among the Apennines, and now the forest-crowned crests, the rush of streams far down in the gorges, the trees and flowers that affect the heights, the clear atmosphere, restored his youth.

"'For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
O God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain-sod.'

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That was written of our people," he said. "We lived far up among the hills, our wants were few, our ways were simple, the sloth and vice and luxuries of the cities were unknown to us. We were a feeble folk, like the conies, and we made our dwelling among the rocks. Is it not written that the hills are a refuge for the goats and the rocks for the conies? We fed our flocks, we made our scanty harvests, we reared our silkworms; on Sabbath we went with joy where the bell called to prayer; we were all taught to read. To be free to serve God and follow in the steps of our fathers—that was all we asked."

"No," said Barry; "you wanted more: you told me so. When you were left quiet up among your hills, what must you do but go running into countries that did not belong to you, carrying books and preaching? Why couldn't you let well enough alone? What were other folks to you?"

"The zeal to save souls was upon me," said Pierre.

"Well, what did you get by it?" insisted Barry. "You got put in prison; that's what you got. You had to fly your own country; you never saw your father nor mother more. I says, why did you stir up things so? Let well enough alone, and anything for a quiet life. I says what did you make?"

"Much was made. My voice was one, but there were others—many others—and we went about sow-

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ing the seed of truth. And God has given us our harvest: a great people has risen up and been made free; the truth is free, the word is free. We did not hide our light under a bushel nor bury our talent in a napkin, and hundreds and thousands of hearts have been made glad out of our sorrows, and homes are safe and happy built on our sacrifices. I worked for God, and I do not regret it."

"You worked for God, says you? Well, then, I think God owes you something, Abraham."

"God always pays good wages," said Pierre.

"He owes *you* something particular. Now, see here! You says God knows everything, sees everything, can do everything, is takin' an interest in all of us, hears prayers; then I says, if that be so, God is bound to find for you that little yellow-headed gal you lost. You says all these things I have just sorted over to you are in the book, and so they must be true, and you says, too, it is in the book that I'm a sinner and can't get into heaven without a new life and a makin' over. When one part of them words is made good, and God shows he hears prayer and knows where that little gal is and where you are, and is interested in your feelin's and wants to do fair by you, as you did fair by him, and gives you back the little gal, then I'll take in all the rest and say I'm a sinner and I want to be made over and get that new life."

"But God may see that it is better for the little

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girl or for me, or for others that I do not know, that I do not find her."

"What I've said, I sticks to," said Barry, stubbornly.

"I may find her after we have parted, and you may never know it."

"I'll find it out somehow. When you find her, just tell it to all the tramping-people you see, and this year or the next, when me an' the boy overhauls them, we'll hear. I may come acrost you again, too, Abraham."

"What are you saying?" cried Philip. "You speak as if next year I should be wandering along the roads like this. Don't you know I am going to Philadelphia, to my father?"

"He may be dead, brother," said Barry, persuasively, "or off on a no-end long voyage, or he may have set up a stepmother to make things lively for you by means of pokers and hot water. Then, I says, what will you do but stick to Barry? If any folks along the road tries to do you harm, I'll break their necks. Haven't I showed my good-will in that line already? I'll stand by you."

"Even if all those things happen as you say," cried Philip, angrily, "I don't mean to spend my life walking the roads; I'd have you know I mean to be a gentleman."

"Wot's a gentleman?" demanded Barry, sulkily.

"A gentleman," said Philip, rashly endeavoring

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to formulate his vague ideas of the genus under consideration, "is a man who has good clothes and a high hat and a good house, and knows a great deal and has something to do and has money in his pocket."

"Now, brother," said Barry, wheedlingly, "I puts it to you honest whether you can get to be such a high-flyer as that if so be as things fall out as I made mention of?"

"If," said Philip, resolutely, "my father is dead or far off or don't want to help me—which isn't possible—then I will look for work, and I'll save my money and learn all I can and make the best of myself that I can, and by and by I'll get to be what I want to be."

"And you will not have any more to do with me?" said Barry, in mournful remonstrance.

"I never said that," replied Philip, with compunction. "There is nothing to hinder your settling down, working, earning money, living like other people."

"I vow," said Barry, with profound conviction, "I don't believe there's ary a power in this mortal world could make me do that."

Pierre Brescia had heard this discussion with attention. He stretched forth his arm and laid his hand on Barry's shoulder.

"Man," he said, "we are alone on this mountain, which lifts like a great altar against the sky; men

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cannot hear us, but God, who reared this altar to himself, hears. Some day I shall part from you and the lad; my path will lie away from yours. I shall hear news of the child or get some trace to turn me from the way you take. The boy is young; you have saved him from dangers and from temptations, you keep him from worse companions, but far be it from you to try and turn him from his duty, from finding his father, from following the course that shall make him a good man. He does not know his way; you know these roads. There is a curse written in the book of God for such as turn a stranger from the way, and the blessing of God follows him who is true to one of these little ones that believe in him. Answer me, man: is this life of a wanderer on the roads, eating idle bread from day to day, without home or ties or friends, or wife or children, or a bed for our last hour, so good a life that you must force it on this boy?"

Barry hung his head and made no reply.

"Promise me," said Pierre, "that, true and faithful to this boy, you will lead him by a straight road to the city where he is to go, that you will help him search for his father, and that if that father is not found you will help him—at least, not hinder him—in finding work that shall keep him in a steady, honorable life."

Barry still looked down; these words of Pierre Brescia were stripping from him some illusions.

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He had begun to think that they would never find Philip's father; they would not look very exhaustively for him, and then, that end abandoned, he and Philip would go carelessly from city to city, eating the bread of idleness from year to year. For the first time in all his life a manifest duty and a positive sacrifice were set before him. Only a little time before he would have followed his own pleasure and eschewed duty and sacrifice, and he would have calmed Pierre with a lie; but a new element had entered into his thoughts—dread of the invisible, assurance of retribution. This duty scorned might meet him in accusation after he was dead; this sacrifice made might bear fruit when his soul stood lonely in a land beyond the grave; that lie uttered might close for him the gate to the city of gold of which Pierre Brescia had told him. These thoughts had not in his mind this clear, sharp form, but they were there, and they controlled him. His narrow little world had enlarged its horizon into the world where are no bounds nor time nor change. A little of his inheritance of immortality opened upon him; he rebelled against the burden, but it clave to him. He had rather be a dog or a bird than a human being forced to do right. He yielded, however, to his inexorable destiny:

"Yes, I'll promise you, and I stand to my promise. I'll take the boy to his father, and if that father's missin', I'll get him another one. And

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I will not let him be a tramp; if he tries that game I'll break his neck. Now, I vow by my head, I don't know whether I'm myself any more!"

In fact, this summer of the life of Barry was so different in its experiences from all that had gone before that he was often reduced to doubting his identity. The first grand innovation, inasmuch as it interfered with each day's life, was that he was not allowed to beg. Pierre Brescia had a little store of money, and always asked to buy a meal. Payment was seldom taken: the country-people were large-hearted, and the old man's venerable and foreign air elicited hospitality. Philip always offered in direct and business-like terms to work out the value of the meals wanted; he told the housewife that he would do a churning or carry in wood or weed the garden for an hour. Once they stayed three days picking berries at a strawberry-farm, and Barry coolly mentioned to his comrades that that was the first money he had earned in five years. A sheep-washing occasioned another delay of two days, and here Barry came gallantly to the front; he asked no better fun than to go into the water and try his muscle against that of a struggling sheep. These five days of labor gave the travelers a little store of money for the rest of their journey.

Another great innovation in Barry's way of life was the Sabbath rest. Not that he objected to resting—he was in a chronic state of fatigue, according

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to his own showing—but to stop because it was the Sabbath and resting was a moral duty, that was what Barry called "the queer part of it." But these Sabbaths were days of charm, of golden romance, to Barry. They camped near a stream on Saturday evening, and Barry built a booth and washed their clothes, because, as he said, he "knew how." On Sunday morning he sported the moon-embellished neckkerchief and went to church for a profound sleep. If he attended Sabbath-school, he got his reward of merit by seeing some little girl with fair skin and red hair, to whom he gave the dimly-remembered features of the one blessed memory of his roving life. All the long afternoon and evening Philip and Barry were a well-matched pair, for Philip loved to tell tales and Barry loved to hear, and Philip happily struck upon that profound romance of faith, which he nearly knew by heart, *The Pilgrim's Progress.* Barry could understand this story, or thought he could. Christian in walking took the most natural method of locomotion; his adventures were natural, making allowance for "foreign manners." To Barry, Christian was the "king of tramps," the Slough of Despond was "the greatest mudhole he ever heard tell of," Giant Despair was an over-zealous policeman and Vanity Fair a "tremenjous agricultural show." Pierre Brescia, who really had the Pilgrim's history in his heart, at first undertook to explain its

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spiritual intention, but against this Barry stoutly rebelled, crying,

"Now, Abraham, don't you meddle with this. I vow by my head, if there's one thing I hate, it's having a good story spoiled by putting a meaning into it."

One point, however, did elicit a whole evening's discussion—the burden on Pilgrim's back. If it really were a painful burden, said Barry, in effect, why did Christian not throw it away like a man? But to him the burden was a bundle, and the bundle must be the traveler's clothes and other personal property; and why did he want to be rid of it?

"A man must have something for his own use," said Barry.

"The burden, Barry," cried Philip, "was *sin*. Pilgrim felt he had been wicked—was not fit to meet God. Don't you know anything? The burden was sin."

"Maybe he'd been very bad. I'm glad I haven't," said Barry.

"You've just as much sin as anybody," said Philip, indignantly, "and you ought to know it. Now, see here! Here are God's ten commandments, which every one must keep or be a right-down wicked sinner. Here's the book. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' Have you done that?"

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"Certain," said Barry; "I never had no other gods. Ask anybody."

Barry came triumphantly out of the second commandment; he said he should "scorn to worship images." The third commandment crowned him with glory. Who ever heard *him* swear? He challenged creation to show him guilty.

"Now I've got you," said Philip; and he read the fourth law.

"I keep Sunday just the same as you two," said Barry; "I have since I knew I ought. I leave it to Abraham if it was a sin to me not to keep it when I never knew that God made it or said 'keep holy' or cared any more for it than for Fourth of July."

"Here's one, at least, you've broken;" and Philip read the fifth commandment.

Never was such a spectacle of wrongly-accused virtue as this Barry:

"I never had no mother, and stepmother it does not mention. And says you to honor my father? He got drunk, he swore, he stole. You say God hates all them doings, and you asks me to honor a man for doing of them! Honor, you says, Philip, is respec', love, approve, an' you asks me to respec', love, approve of my dad, as was the very wickedest critter on two legs! I leave it to Abraham if I wouldn't have honored a father first class if I'd had a decent one as didn't disobey God."

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The other five commandments met the same fate. Barry insisted that false witness meant just what it said, and false witness he never bore; as for Philip's dragging in a little lying, it was all a mean piece of spite that said Philip should be ashamed of. As to stealing, coveting, and the like, Barry had clean hands. He held that these ten commandments proved just what he said of himself—that he was the right sort of a man and no one would think of keeping him out of the city of gold.

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" said Philip, appealing to Pierre Brescia.

"My son," said the old man, "it is the work of God's Spirit to convince of sin, and in the armor of self-righteousness I have never known a joint, as in that of Ahab, where the arrow of conviction could enter, shot by any earthly hand."

The talks of the travelers were not always on such themes as this. Evening after evening Pierre told tales of his youth, described his Apennine home and the land of his love, of which he had worn the garb in all the years of his exile. He told them much of the child for which he was so vainly seeking—her pretty baby words and ways. It was evident that she had grown into his heart as the nearest and dearest of all earthly loves, and by much talk of the child Philip and Barry seemed to know her too. Again, Philip told Barry wonderful tales from *The Arabian Nights*—of Sinbad, of Aladdin,

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of Hassan of Balsora and Fair Gulnare of the Sea. Barry's brain seethed with incantations, spells and "Open, sesame!" The "city of brass" almost supplanted in his imagination the city of gold; he mourned that he had not been born in the days of good Haroun Alraschid, to become as dear to him as Califa the fisherman. When the dust whirled and the heat quivered in spirals above the highway, he saw afrites; when foam leaped on the Juniata, he beheld spirits; and deep down in the gorges, where waters flashed and hid under the leafage, he heard the voices of genii. But to Barry these visions, while amusing, were dim and fleeting and always as Philip described them, while Philip's fancy so limned these fantasies before him that they were as real to him as were the flowers or trees or persons that came in his way; and when he saw the creations of his brain with his eyes closed, he wondered that on opening his eyes they were gone.

Again, Philip aroused Barry's mirth and set him into roars of stentorian laughter until the woods rang again, by telling him the adventures of Baron Munchausen. What joy it was to Barry to hear how the falling portcullis had cut the baron's horse in twain, and the front half bore the rider gallantly on, unconscious of disaster, until, stopping to drink at a fountain, the baron heard as the rush of rivers behind him, and, turning, saw the water flowing through his divided steed as through a spout!

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"Boy, boy!" said the astounded Pierre; "where did you learn such fearful nonsense? Did you make it up?"

"Why, I read it in a book I had, but I don't suppose it is true," said Philip.

"'True'!" cried Pierre. "I doubt if it is right to retail such trash."

Whereupon, Barry lost all respect for his venerable comrade, and, turning his face to the herbage, remarked in low tones that "if Abraham didn't stop meddling he'd break his neck."

Thus passed the days.

Blair county was a tumultuous sea of mountains. The travelers crossed Huntingdon through alternating ridges and valleys, entered Juniata by a little gorge in the Black Log Mountain, made their way into Perry county by Liberty Valley, and, crossing that county at its greatest diameter, found Dauphin county a chaos of hills forced up in the fierce convulsions of a prehistoric world. But these broken hills and forest-covered crests were but prophecies of the mighty ridge lying dark and even and defiant against the morning sky. Over this ridge the sun came slowly up, and all the summer-day light scarcely illuminated some of its lonely ravines. Surmounting the last crest of the Blue Mountain, the three pilgrims saw behind them Lebanon county, and beneath their feet the rich pasture-lands and the golden wheatfields, the proud rivers, the serried

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corn-acres, the thronging herds, and all the wealthy, thrifty life, of Berks county. Here they parted. Pierre Brescia thought that at last he had a trace of his child that would not deceive him, and he turned north-west; Barry and Philip, with heads bent low in the pain of parting, took the road to the south-east, and Pierre, watching their lessening figures from the height, addressed himself to his lonely way.

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CHAPTER VI.

SHOWS BARRY'S DISCOVERIES AS TO STEP-MOTHERS.

ON a Friday night in September two wayfarers footsore and weary entered Philadelphia by way of the Lancaster pike. They were Barry and Philip. They had passed the preceding night at Plum Stock, and in the morning had washed and brushed with a view to making a noble entrance to the City of Brotherly Love. But the day was unusually hot and dry; parched fields lay on either side the weary road that stretched out endlessly before them, and hour by hour the desired city seemed to flit and fade as a mirage.

Like all persons usually in high spirits, Barry was subject to fits of deep despondency; one of these brooded like a nightmare upon him as he trudged on a stone's-throw in advance of his boy-companion. The time had come when he must part with Philip. Naturally of an affectionate disposition, which had never found an object except the soon-lost Ada, Barry had begun to set his heart on Philip; the lad amused him, pleased his eye, commanded even his respect, was an interest in his life,

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and now, when he would be lost to him, the future seemed to poor Barry only a void and blackness. Was there no means of retaining him? He hoped against hope and sunk into despair. For once he could not eat.

It was dusk when the boy and the man saw a red canopy of flame-lit haze, and then a circle of blazing points, and then multitudinous fires filling all the distance; and the great city lay close at hand. Barry led Philip into Broad street, and then down Chestnut, and finally into Independence Square.

"We can camp all night on these benches," he said; "police here never makes no fuss unless you begins a fuss yourself."

And, indeed, here and there under the trees, on the ground, on the benches, dark supine forms were to be seen in the dews and shadows of the night.

Philip was too weary to consider of his fortunes; inured to hard lodgings, he stretched himself on a bench and promptly fell asleep. But morning woke him to a full realization of the dangers of his condition. The great city paralyzed him; it was a hopeless maze through which he could never thread his way. He was penniless, friendless, forlorn. He sat with pale face, eyes with dark circles under them, hands wearily clasped, head bent, a flaccid, relaxed, miserable image of discouragement.

The sight moved Barry's pity. He told himself

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Camping in Independence Square. Page 120.

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that the boy would die if he could not find his father; Barry felt himself unequal to beholding the death of the lad. He resolved to sacrifice his own preferences to the good of Philip.

"Chirk up, brother," he said; "we'll find your father in no time, if so be on that your heart is set."

"The city is so big and there are so many people!" sighed Philip.

"Wot of that?" said Barry, briskly. "I've got a boss plan in my head. We'll adwertize for your father. Wot, I asks, is newspapers for unless to adwertize? Don't every man read the papers? In course your father sees 'em. He takes the paper, an' he sees 'Wanted: Peter Fenwick, captain of ship Ellen Something. For his adwantage. Inquire within.' There you has him."

"Inquire within *where?*" said Philip, crossly.

"Why, within—within the newspaper office, in course," said Barry, briskly.

"But we haven't any money with which to advertise."

"Don't need any. When I lays it out to 'em, they'll put it in free; or I'll tell 'em your father will pay for it when he inquires within."

"He'll never see it, and it will take too long," said Philip.

"Now, brother, don't get down in the mouth. We'll adwertize the first thing, and then we'll make

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for the water-side and look over the ships. I'll ask a bobby for the paper-office."

Philip by this time knew that "bobby" was vernacular for "policeman," and they were presently directed to an office, and when there eventually found their way to the clerk in charge of the advertising.

"We wants to adwertize for Captain Peter Fenwick," said Barry, in a confidential tone, to this clerk. "Put it in strong, so he'll show up; say it's to his adwantage."

"How many times?" said the clerk, writing briskly.

"Oh, as many as you like. We ain't pertic'lar, so he comes."

The clerk whistled.

"A dollar," he said, holding out his hand.

"The captain will pay when he turns up," said Barry; "he is this boy's father, and we're looking for him."

"Oh, get out with you," cried the clerk, "if that's your game."

"It's no game at all," protested Barry, hanging convulsively to the railing of the desk; "it's dead earnest. The boy is looking up his father; the poor little chap is all alone in the world, and has only me to look out for him. You put in the adwertize free, like a good fellow."

The handsome, delicate, weary face of Philip

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disarmed the clerk's rage against Barry; he said quietly,

"Come, now, my good fellow, don't waste my time; move on. We can't put in free advertisements."

"Just this one, brother," entreated Barry, "and you'll be paid."

"Move along! move along! How would we pay the printers if we put in advertisements free, man? This is business, not charity."

At the word "charity" poor Philip's face burned.

Close at Barry's shoulder was a young gentleman with a slip of paper and a bank-note in his hand. Detained by Barry's discussion with the clerk, he had quickly arrived at the state of the case. When Barry reluctantly turned away, pulling Philip's sleeve and saying, "No go," this young gentleman laid down his advertisement and the money, and then followed the man and the boy into the street.

"Hullo, my good fellow!" he said to Barry; "what's the trouble with you?"

"This boy," said Barry, "is an orphan with nobody in the world but his father, and he's missin'. We want to look him up, for I'll leave it to you, sir, that having no home nor clothes nor wittles nor drink ain't healthy for a young boy. We've come clear across Pennsylvany; we got into town last night, and how to find the boy's father I don't know. I meant to fetch him by adwertizin',

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but that mean, low-lived, no-account rascal in there has no more accommodation in him than a mad dog, and I wish I'd broke his neck for him."

"What do you know about your father, my lad?" asked the young gentleman of Philip.

"Only that his name is Peter Fenwick, of the ship Ellen Something, and he sailed from Philadelphia."

"See here," said the stranger: "you come to my office in an hour, and I'll see if I can help you any by means of the directory or the shipping-lists. You need a breakfast first of all. Here's my card, and any policeman will direct you to my office. Step along here with me." He swiftly led the way through one or two short streets, and, entering a quiet little place, gave some tickets to a waiter, telling him to "look out for this couple." The waiter took them to a bath-room well provided with water, soap, towels, brushes, blacking, every requisite for a thorough cleaning up. When they returned to the first floor, much improved in appearance, they were provided with a hearty breakfast.

"I wonder," said Barry to Philip, "if this is some more of that 'ere common Christianity wot that lady dealt out to us? If it is, it's a sample as I relishes amazin'."

Barry was not wrong in his guess: he was in a quiet little charity maintained by the Woman's

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Christian Temperance Union. What it was or how the young gentleman had been able to put them there they had no idea. They enjoyed the breakfast, and then set out to look up the office of their friend. They found a large room with many desks, and many gentlemen busily engaged, among whom was their friend. He bade them stand aside until he had a little leisure for their case, and Philip, much revived in mind and body, had time to see that curious brass instruments clacked on tables, that maps and pictures of ships hung on the walls, that messengers went and came, and that mysterious noises issued from holes in the plaster.

Philip was yet engaged in taking these notes of his surroundings, when the young gentleman cried,

"Come, my lad! let us attend to your affairs. Peter Fenwick?" He rapidly whirled over the leaves of two or three portly volumes. "I don't see anything in the directory to suit your case; let us try the shipping. Ellen, was it? Ellen Something? Pity you do not remember the last name. Pity it was Ellen at all; people seem to have gone quite daft on naming ships Ellen or Mary: here are hundreds of them. However, we'll sort them down."

"'Sort 'em down'!" cried Barry, in intense admiration. "That's what I say—sort. It's a good word, mister, a fav'*rite* of mine. Whenever me or

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the boy gets stuck, 'sort' is the word. 'Sort over the book,' I says to him."

The gentleman took rapid notes for a time; then he gave Philip a sheet of paper:

"Here are the names of all the ships sailing from Philadelphia that have any 'Ellen' in them; besides the ship, I put the owners' name and address. They are down by the water, you see; any one will tell you the way. I don't see any *Captain* Peter Fenwick, but captains change. You see the owners and ask if they know such a man. If you don't find him, come here at nine to-night exactly, and I will try and find you a place to stay over Sunday."

It was nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and, list in hand, Philip and his queer guardian went down among the shipowners.

The day was sultry; the long-needed rain seemed gathering, but its precursor was a heavy cloud that closed down over the city like a canopy, shutting in upon it the dust, the smoke and the long-garnered heat of walls and pavements. Even along the water-side no flow or ripple of air stirred the heaped-up dust in the corners, the fragments of straw and paper in the street or the drooping flags and the lax cordage of the vessels. From one office to another went Philip, making futile inquiries for his father. About noon he and Barry saw the brig Ellen Harper unloading fruit, and went on board,

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but no one had heard of Peter Fenwick. They were taking huge bunches of bananas from the hold to the wharf, and one would have fallen into the water, but Barry happened to be so near that the sudden outreaching of his brawny arm stayed the loss. Several over-ripe bananas broke off, and one of the sailors gave them to Barry; they made dinner for him and Philip. Absolutely, and, indeed, without intending it, Barry had earned a meal! He plumed himself much upon this unwonted exploit; he took lofty airs and felt himself at liberty to give Philip orders. There had been days when he had worked for his food, but always under Philip's leadership; now he had accomplished something by his unassisted genius, and he swaggered.

"Here's the last place," said Philip, hopelessly, at four o'clock. "I'm a mind not to go in; I'm so tired of hearing 'No; never heard of such a man.'"

"Not go in, sez you?" cried Barry, valorously. "No shirkin' for me, brother. Ain't you always said we should ought to do all as we set out to do? I've got the drop on you there; in you goes like a man. Where's your backbone gone to?"

In the two went, and Philip, drawing near a tall desk, asked in a melancholy voice,

"Is the ship Ellen Adair owned here?"

"Yes," said a gentleman, looking eagerly about. "What news?"

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"I wanted to ask if Peter Fenwick was captain of her."

"Fenwick? No; he wasn't captain. Captain Adams."

"Was there ary a Peter Fenwick aboard?" interposed Barry.

"Yes; he was mate."

Barry slapped Philip on the shoulder:

"Hear that, brother!"

"Did you want Peter Fenwick?" asked the gentleman, slowly.

"He was my father."

"Eh? You Fenwick's son? I remember we used to send money up country for him to you sometimes, but the last came back unclaimed just after he sailed away."

"Is he away? Far? When will the ship be back?"

"The Ellen Adair sailed for China, almost two years ago," said the shipowner, reluctantly.

"Chiny, sez you?" cried Barry. "What did I say, brother? It will be Chiny or the 'quator, or t'other end of the world somewhere, says I, and what are you going to do about it?"

"But when will the ship be back, sir?" insisted Philip.

The gentleman shook his head:

"She should have been back by this time, but I'm sorry to tell you, boy, that she has never reached

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Canton. She was last spoken off the Ladrone Islands; all well, and so far a quick passage. Since then nothing has been heard of her."

"Lost?" faltered Philip.

"We fear so, my boy."

"And all on board?" demanded Barry.

The shipowner bowed his head:

"But some may have been saved, you know. Sailors turn up after long intervals when they have been given up for lost," he added.

Philip stood as one stunned.

"Why did you come here, my lad? Why did you not write for news,instead of coming yourself?" asked the owner.

"He came to find his father," cried Barry. "What else was there for a boy like him to do? His folks is all dead, and what is left of them was going to bind him out to a murderin' Turk. Now, what is the boy going to do? He laid out as his father would see him a long way off, and run to meet him, and give him a good suit and shoes to his feet; and he needs 'em all, land knows!"

The merchant looked more and more puzzled and disturbed; finally he said,

"Have you been to see your father's wife?"

"My father's wife?" said Philip. "I didn't know he had one."

"See here!" roared Barry. "Had he been inwestin' in a stepmother for this boy?"

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"He married again, about three years ago," said the gentleman.

"I vow by my head!" shouted Barry, and struck the desk with a sledgehammer fist, so that the big bottle of black ink shivered, the red ink sent up a little fountain into the air, the pens took refuge on the floor, the eraser went to find them, the ruler clattered, and instant ruin seemed to threaten the whole clerical apparatus.

Philip stood silent, amazed, heartstricken, despairing.

"You had better go and see her," said the gentleman.

"I don't take no stock in stepmothers," proclaimed Barry.

"If he had been heard of, I think she would have received the news first," said the owner. "She is a very nice young woman."

"Nice to you, but I know stepmothers," cried Barry.

"I've her address here," said the gentleman, searching a pigeon-hole; "you go and see her. And you might come back here—Monday, at ten, say—and let me know if there is any news or what I can do for you." He gave Philip a slip of paper. "There's the address; any one will tell you where to find it. Take this next street and go up to Eighteenth, and turn south and inquire."

Philip silently took the paper and went out to the

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sidewalk; he was stupefied, as if struck a mighty blow.

"Come on to Independence Square," said Barry, "an' then we'll see what to do. 'No stepmothers for ever!' says I. I earned a dinner, and I can earn a supper; and there's the young gentleman. Come along, boy!"

"I'm going to see her," said Philip, with an effort.

"What! a stepmother? No, you ain't, says I."

"I am. She was my father's wife; she can tell me more about him than I know. I'm going to her now."

"More like she'll tell you to get out," said Barry.

"Then we can go to Independence Square," said Philip; and, shaking off his lethargy, he turned up the street the shipowner had indicated. He led the way now, and Barry, intensely disgusted with ships, sailors, stepmothers, sons, and all creation, followed afar off.

Still over the great city clung that sultry pall, and from its rim muttered distant thunder. The smoke of the town lost itself in that kindred dome, and with uneasy cries the multitudinous sparrows fluttered dark against the leaden canopy. There was nothing about them to inspire hope or comfort as they toiled on. It was a long, dreary way; Philip had never felt so lonely in the silent country

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roads as here in the jostling, crowded streets. At last, after many turnings, they reached the southern outskirt of the town. The houses were small and shabby; stores were few and poor. The streets had a look of incompleteness; there were empty lots which seemed devoted to rubbish, chiefly crownless hats, soleless boots and bottomless tin-ware. Other lots, steep and above grade, were pervaded by festive goats. Still, no house was allowed any space in front or rear; all were narrow, built of brick in close straight lines, and already, thanks to modern contractors, the windows and the doors were warped, the front steps were awry, the soft bricks were scaling off, and some of the walls were taking a curve which in them was anything but a line of beauty or safety.

The house indicated being reached, a slovenly woman by the door informed Philip that Mrs. Fenwick had the front room in the second story and he could walk right up. Barry now drew close to Philip's shoulder, resolved at all risks to defend him from the stepmother's poker and to share with brotherly kindness any hastily-thrown water. A steady humming as of a large and active apiary seemed to issue from the "second-story front;" Philip knocked, and the hum at once subsided into silence.

"Go in," said the impatient Barry; "belike they said 'Come.'"

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Philip turned the door-handle; the door fell open. He saw a poor clean room, and opposite the door a sewing-machine standing before a window. A piece of work was on the machine; a pile of white work lay on the floor, hastily dropped there as the seams were finished. A slender young woman with her foot arrested on the treadle had turned her head and was looking over her shoulder toward the door. She had the eager, half-terrified expression of one who waits month after month for a footfall that never draws near, a voice that never breaks the silence of the heart, news that never comes. Between the machine and the door lay a "motley braided mat," and upon this, quietly playing with some rags and blocks, were two small children of exactly the same size and so alike that as they sat facing each other each seemed to be looking at its own reflection in a glass.

"Are you Mrs. Fenwick?" asked Philip, taking off his cap.

"Yes," said the young woman, suddenly placing her hand to her heart and half rising from her chair.

"I came— I am— I am looking for my father, Peter Fenwick," faltered Philip.

"Oh, are you Philip?" cried the young woman, coming forward hastily, almost brushing over the unheeded babies. "Why, how have you come here?"

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"My grandmother is dead. I was all alone; I had no one. I walked here, looking for my father," said Philip.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy! What a terrible thing this is for you!" cried the young woman, throwing her arms about his neck and bowing her head upon his. "Oh, poor dear boy, you did not know that your father is dead! He has been lost in that horrible sea. We are alone in the world—you and I, Philip;" whereupon she burst into tears, and she and Philip cried for a while in company. Then she lifted up her head, led Philip to a chair, wiped her eyes and his on her kerchief, and said, "Well, I don't often cry. I daren't; I haven't time: I have the babies' living to make. I've often wondered what had become of you, Philip. Your father used to tell me what a pretty little boy you were, and the last two letters he sent came back through the dead-letter office after he sailed away. One of them had some money in it; I had to use that when the babies had the measles. I was very sorry; it didn't seem right, but I'll make it up to you, Philip." She had pulled another chair near Philip, and sat down in it, holding his hand.

"I never thought he was lost," said Philip, drearily, "or I wouldn't have come to trouble you."

"But you don't trouble me. And why shouldn't you come? You have nobody, and I have nobody

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but these babies. He loved you, Philip; he loved us all. Let us stick together for his sake. You'll stay here with me, and we will get along as best we can. You'll love the babies, and they'll love you. I'll be as good as ever I can to you, and you'll be good to me—will you not, Philip?"

All this time Barry had been standing unnoticed in the doorway, wide-eyed, drinking in all the astonishing things that he saw and heard. Now, unable to exercise discretion another second, he stepped forward, crying,

"Look here! Ain't you a new wariety of stepmother, sez I?"

"Why!" exclaimed young Mrs. Fenwick.

"Why? Setting out to be good and loving to him this way?"

"Why should I not be good to my husband's son and such a very pretty boy?" she replied, looking at Philip, moved by his beauty, his sadness and weariness.

"I vow by my head!" said Barry, falling back to the doorway.

"That is Barry," said Philip; "he has traveled all the way with me, and he has been very kind and saved me from a great deal of trouble. I could hardly have come without him."

"Come in and sit down," said Mrs. Fenwick, though, in truth, she looked somewhat dubiously at Barry.

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We said Barry had been unobserved. That is not true: one of the babies had observed him closely, and babies and dogs are good physiognomists. As Barry sat down this baby rose on plump uncertain legs, aiding itself by the other baby's shoulder; then, examining a pair of pink feet, as if to inquire of their fitness for a journey, and smiling serenely at their admirable condition, this baby toddled straight to Barry, looking at him with round blue eyes and laying a dimpled hand on his knee. This fascinating baby had silken, undeniably red hair and wore a little pink calico gown.

"Why, Ada wants to make friends with you!" said the mother.

Ada! A little Ada with red hair and a pink frock! Divine Providence had ordained that just at this crisis of his life Barry should be met and subjugated by a little child.

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CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH PHILIP OWES MUCH TO APPEARANCE.

WHILE Barry, laying his hat and bundle with his stick on the floor, carefully took the little Ada upon his knee, touching her as gingerly as if she were so much spun-glass warranted to break in the handling, Philip and his stepmother were busy talking. Philip narrated the death of his grandmother, the nefarious plans laid by Miss Athole against his liberty, his escape, his long trip, his meeting Barry and Pierre Brescia, the adventures by the way. At first he gave only a sketch of these things; they were returned to in many subsequent hours of conversation.

Mrs. Fenwick explained to Philip that she was thirty years old, that her brother had been a friend of Peter Fenwick; he died, leaving her alone in the world, and Peter had married her almost three years ago. He had been talking of going or sending to Morning Sun to see about Philip, and said he should certainly do so when he returned from this China voyage. He had meant, whenever

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Philip's grandmother died, to take the boy to his own home. He had had ill-fortune and losses, but affairs were looking better when he sailed for China, and for the next voyage he had been promised a good ship for himself. But only one letter had come since he left—one brought by a ship met in the Straits of Magellan; then the Ellen Adair had been sighted off the Ladrones, and from that time no tongue nor pen had registered her history.

"But we will stick together, Philip," said Mrs. Fenwick; "I'll be a good mother to you, and I make sure you'll be a good boy to me. We'll help each other."

Philip took the thin, work-worn hands in his and stroked them softly; then Mrs. Fenwick passed her hand gently over Philip's beautiful curling hair. She had a love of personal beauty—such a love as belonged to the Hebrews—and this boy gladdened her eyes.

Industrious, economical and an unusually good manager, Mrs. Fenwick had been striving vigorously to keep the wolf Destitution at bay. For the first year after her husband's departure, until the twins were six months old, she had received from the shipowner Peter Fenwick's pay; then doubts began to be entertained whether ship or Peter were in existence, and she applied herself to maintaining herself and the babies by doing machine-sewing, lace-mending, clear-starching—anything that came

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into her hands; it had been a sharp struggle, but she had paid her way. As for savings, she had five dollars in reserve. Still, she meant to make this coming of Philip a little fête; she wanted to cheer him up, to refresh him after his vicissitudes. She gathered the sewing into a great basket. It was six o'clock, and already a black and sultry night had settled upon the city. Mrs. Fenwick lit her lamp and went out to buy the provisions for a good supper and larger supply for the Sabbath. Returning, she lit a little oil-stove, and while coffee, eggs, bacon and potatoes were cooking she spread a neat table. Meantime, Barry held on his knee Ada as some precious long-sought treasure, and Philip had possessed himself of the other baby, Peter.

"It's time I was going," said Barry, uneasily, looking at the neat tea-table.

"Where would you go?" asked Philip, anxiously.

"You must stay to tea," said Mrs. Fenwick. "I haven't any place for you to stay all night, but take your supper, and then we will think what you had better do." In fact, she was more than half afraid of Barry; upon him as upon other men was written the history of his life. At tea Philip said,

"It's going to be a fearful storm; you can't lie in the square as we did last night."

"I'll go down to the young gentleman; he spoke

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of a place to stay over Sunday. I'll go tell him how you came out."

"And you'll come here to-morrow?" said Philip.

"Well, brother, I don't know," said Barry, looking longingly at Ada.

The vigorous washing Barry had taken before supper and his gentle handling of her baby had removed some of Mrs. Fenwick's prejudices. She said,

"Yes, come to-morrow."

Philip's spirits were reviving with rest, kindness and food; he took heart of grace.

"Now, I say, Barry, settle down. I'll tell you what I mean to do: Monday morning I mean to go out and get work, and mother and I will go shares for keeping ourselves and these babies; I'll go right on till I get a home and live handsome. Now, Barry, suppose you stop in the city? You can get yourself work, of course—any one can—and you can have a room and take care of yourself, and every day you can come and see us."

Perhaps Mrs. Fenwick was not heartily accordant with this general invitation to Barry; she knew life better than Philip did.

"I s'pose I *could* work, but I've never been a powerful hand at it," said Barry, nonchalantly. Then he looked at Ada and at Mrs. Fenwick, and up in one corner of the room he remarked a second-hand baby-carriage. He asked eagerly,

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"Do you take them babies out riding, missis?"

"Not often; I have no time. I take them when I go with my work."

"But, missis," said Barry, pleadingly, "wouldn't they be better of air, and don't they hinder you? And it's no fun lugging work."

"That is all true, but must be put up with," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"But, missis," continued Barry, "I don't say as I can't stop in the city and make my way; I can. Maybe I would; a little work each day would keep me. But what I says is, can't I come here each day and take them babies out in the little wagon for you? I'll take 'em careful—not a hair of their heads shall get hurt—and I'll carry your work back and forth for you. Now, you agrees to that, don't you, missis?"

"Suppose I think about it until to-morrow?" said Mrs, Fenwick.

"All right," said Barry. "You see, I feel as if I had ought to stay in the city along with the boy. He's a werry good boy, but I knows what cities is like and how boys gets led astray; and if I stay here and keep an eye on him, if he enterprises any going astray, I'll break his neck, that I will, and he knows it."

Mrs. Fenwick looked alarmed; Philip laughed; Ada applauded and thrust a spoon into Barry's eye. In spite of this delicate attention from Ada, Barry

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was obliged to hasten off to find his young gentleman.

There was a small room, reached only through Mrs. Fenwick's larger one, which she now arranged for Philip—a mat, a chair, a cot-bed, a little stand and a tin basin. It was not much that she had to give him, but she gave it heartily, and Philip, as he sank to sleep, felt that at last he had a home. Then the storm broke over the city; the thunder crashed, one peal following hard upon another, and the lightning blazed all across the sky, but neither thunder nor lightning disturbed Philip in his cot nor Barry sleeping comfortably in the "Friendly Shelter," where he had that morning gotten his breakfast.

All Sunday afternoon Barry spent at Mrs. Fenwick's, holding on his knee little Ada. He ordered Philip to "sort over the book" and find something about little children in it, and Philip read him how the divine Master took them in his arms and blessed them, how he took a little child and sat him in the midst of them, how David mourned and wept for the child that lay ill, and the wonderful story of the Shunammite's son.

Barry's manners of a tamed bear and Philip's account of him had so far prevailed on Mrs. Fenwick that she agreed to let him take the children out to ride, and also to carry her work to the store.

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"Only, Barry," she said, "you'll be careful and act very pleasantly to them, and offend no one; for I cannot risk losing my work."

"Oh, no offence given or taken where none is meant," said Barry; "I'm on the square. But if they go to faulting any of your sewing or docking any of your wages, I'll break every one of their crooked necks; you see if I don't;" whereupon Mrs. Fenwick questioned whether this might not be that "wicked messenger" mentioned in Proverbs "who falleth into mischief."

Barry declined to stay to tea with Philip; he said he wanted to deal squarely with the folks where he was, as they had given him a good square dinner and let him lie in bed until noonday. They were to have a meeting in the evening, with a lot of praying and singing; the praying he didn't look to understand very well, but "the singing might be a better inwestment."

The next morning, Philip, making himself as neat as he could in his nearly-worn-out clothes, set out to look for work. Mrs. Fenwick told him to go into stores where he saw notices up of boys wanted, to inquire at the Christian Association office, and to look over the advertisements in the morning papers and go to the places indicated. He set off in high hope, and all day pursued his *ignis fatuus* of work. He was too old for a cash-boy; he had no experience or knowledge of any kind of

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labor, his earlier duties of weeding a garden and reading to an old woman not counting for anything; he did not know the city; he had no former employer to refer to; he did not look so deplorable as to compel the attention of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. For that day, and for many days, the soul of Philip was doomed to grow sick, getting no reward for his search beyond the final and irretrievable wearing out of his only shoes.

Mrs. Fenwick knew the city, as she knew life, better than Philip did; she had not expected that he would easily find work. He was not muscular enough for porterage; he knew no handicraft. She would have been glad to tell him to cease looking for work and go to school, but she dared not do that, lest hunger should come upon them all like an armed host. Philip had a boy's appetite, and he was in need of clothes; to find work was imperative. Philip never knew how she worked more hours, and saved and expended her pennies with more scrupulous judgment, to make both ends meet while he looked for something to do.

As for the undeserving Barry, who had no longing for employment, he was at once more successful. He went on Monday to the shipowner to explain Philip's fortunes. Something in Barry's amiable, impudent, unsophisticated conversation, in his ingenuous acknowledgment that he would like to do as little as was consistent with keeping soul and

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body together and covering his flesh, won upon the shipowner. He offered Barry free use of an old pillow and two blankets in the office, to act as night-watchman. Barry interpreted night-watching to mean reposing like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus until some nefarious wretch, having burglarized the window, should step on him, and then rising up in his might to break the intruder's neck. He accepted the position; it assured him a bucket of water, soap, a crash towel, shelter, heat as it grew colder and a lamp when he wanted one. Further, for carrying coal, emptying ashes and cleaning the walk, he had his breakfast paid for weekly at a corner stall. This rounded the present sum of Barry's desires, but human ambitions grow. Well spoke the Arab tale-teller of him whose climbing ambition first desired to be a master-fisher, then a lord, then a duke, then king, then emperor, then sovereign of all the world, and then, when his madness aspired to an eternal throne, the fabric of his pride fell in ruin on his head. From a breakfast and a bed Barry so aspired toward dinner and supper that he lent a hand to porterage and dock-work to the extent of earning the wherewithal. Then, if he was to draw the carriage with the babies, he could not go barefooted nor in rags. The bemooned neckcloth needed renewing; Ada would admire a red one with white horses' heads: he recklessly ventured to do enough work to repair his wardrobe.

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And then that lovely Ada! he could not deny himself the joy of getting her a red apple, half a yard of mint-candy, a doll, a horse in a yellow ring. He could not steal these things. Alas! poor Barry had to work. He had the agony of realizing that he was becoming industrious.

Yet all this while Philip had no work, and it was October. Not finding work did not imply ceasing to look for it; rather, there must be renewed diligence of search. Day by day Philip paced the streets in a quest seemingly as vague and endless as that for the Philosopher's Stone. One morning he was well up on Chestnut street, when he paused to observe a large wagon unloading pictures. There were pictures in boxes, in skeleton cases, in canvas covers or merely loosely tied in thick paper—huge pictures, little pictures, medium size, all sizes, of pictures. These were leaned against the lamppost, against the facing wall of the adjacent store, against boxes on the walk, and with great hurry and bustle two or three men were carrying them in. Among them, the owner of the whole was rushing in and out, directing, warning, helping, hindering, with all the excitement and distress of a nervous, full-combed, gay-feathered Dorking matron who sees her entire brood of wicked little Muscovies taking to the water. A careless movement of one of the men almost threw over a large canvas-wrapped picture; Philip caught it just in time to avert ruin.

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"You did a good thing there, my boy," cried the owner.

"Let me help carry in," said Philip; "I'll be careful." He joined in the general *mêlée*, carrying pictures.

When all were in, unpacking began, and here Philip helped again, his slender, dextrous hands doing good service. The men carried off the boxes, boards and gunny-cloth, and Philip gathered strings, tacks and splinters from the handsome carpets of the exhibition-rooms. He forgot all about dinner as he flew around holding hammers, bringing hooks, lifting up pictures, and soon was so enthusiastic that he began to ventilate his opinions about right places. Finally, several gentlemen who seemed to be artists came, and two women with brushes and carpet-sweepers.

The gentleman in charge said to Philip,

"There, now! that will do. You have helped me well; here is something for you." He laid a silver half dollar in Philip's hand.

Philip stood, the money in his extended hand, his eyes fixed anxiously on the gentleman.

"Isn't that enough?" asked the gentleman, impatiently.

"Oh yes, sir! I wasn't thinking of that; I didn't think of getting anything. But oh, sir, can't I come to see the pictures?"

"That's it, is it?" said his employer, writing rap-

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idly on a card. "Here! come to-morrow at eight; that will get you in."

Philip went off with his head in a joyful whirl. Since coming to the city a new sense had awoke within him—the sense of art. What hours had he spent before windows where pictures were exhibited! He had even ventured into stores where they were for sale, and, as no one objected to his mannerly and quiet presence, he had reveled in these works of art. The glories of a painted sunset, the sombre splendors of some mountain-glen where rivers rushed through a gorge guarded by purple peaks that seemed so far away, fantastic effects of light and shade, harmonies of color, the gracious pose of figures,—these he found filling him with joy, flooding his mind with glory, waking in him wide and splendid dreams, and around some picture would crystallize wonderful and beautiful things which he had seen himself, sunrise promise, evening primrose, scarlet and gold, the flash of birds against the blue, the roses of Athole stooping against the sward pearled with dew. No wonder, then, that he treasured the card which would give him entrance to this exhibition-room full of pictures. His hours of weary plodding after work were culminating in a happiness that would afford compensation for all.

"Why, Philip!" said Mrs. Fenwick as he came hurrying in. "I began to fear you were lost."

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"Oh no; I know the city pretty well now."

"Here is your dinner; I have kept it hot for you," said Mrs. Fenwick, leaving her machine to get a bowl of thick soup and a slice of bread for the boy.

"I was working, and I couldn't stop," said Philip, with importance. "Here is half a dollar I earned for you."

"That is good; I needed fifteen cents to make up our rent for the agent this afternoon, and I had nothing to get a meal for to-morrow. This will be plenty."

"I was helping a picture-man. You never saw such splendid pictures in all your life. He gave me a ticket, and I'm to go to-morrow morning to see them. Look!" He had risen and was holding forth the card.

Mrs. Fenwick once more took her eyes from her seam; she scanned his clothes anxiously:

"My poor Philip, you don't look fit to go to an exhibition, nor anywhere. What shall we do about your clothes?"

Philip looked down at himself. His gray woolen suit was soiled by long wear; the wrists of the sleeves were cut through; the edge of his trousers hung frayed and ragged; he had that morning torn a hole in one knee. He was in a deplorable state as to wardrobe. His shirts, washed during the summer by so rude a laundress as Barry, had

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hopelessly faded to a grimy yellow which his new mother had been unable to discharge. With a flushed face Philip meditated on his villanous appearance. What a wretched state to be in, and no hope of getting out of it!

Mrs. Fenwick, however, was not a young woman to allow herself easily to be mastered by circumstances; for some time she had been considering that she must take the boy's case in hand. She looked at the clock; it was half-past two. Much could be done before midnight.

"Now, Philip," she said, in her quiet, resolute tones, "these clothes are not to get the better of us. I must make a decent suit out of them, but to do that I must have them. You would not like to go to bed, I suppose, while I wash them and fix them over?"

No; Philip did not feel any craving to go to bed at that time of day. Besides, if his mother were going to be very busy, he must take care of the twins and get and clear away the supper. Indeed, of late he had been doing most of the nursing and housework, for lack of more remunerative employment. While he did these things Mrs. Fenwick sewed more seams.

"And I suppose you would not like to put on one of my dresses while I have your clothes?"

Philip really would not like anything of the kind; he grew quite crimson at the thought.

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Mrs. Fenwick mused:

"Oh, I know! There is a pair of old canvas overalls of your father's here; you can wear them." She got them, and Philip, retiring to his room, soon returned with the worn and tarry overalls coming up close under his arm-pits and dropping on the floor behind his heels.

Mrs. Fenwick looked at him with tears in her eyes; this made her think of many things, but it was a long while since she had ventured to take any time to cry. It was imperative that she should save her strength for the twins.

"I dare not wash the jacket, Philip—it would shrink so you could not get in it," she said, briskly —"but I'll clean it and bind the wrists and work over the buttonholes and put on new buttons; I have some that will do. I always save things. I remember an old saying: 'Save a thing a dozen years, and it will come in use.' I shall wash the trousers—they are so wide that a little shrinking will be good for them—and then I shall cut them into knee-breeches."

"But I haven't any long stockings," said Philip.

"You shall have a pair of mine."

"And my toes are out of my shoes."

"Yes, but I have a pair of button boots that have good toes and soles; I will cut them down into low shoes for you, and bind them with black braid, and

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use the tops to sew neat patches on the back and side. They will look very well. You shall wear my blue necktie and carry my blue-bordered pocket-handkerchief."

As soon as the trousers were washed and hung by the stove to dry Mrs. Fenwick searched in her trunk and took out a calico dress, white with blue spots. She did not state that it was her main reliance in the dress-way for next summer; she valiantly determined to trust to fortune to replace it. She said to Philip,

"This gown must make you two shirts, and I'll put my best ironing and starching on them before I sleep."

Machine and hands flew the rest of the afternoon. Philip had learned to run the machine, and he sewed up the shirts while his mother made over the shoes.

Just before six Barry came in; he sometimes came to supper. When he had had what he called a "stroke of luck" in the way of easily making an extra quarter, he was wont to invest in a loaf, some slices of meat and something in the way of a relish and bring them up for tea at Mrs. Fenwick's. Then he sat at the family-table, held Ada on his knee while he ate, rocked her to sleep in his arms, and ordered Philip to "sort over the book" anent any subject that might arise. He had no idea that any other person had a book like that owned by Philip.

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Pierre Brescia had talked about such a book, but Barry had a vague idea that it was only a book in general, and that in all the world was no other such book, capable of such "sorting out," as that in the possession of Philip.

Barry was coming out in a new character; he arrogated much to himself since he absolutely earned his food and lodging and spent earned dimes. He felt a man of importance, a man of the world, wise in all the deceits of Satan and competent to the guardianship of a young and ignorant boy like Philip. He meant that Philip should "go straight;" he warned him in wild general terms of snares, traps, dens, pitfalls, iniquities, that remained as vague and misty to Philip as the nebula in Andromeda. He strictly questioned Philip as to whether he made acquaintances—whether he used his time industriously and kept at home after nightfall. Thus was the idle and wandering Barry numbered among the prophets!

"If I hear of you running round the street nights, I'll break your neck," said Barry, placidly, to Philip.

Mrs. Fenwick had grown so accustomed to this threat that it no longer alarmed her for her stepson's safety.

Barry also regularly escorted Philip to church. Why he went is among the inscrutable conundrums. He may have gained the habit, or hazily thought it

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respectable, or found the cushioned pews warm and comfortable and the dim religious light soothing, or the swelling crescendo of the organ may have lifted him pleasantly above night-watchmanship or corner-stall breakfasts and hard-earned nickels. He went, and he regularly fell asleep by the time the text came to the fore-front of affairs. One morning, however, whether because of some brisker quality in the outer atmosphere, or that accidentally the sexton had aired the church, or that he himself had slept later than usual, Barry could not sleep, and, much to his surprise, heard a plain, earnest, simple discourse.

"I vow by my head, that parson held a good hand to-day," was his characteristic comment as they left the sacred edifice.

Barry meant to take Ada to church as soon as she was old enough to go, and he meant to buy her a pink gown, and a blue ribbon to tie her hair in two tails down her little back. He often selected the pink gown as he walked along the street. He heard with much interest the account of how Philip had earned a half dollar and was going to an exhibition. He examined into Mrs. Fenwick's renovation of Philip's wardrobe and revised all his opinions as to stepmothers.

"I vow, they've raised a new quality of stepmothers since I was a little shaver," said Barry.

So needful did the ex-tramp feel himself to the

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success of Philip's venture into fashionable life that he rose at an unheard-of hour and hurried to Mrs. Fenwick's to view the general effect of the recent repairs. In his zeal he burst open the door without knocking, and found Philip standing in the middle of the floor, while Mrs. Fenwick was putting the finishing-touches to his toilette. Some of her love for her husband was centring on this his son, and, in truth, Mrs. Fenwick adored the boy's beauty and graciousness. Barry beheld in him a transformed boy. The old gray suit was clean and so well repaired that it was scarcely recognizable; the ill-fitting trousers had been shrunk and shortened to a pair of close knee-breeches; the neat bosom-shirt, made from the blue spotted gown, shone with starching and ironing; from the jacket-pocket peeped the blue-bordered handkerchief; the blue-silk tie set off Philip's throat; the one bloom of Mrs. Fenwick's one plant, a red geranium, was in his button-hole, and his long, shining, heavy half-curled brown locks were carefully brushed about his shoulders. Mrs. Fenwick proudly beheld the result of her work, and thought that Philip looked well enough to go anywhere.

Barry put the twins in their coach and accompanied Philip to the door of the exhibition. No one was in the room when Philip entered but the gentleman who had given him the ticket, and who at first did not recognize him. He was seated at a

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desk and told Philip to "go about and look all he wanted to." The first tour Philip made of the two large rooms he went from one picture to another, drinking in the glories and harmonies of color. There are some people for whom color has all the exquisite delights that musical sounds afford others. As Philip went from picture to picture the gentleman said to himself,

"Yes, boy-like! Curiosity, and that is all."

Then the lad began a second tour; now he was accustomed to the pictures, and was studying the subjects so far as he could make them out. He lingered longer this time.

"The boy really cares for pictures," said the owner, approbatively.

Then Philip began a third trip round the room. This time he was studying the method of the work; he wanted to see if the light that fell through an open door came as light really would come, if the shadow cast by a cup was the shadow that a real cup would throw. He lost himself in this wonderful question. Did folds really make those little dark hollows, those radiant edges? Unconscious of his own act, he picked up a bit of drapery from a sofa, gathered it in folds, held it at arm's length and studied the effect. Then these figures: in such a pose would they appear thus? That extended arm: would it give wrist and fingers so? He struck the attitude of the figure in the picture and

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contemplated his outstretched arm. He forgot everything but his investigation, and did not know that a pair of keen eyes were watching every absorbed, graceful movement. Another gentleman, coming in, had his attention drawn to the boy.

"What an uncommonly beautiful boy! What a model! The very boy I have been looking for for my picture 'The Minnesingers.'" He went to Philip and asked his name: "Are you in school?"

"No, sir. My father was lost with his ship, and I am looking for work to help my stepmother take care of the twins."

"Work, eh? Well, I'll give you work. Do you like pictures?"

"Oh, sir!"

Philip's "liking" was a love transcending speech.

"Come to-morrow at nine to the top rooms in this building, and I'll give you five dollars for a week's work, if you are handy and don't wreck things. Dress yourself as you are now; I keep a studio, and I object on principle to having anything ugly inside my doors."

"Oh, sir, I'll come, if it is work you think I can do."

"You can do it. You'll have to stand model for hours, and clean palettes and brushes, and be general fag."

So Philip had a place at last, thanks to his appearance.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DISCOURSES OF SUBTLE POISON AND ITS EFFECTS.

PHILIP had entered into a new world. All his past life, with its poverty, its every-day little toils and troubles and narrowness, the sharp words and petty saving ways of Miss Mary Athole, the din and closeness of the country school, the long road—hot, dry, dusty, wet, muddy, on occasion—the daily strife for bread and the vigorous efforts to get the needed dime that should buy the food for four, being really inadequate to buy food for two,—all these vanished as morning mists fly before the sun, when he entered the artist's studio and at that moment found the natural direction of his life. He did not call it drudgery to clean palettes and wash brushes: palettes and paint-brushes were implements for creating the Beautiful. He did not find it any hardship to stand for hours as model, draped in a velvet cloak and holding a mandolin, while he lifted his gaze toward imaginary turrets under a fancied sky; he could lie in peaceful pose as Endymion, the light of some fantasy of dream shining in his simulated sleep. The boy's imagination was

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so highly wrought, and his artistic genius was so great, that the subject of the picture and the idea of his pose, had only to be expounded to him, for him to throw himself heartily into all its surroundings. When he posed for Blondel, he really saw the frowning towers which hid his Cœur de Lion from his gaze; when he served for young Arthur in his prison, he felt himself the boy-prince in the power of wicked John; and when he was called upon to be the dying Hyacinthus, "like a lily broken on its stem," he seemed to hear the penitent god promising him the immortality of the lyre and of the flower.

Philip, inasmuch as he was not a model of mere flesh and blood, but a model of appreciative brains and of enthusiastic interest in that which he represented, was soon in great demand, and was lent by his patron to brother-artists, and daily underwent as many transformations as the figures in Madame Tussaud's wax-work show. The artists quickly understood what manner of model they had to deal with, and here unintentionally took a hand in Philip's education. They gave him the books wherein were described the scenes which their pictures illustrated, and he was to take them home for evening reading, so "he would know what he was about" when posing. It was a blessed experience to have a model who "knew what he was about," who had an idea of proper position and expression;

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so Philip did not need to be twisted, jerked, manipulated, like the lay-figures with hinges and wire joints.

It was a motley assemblage of books that filled Philip's evenings. One gave him Shakespeare, and another Keats, and a third Spenser, wherein he fell into difficulties, not knowing more than a third of the words; others bade him take home and study the *Age of Fable* and the *Age of Chivalry* and Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*. Like all who have artistic talent, Philip had also poetic instinct, and found

> "The night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Some of his books he read aloud to his mother and to Barry.

There were some nights when Philip was taken to the Academy of Design for a model. On such occasions a burly, resolute fellow might have been seen forcing himself into a corner of the room "to look after the boy and take him home: that boy wasn't to be 'lowed loose about the streets nights." Philip was as well guarded as a nice little maid with a judicious mother. Some of the artists, taking an interest in the boy, told him he must go to night-school and study history, writing and French. Philip and Mrs. Fenwick saw the value of this plan,

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and then, Barry having had the treat of seeing Ada robed in a little white gown and put on her small round knees and then tucked in bed, went to the night-school to watch over Philip. But nothing could prevail on Barry to try and learn his alphabet; he said there were "a vast too many letters in the world for a man of his build."

Surrounded daily by pictures, Philip soon began to develop ideas on art, and, not being afflicted with bashfulness, freely bestowed his opinions on the artists. Some of his notions were judicious, and others were ridiculous. His patrons received them all with good humor; they cared little what he did with his tongue, so long as he kept his hands off. There were times when some picture among the many around him recalled something exquisite that he had kept treasured in memory. One day he was looking at a large canvas representing a corner of a luxuriant overgrown garden which recalled the rose-gardens of Athole. He knelt down to study it.

"Yes," he said, "this is like our garden, where we had large pink roses. I'll show you what I saw there one morning last June, about six o'clock. Down here, in such a corner, was a spider's web as large as this." He drew a rejected sheet of Whatman's paper to him and with a chalk crayon hastily sketched a very large web, its main lines taking hold of drooping rose-branches. "The web was white as snow, and the dew hung like little clear

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glue beads all among the threads. Here in the middle it had not like one of the tin funnels they have in groceries; that was not in separate threads, but spun all like the finest cloth. It was an inch across the mouth, and inside that little white palace sat a big round spider with his legs doubled up, and he was all dressed in black velvet and gold; he shone. Under the web here was a pink rose wide open, as if it lay under a veil. Up here two buds just touched the outside thread and bent it a little. This line was spun across a green leaf, and right here a pink leaf had dropped and fallen on the web; that had brought up the spider to see if it was a fly."

The listening artist made no comment, but a few weeks after he had finished such a picture, called "Death among the Roses."

One morning Philip stood watching his master, Mr. Flemming, working at a gray twilight scene of gulls and sandpeeps on a wet beach. The lad watched the harmony and the mingling of the soft silver, gray and blue-and-violet shades, wondering that with the colors on the palette such results were obtained. Then he cried out,

"Oh, I saw something finer than that in those colors!"

"In whose studio?" said Mr. Flemming, sharply.

"Not any studio; out of doors—on the top, almost, of the Alleghanies—as we traveled one night."

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"I thought you did not travel at night?" said Flemming.

"We did that time. You see, some tramps had gone to a farmhouse and robbed and beaten an old man and woman; that made the people so angry that they watched out to catch every strolling or tramping person and put him in jail for a week. We were three and had done no harm, and we did not want to be locked up; so when we were warned of it by a tramp who met us, we turned a long way out of the road and walked all night to get out of the reach of that place. Well, as we walked that night it was clear moonlight, and we came up along a road on a crest where far away the woods had been burnt or cut off, and there was only one great, tall, dead pine, standing up by the road against the sky, just as if it was drawn on the sky, and far up at the top two branches spread out, and where they came from the trunk there was an eagle's nest, and from the ground it looked as large as a very large milking-pail; and it was made of sticks and rubbish. On the two branches, one on each side, sat two eagles, out a little on the branches, so they were cut against the sky. I don't know whether the young ones were in the nest or grown and gone away, or what, but neither bird sat on the nest; and when they heard the noise of our feet on the road, they lifted their heads, but did not fly."

"That is very well pictured," said the artist;

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and taking a crayon, he began sketching the scene in charcoal.

Then Philip thought to himself that if he could describe pictures he could perhaps also make pictures. It was his business to pick up rubbish about the studio and set all in order; he often had large or small sheets of paper which had had some little rough work on one side, or were bent and soiled and so thrown away. Bits of wood and of canvas also were in the waste; these he sorted out and prepared. There were some brushes, too, which Mr. Flemming pronounced worn out and unworthy of cleaning; these Philip cleaned for himself. He brought a spare plate from home; and when he had to clean a palette where his wasteful patron had left overmuch paint, he scraped it carefully upon his plate. Thus he was vastly better provided with art-material than was the youthful Benjamin West. When he had a little spare time, he withdrew to a corner, arranged a little "study" out of some of the bric-à-brac about him and undertook to paint a picture. He put *sentiment* into his arrangement: when he painted at a piece of mediæval armor, he put a golden butterfly on the frowning morion. Not that this typed to him the soul superior to strife, but the frail-winged thing pleased him, hovering on the cruel, darkening steel.

Mr. Flemming came upon him in the midst of these devices. He whistled:

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"Why, boy, are you doing all that alone, without any instruction? That is well. You have some idea of color, of form, of light and shadow, of sentiment. But this will never do. Do you want to be an artist?"

"Oh, if I could be an artist," said Philip, "I should be perfectly happy."

"So I thought once, but happiness is a will-o'-the-wisp that always flies just out of reach of the hand. Are you willing to take some trouble to be an artist?"

"I'd be willing to starve to be one," said Philip, eagerly.

"Starving is bad means to an end; starving does poor work. Question is, are you ready to begin at the beginning, work hard, learn your art?"

"Indeed, sir," said Philip, "I should love anything that had a piece of paper and a lead-pencil in it."

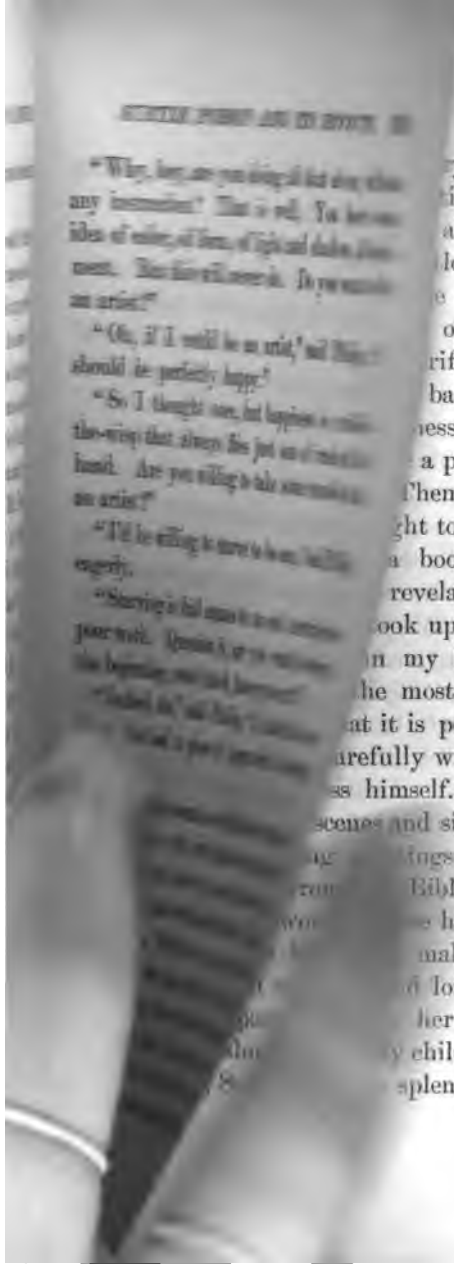
"That might mean an arithmetical example, and we artists, as a rule, are deficient in taste for numbers. Now, see here: no more brushes, no more paint; black and white and clear lines. There are your orders. Picked up some paper, have you? Well, here are your studies. Climb up to that shelf and get down those cubes and triangles; I had pupils once. Now draw the outlines. Set them this way and that way and the other way, and draw them as you see them, and every day do

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and, taking a tray, he began sketch
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only what I tell you and don't venture to meddling beyond my teaching."

Philip felt like falling down and worshiping this Rhadamanthus who volunteered to open for him the gates of his Elysian Fields. Ambition was awake within him; he too would be an artist, and he bent every energy to making progress under his generous but rigorous master.

If this new world into which Philip had entered was superior to that in which he had formerly lived for its beauty, its ambition, its poetry, its richness of fancy, the romance that filled it like a growing light, it was also different from that earlier and simpler life in that it was entirely lacking in faith and spirituality. So far Philip was unfortunate in his artist-friends in that they were apostles of a new culture that mocked at old beliefs and simple piety, calling these the outgrown exuviæ of the race, which had girt upon itself new garments spun of intangible and fine-drawn hypotheses, choice webs of glittering negations. The talk of these men as they came together was usually far above Philip's comprehension. When they discoursed art-criticism, he dimly understood them, and by greedy reading of works on art and the *Lives* of Painters, that fell in his way he could more and more gather the ideas of his masters. But on other themes, though often their speech flowed like music, he could at first catch no meaning, yet by de-

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grees, as his own vocabulary grew and his own powers expanded, these chaotic words clothed opinions to him, crystallized about statements and entered into his mind a subtle poison invading all the life of his soul. In the circle of Flemming's friends were all shades of opinion but Christian opinion. Flemming was drifting through a sea of doubts to strand upon the barren shores of agnosticism, but above the darkness that surrounded him shone now and again like a polar star the memory of his mother's faith. Then conscience cried out within him, and he sought to silence the voice by praising the Bible as a book. He allowed his friends to deny it as a revelation; but if they denounced it further, he took up the defence:

"I have no book in my library that I value more highly; it has the most terse, forcible, pure, beautiful English that it is possible to find. Any one who reads it carefully will never be at a loss for a word to express himself. Its descriptions are admirable and its scenes and situations most telling. The very crowning paintings of the world are on subjects drawn from the Bible, and I believe that if any painter would devote himself to interpreting biblical scenes he would make his fortune; they have Oriental affluence and lofty sentiment. What picture surpasses Jael at her tent door, the fiery rain on Sodom, the lonely child of Jephthah among the hills, Solomon in his splendid chariot?"

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"I grant you all that," said one of the artists, "but I refuse to be bound by the book in myself."

Could any one refuse to be bound by it? thought Philip. What! was it possible to shake off the authority of the book he had accepted as eternal truth, as the word of the everlasting God? It was the final court of appeal in all questions; it took hold on the life that now is, and also on the life to come; it warned of the wrath of God and told how to escape that wrath. His grandmother had presented it to him as every word pure and perfect truth; she had told him that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was true in spirit and in teaching, but not in letter: it was an allegory, an imagined series of events expounding real spiritual travels; Baron Munchausen and the *Arabian Nights*, she had told him, were sheer imaginations, true neither in letter nor in spirit. Was it possible that his good grandmother had been mistaken? An unlettered woman, not half so wise as these wonderful men, had she known enough to know that Munchausen and the *Arabian Nights* were pure fiction, and not enough to know that the Bible stood in the same category? Was not his grandmother more likely to be mistaken than were these brilliant men? Yet it cost Philip a bitter pang even to question thus; the ideas of the Scriptures were rooted in his nature, and to tear them out was to rend all his soul. He

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heard the "legend of Eden" mocked at; it had been his Age of Gold. He had not read the words of the poet—

> "The garden, oh the garden! Must it go,
> Source of our hope and our most dear regret?
> The ancient story—must it no more show
> How men may win it yet?"—

but in his soul he felt such a cry of pain, albeit inarticulate.

Flemming, true to his easy and careless nature, allowed a certain freedom of discussion to unbelief, and to make the balance even restrained it lest it go too far. Atheism he would not tolerate: he called it coarse and illogical; deism he permitted to express itself.

Sometimes Philip unexpectedly entered into the discourse.

"Do you mean that the Bible stories are not true?" he cried.

"How can you prove them true?" asked one of the men.

"But, sir," said Philip, earnestly, "can that book be full of lies which says all liars shall be turned into hell?"

If Philip had been golden-mouthed, like the poet who wrote with such delicate irony,

> "Gracious deceivers who have lifted us
> Out of the slough where passed our unknown youth,

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Beneficent liars who have gifted us
With sacred love of truth,"

they might have listened to him, but he was only a boy with questions tremulously put, clinging with terrified and relaxing spiritual hold to the treasures of his heart, his Age of Gold the garden of Eden, the sublime epic of the God-led host before whose feet the floods divided and gave dry land.

"It is for that threat of hell that I have given up the Bible," said one, uneasily; "I don't like that."

"But heaven is in the Bible too," said Philip. "Can you give up that?"

"Give up what you don't like and keep what you do," said one, laughing; "that is the modern fashion."

"But if I twist one passage to mean what I choose, why not twist all? If I deny one part, cannot I as fairly deny all? Break one link, and the chain is broken. I tell you honestly, the threat of retribution—good to the good, evil to the evil—is grained in that book," said another.

"Not any more than in the human soul," said a guest. "This future retribution is one of our inborn ideas. Look at the beliefs of native races, heathen, with no revelation. Such a belief seems needed to keep us humans in fair moral order."

"I do not see," said Flemming, "why we must be told that a belief in the world to come is needed

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to make us good, human, useful to our fellows. Will not this life have a more tender pathos if we think this is the 'be-all and the end-all'? Will we not be more quick to confer happiness and to avert pain if we think that here is a loved one's only opportunity or compensation?"

"What shall be hereafter we do not know," said another.

These words plunged Philip into an abyss. These men were to him the prophets of the Beautiful; they were the teachers of the art in which he centred all his ambitions; they held high discourse of sciences and spoke many languages; their masterful sentences impressed him, and his enthusiasm for them as men commended to him their opinions. If a common man like Barry had emitted doubts, Philip would have pricked to the rescue gallantly as Sir Tristram, but he was fain to hold his tongue and change his beliefs when a high priest of Art leaned leisurely back in a velvet chair, puffed smoke through a hookah brought from over-seas and with eyes gleaming from under lowered lids seemed to scoff at thought of rebuttal.

"No doubt," said such a reasoner, "there is a God—there may be gods, but I think only one God—and evidently he is so grandly lifted up by his very nature, Creator, Original Source, Fountain of Life, that he does not involve himself in our affairs. I say with Cicero I believe that there is Deity, but

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I think Deity cannot care what happens to the human race."

Philip, robbed by the sea of his earthly father, here made desperate effort to retain some hold of his Father in the skies. He burst forth:

"Oh, sir, don't you think there is a God who loves and takes care of *me*?"

"Child," said the reasoner, "how can divinity, pure spirit, eternal being, care for corruptible flesh, for finite matter such as you?"

"You forget the Lord Jesus," said Philip, "who was God and also man. He was divinity and our flesh, and so we have hope in him, my grandmother said."

"Be silent, boy; we are not talking to you. Pay no attention to our discussions; they are beyond your years and knowledge. Attend to your drawing."

It was easy for Flemming to command, not easy for Philip to obey; for the talk went on. He worked, and he heard.

"These beliefs," said one, "are like the exceptions to the Latin rules. We cannot learn the exceptions; none of us ever did: they are against the rule. So many of these beliefs are against our inner consciousness, and we cannot believe them."

Philip perceived by degrees that these wise men worshiped an idol or two that they called Inner Consciousness and the Nature of Things. He won-

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dered if these were any more worthy of respect and mastery than was the word of God, but he was too awed to question men who were able to speak as familiarly of Latin rules as they were to speak of their dinners.

But when, by much repetition of such views, that sum and end of all perfection, that lofty crown of excellence, the divine book, had fallen from its royal place in Philip's heart and thought, what other monumental glories of the soul fell under the iconoclastic blow of disbelief? The Sabbath truce of God's way-mark on the road to heaven, monument to God's glory, memorial of creative light and of His rising who was the light of men, fell also, broken on the threshold of Philip's life. That old-fashioned calm, sacred Sabbath consecrated to God's worship and man's growth in grace was spoken of in the lad's hearing as a bondage beyond Egyptian servitude, a yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear. In it, they said, the workingman was robbed of his proper interval of amusement, refreshment, culture. On this day man should not be restricted of his barber, his paper, his pipe, his morning toddy, of an open market, of a shop for any commodity he might see fit to purchase. All museums, shows, libraries, galleries—even all places of amusement—should be flung open. Only one thing should be restricted—church-bells. Philip was too ignorant to perceive the manner of pan-

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demonium proposed to be let loose upon the commonwealth.

Nor was this all. The boy had been trained to respect ministers of the gospel; to him the pastor had been a noble, learned, devoted, pious good genius of his congregation; but now Philip heard clergymen disparaged, their motives challenged. They were one while accused of ignorance and again of hypocrisy, and were pronounced tyrants shackling reason and seeking to bind thought. Up to this time Philip had not doubted that he was a sinner; he had not believed himself half so bad as many people—not even as that publican Barry—but in general terms he confessed himself a sinner and vaguely supposed there was a deal of rotten timber in human nature. Now, from the discussions of his new masters, he gathered that all this was a mistake: human nature was in itself a most noble and glorious thing; every man was—or might be, if he made a little effort—an epiphany of truth and virtue. By the culture of art one could reach the highest status of which soul and brain are capable. While Philip did not understand all that he heard on this theme, he liked the general effect vastly; it made him think a great deal better of himself.

Philip often wondered, as he sat drawing and his patrons were loud in their arguments and disquisitions, why they talked so much of things they

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said they did not believe. Why were they for ever fortifying their courage by denying and attacking things which they declared to be myths? He was too inexperienced to know that this was the terrible cry of the soul's unrest. Day by day Philip found himself believing less and less; and the less he believed, the less calm and happy he was. At first this talk had seemed terrible and blasphemous: when he heard a man dare to doubt the existence of God, he wondered that at the awful heresy the universe did not sink into ruin about the head of the doubter, but he heard men doubt and deny, and still the sun shone on, the fall of feet echoed along the pave, and still the sparrows twittered about the eaves. Did not God hear? Philip did not know that these doubts and differences were almost as old as is the human race, and, undisturbed by them, carrying out eternal decrees, the mind of God pursued its plans through the ages. He wondered sometimes, when he found himself no longer loving Sabbath, Bible or prayer, what was the blight that had fallen on all. He had not yet learned that with doubt of one primal doctrine will come doubt and denial of many doctrines more: he forgot what had been said about the chain. Was the Bible true? Did it mean what it said? This was the grand point with them.

Said Flemming,

"God either did or did not give us a revelation."

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"Let us suppose, to begin with, that he did," said one.

"Then who can prove that he did not give it right?"

"Well, then, as I feel it is not right, let us say he did not give us a revelation."

"Then who can prove that he is? If there is a God who reveals himself by sensible signs to our five senses, is he not likely to have revealed himself to our reason by the contact with his reason?"

"Why must we trust our feeling that the Bible is not telling us truth? Can we not be mistaken?" asked poor Philip, seeking information.

"You must let these things alone; you are too young to meddle with them," replied Flemming. He did not know that the boy could not let these questions alone while they were continually discussed in his hearing.

Philip, for his part, did not know that these men rejected the Scripture because it condemned them and they could not bring themselves to submit to its demands. No criminal ever yet loved his judge.

It was thus day by day that the soul of Philip was beggared. Once all creation had spoken to him of a Creator, but now to him the moons were orphans and every sphere was fatherless. He was restless and captious, for out of his life was lost the staying power of faith, and even the man who has

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realized little of the Mount of God or "the rocks of Calvary" seems suddenly to have lost all his landmarks when they are lost out of the horizon of his life.

It was not only the respect Philip had for his patrons as teachers that drew him so readily under the impression of their opinions: they had been very good to him, and he was grateful. They had kind, encouraging, helpful words for him; they taught him, spurred his ambition and seemed to look upon him, the forlorn little waif, the stranger who by an accident had fallen into their midst, as a hopeful younger brother whom they would unjealously aid on his way. They predicted great things for Philip, and he wanted therein to believe them; and if he believed them in one regard, why not in all?

Philip was now at home the "man of the house." He earned in all about thirty dollars a month. He had his five dollars a week from Flemming; he was two evenings in the week engaged as a model at the academy; he was frequently in requisition as model for the artists among Flemming's friends, and they were liberal in paying him: there was nothing close or ungenerous about any of them. Thus it was that each month Philip took home about thirty dollars to his stepmother, and the wolf was driven far off, quite out of sight of the little home. There were more comforts of daily life, and weekly something

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was laid by for future need. The carefully refurbished gray suit was worn out and finally discarded, but Mrs. Fenwick had purchased for Philip a suit in navy-blue flannel, and he was more beautiful than ever. He had long hose to match the knee-breeches and the jacket, low shoes tied with ribbons, always a clean kerchief, a silk tie, a flower in his buttonhole and his hair waved and curling over his shoulders with great care. It was chiefly for this gorgeous appearance that Flemming paid the five dollars a week. Philip was Flemming's frequent model; he kept the studio in order; he was on duty to answer questions when Flemming was away; he carried home pictures and collected bills and went after materials and carried messages. From eight in the morning until six at night he was on duty, filling up all the intervals of this work with diligent attention to his drawing. Four evenings in the week he went to night-school. At home Mrs. Fenwick made Philip the centre of her attentions; she not only kept his little room neat, but she made it pretty. A muslin curtain draped the window, a white counterpane found its way to the bed, a set in pink-and-white china ornamented the washstand. She bought a small table and made a cover for it, and Philip decorated the walls with the numerous little pictures and sketches that were bestowed on him in the various studios. But, of all the pictures which Philip brought home, Mrs. Fenwick was sure

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that his own balls in crayon shading, his cubes, squares, triangles and other practice in outline or shadow were by far the highest art.

This opinion was shared by Barry; he thought Philip the most wonderful genius that the sun had ever shone upon. This view did not make him indulgent to Philip; it made him severe in his self-appointed post of mentor.

"The boy needs bringing up," he said, vaguely, to Mrs. Fenwick.

Philip's mental and spiritual unsettling did not fail of outward signs.

Mrs. Fenwick said he was over-working, and that genius had a right to be odd. To the observant but inexperienced eye of Barry the connection between inner strife and the outward sign became only very slowly visible. There was some mystery; Barry was bent on its solution. To obtain it he watched unremittingly.

Philip had been studying French and had made very fair progress, though as yet he could read but little. He found in Mr. Flemming's bookcase a work of Lamennais on *Art and the Beautiful*, and some words that he picked out in the first chapter aroused his strong interest. He took the book to night-school and asked one of the advanced French class to translate to him a page or two. Here was, he found, at least one artist who believed in a personal God and a personal devil, and, moreover, this

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was an artist who could write French. It seemed to Philip that one who could write French must be a very superior intelligence; he had not yet come to realize that "even the little children in France speak French." In the spiritual chaos in which Philip found himself the expressed belief of the Frenchman seemed for him a staying-point braced against which he could be saved from absolute negation. He need not deny, perhaps; he could, instead, doubt. But what a state is this of doubt!

> "Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart which mars
> All sweetest colors in its dimness same;
> A soul-mist through whose rifts familiar stars,
> Beholding, we misname."

There are people who suddenly destroy themselves by large potions of opium or arsenic; there are others who by long-continued succession of these doses become saturated with them, so that their whole physical mechanism is perverted in its action by the constant presence of the drug. In the one case the victim dies almost instantaneously; in the other he dies daily. Into Philip's soul such slow, masterful, subtle poison had crept; to him all life was robbed of its former sweetness and beauty. Nothing went well with him, for he himself was no longer in accord with nature and with revelation.

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CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN BARRY STANDS UP TO HIS DUTY.

A SMILING April Sabbath had come—blue skies, soft white vagrant clouds, mild airs, a tender murmur of growing things, a scent of spring permeating even the streets of the city. Barry's roving nature, that during the winter had lain dormant, awoke in an intense longing for the freedom of the roads. He had been content during the cold weather; he had enjoyed being respectable and paying his way and having friends; but now all these sources of content seemed cold and pale in comparison with the joys of a roaming life. In imagination he was once more free of the pavements, and was wandering along roadsides starred with dandelions and cinquefoil and pimpernel, wreathed with wild strawberry and chickweed and sorrel; he saw again the velvety gray-green points of the mullein, the reddened branches of the blackberries, the downy tufts of the pussy-willows in marshy places. He thought of still, balmy woodlands where grew the violets, blue, white and yellow, where the adder's-tongue nodded its bells, and the hyacinth sent up its spikes, and the wind-flower and the

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spring beauty laughed over the dead leaves, and the liverwort was cradled at the roots of the trees, and the sanguinaria glittered white as snow. Here in the city only the swallows twittered as before, but out in the fields, among the hills, the swamps and the thickets, linnets and robins and bluebirds and larks and flickers and colonel-birds and blackbirds and bobolinks and cuckoos and jays and splendid orioles and woodpeckers held revel. Barry thought of the sheep feeding along the pastures, of mild-eyed cows looking over the fences with a certain immortality in their full dark eyes because they remember no beginning and apprehend no end.

To these joys of all his life Barry felt as if he must fly once more. Love of Ada held him back. Evidently, he could not, as he would, carry her in his arms and show her all this wealth of the world. Ada could now walk well; she could toddle beside him on the pave and go with him to the Park. How could he live all summer out of sight of her little red head? If he remained in the city, he could buy her unlimited pink frocks; if he went away, she would forget him. Also, she might die. There, too, was Philip. Barry had grown more and more fond of Philip, believing him the most admirable boy in the world, but he felt less necessary to Philip than formerly: Philip was getting so wise, so learned, he was growing so and seemed so little likely to fall into mischief, that Barry felt

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his mission to Philip was ended; he might drop out of Philip's life and Philip suffer no loss thereby. In that case why for Philip's sake deprive himself of the joys of vagrancy?

Thinking these thoughts in other shape, Barry locked up the shipping-office where he lodged and set out for church. He had acquired a regular habit of church-going, and he and Philip met in the vestibule and sat together in the farthest back seat—the free seat, the one against the wall. By long use they seemed almost to be owners of that pew. On this Sabbath, Barry waited, and Philip did not come. The people gathered, the voluntary pealed, all the worshiping congregation rose up for "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and Barry stole alone into his place. Barry paid no attention to the invocation; he was oblivious of the first hymn; he heard nothing of the chapter; the long prayer was scarcely a sound in his ears. Barry, alone in his seat, was thinking. Philip had not been at service the previous Sabbath, and when questioned had carelessly answered that "he didn't feel like it." The Sabbath before that he had been bodily in church, but he had fumbled over the leaves of the hymn-book, never looked at the minister and mentally had evidently been far away.

Barry was endowed with a tremendous tenacity of opinion; let an idea once fairly enter his head and rooting it out might be counted among impos-

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sible things. Naturally of a shrewd mind and largely endowed with curiosity, while ignorant of reading, he had been obliged to depend entirely upon observation for his information, and he was acute in noting facts and weaving them into a chain of evidence. He was now recalling a succession of "trifles light as air" which, placed one beside the other, formed to him "confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ."

When the congregation rose to sing the second hymn, Barry reached for his hat, and, to the intense astonishment of the sexton, who had learned to expect better things of him, he stole out of church. He went straight to Mrs. Fenwick's. Mrs. Fenwick went to church on Sundays, but not where Philip attended. As a girl she had gone with her brother to the mariners' chapel; now she in some way felt nearer to her lost husband if she worshiped among the sailors: her heart was nearer to them than to land's-people. She left one twin with a neighbor, whose child she in turn nursed in the afternoon, and she took the other twin with her to the Bethel. Barry, hastening up the stairs, burst into the living-room, which was empty, and then without ceremony flung open the door of Philip's room. Philip was sitting on the foot of the bed; he had a block of Whatman's paper in his hand, had examined for ten minutes a charcoal sketch which hung on the wall, and now, turning his back

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upon it, was working it out from memory in a fashion advised by Mr. Flemming.

"Oh, Barry!" said Philip, with some embarrassment.

"Why wasn't you in church?" demanded Barry.

"Well, I didn't feel like it."

"Was you sick?" insisted Barry.

"No, no! not at all sick, only—"

"Only *what?*" shouted Barry.

"Why, I've got rather tired of being tied down to going to church every Sunday," said Philip, hesitatingly.

"Oh, that's it, is it, brother?" said Barry. "Haven't I heard you mention as every man as did his duty went to church reg'lar? Haven't you said as Sunday was a day to be teetotal entirely give up to goin' to church, singing of hymns, sorting over the book, hearin' about the tramping-man on the turnpike to the city, an' growin' more an' more pious, till just as like as not you'd get too pious to live in this world?"

"Yes, Barry," said Philip, placatingly; "I have said those things, but I have come to have a little broader view about the way in which we might properly spend Sunday."

"And what way might that be?" challenged Barry, in tones defiant of this quotation from Flemming.

"I think, as Sunday is a day for our use and

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good, we ought to get all the good every way that we can in it, and I— Well, I don't see why a long walk enjoying the beauties of nature and getting vigorous health, and a visit to a museum to improve our knowledge, or to a concert to please the ear, or to a studio or an art-exhibition to improve our taste, would not be proper ways of spending Sabbath. These, and visits to our friends, and, of course, Barry, going to a church if one wanted to go or there was somebody one especially wanted to hear."

"And now I want to know," said Barry, with markedly rising inflections, "if there's anything in the book about spending of Sunday in this way? If there is, you never sorted it out to me; and if not, why didn't you?"

"I don't know as the book does mention anything of the kind."

"Then," roared Barry, "if it don't, how dares you go for to setting up of anything of the kind? If the book don't know, who does know? Ain't the day God's day? Didn't he save it up for hisself? Ain't it his own property? sez I. An' if it is his, an' he owns it an' means to hang on to it, who do you suppose knows how it ought to be kep' if he don't?"

"Eh? Well, but, Barry, he gave it to us, you see."

"S'pose he did? He never meant for us to turn

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round an' tear it up, did he? I gave Ada a picter-book, but I didn't give it to her to pour milk on or clap it in the fire: I give it to her to use like a book, an' I vow she's got to use it in that there way. It's good for her to use it right, an' it's bad for her to use it wrong. Now, see here, Philip: have you been sortin' over the book reg'lar lately? Do you sort it over night and do you sort it over morning? says I. Speak out!"

"Well, I don't know as I do," began Philip, hesitatingly; but Barry interposed fiercely, every tone staccato as a dog's best bark:

"You don't sort over the book? No more you don't. I knew you didn't. I come in here last week and week before, an' on your table there I see the book, lying shut and dust on it; I could print my bunch of fives in the dust on that book. You are neglectin' of the book. Why neglectin'? I asks."

"Oh, well, Barry, you see, I know pretty nearly all that is in the book," said Philip, uneasily.

"Oh! you do, brother? Well, you're an uncommon smart boy. I'd better take a good look at you before Barnum or some other circus-man takes you into his show to be looked at for twenty-five cents, and cheap at that. You know all the book at your age and inches? Didn't you tell me ten times if once—didn't Abraham with the foreign name tell me—that that book had things in it for every man

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as ever was born? Didn't you say it was wiser than all men as ever was made? that the more a man studied it, the more he found in it to study an' learn? that all the biggest heads that ever was had got filled out of it without using any of it up? Didn't you say that some of it was so amazin' high that we'd never know it all till we took it up where we could get it explained by God, as made it? God made it, says you, and you knows it all, says you? Your two sayings don't hang together much, brother. Look at that book on the table that you've got too wise to sort out. You let it get all dusty; you knows it all! Didn't Abraham tell us of hundreds of people older an' wiser nor you who loved that book so well that they went to fire an' sword, an' were bound to stakes and hunted with dogs and drownded in rivers, for the sake of it? Didn't you say as your old granny lived by it? Didn't Abraham keep up his courage on it? And are you laying out to be a better man than he is? How dare you, a poor little stub of a boy, set up for yourself that you don't need to sort over a book made by God hisself?"

"But, you see, Barry," said Philip, when Barry paused—we cannot fairly say to breathe, but rather to blow—"you see, I may have been mistaken. The book may not be quite all I thought it was; perhaps God did not make it."

Barry was sunk in Ashanteean ignorance of the

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classics, but that did not prevent every individual hair of his combined locks standing on end. The man was no logician, but he had had presented to his mind certain root-ideas, and the truth of these had been proved to him by certain facts level to his experience. He eyed Philip full in the face with fierceness. Philip, in his uneasiness under Barry's attack, had dropped his crayon and paper, and was now standing behind his little table.

"What I demands to know is," cried Barry, striking one horny hand into the other with a loud clap—"what I asks you is—are you a-sayin' of your prayers any more?"

Philip grew very red in the face; he looked down, but he was truthful. He answered:

"No."

"What I asks of you is," repeated Barry, with greater violence, "are you giving up all of your religion?"

"But religion—religion— What if I am, Barry, so long as I try and do what I ought to do and what is right by everybody? Isn't that enough and all that will be asked of me or of anybody?"

"But how are you going for to get to heaven?" asked Barry.

"Perhaps—perhaps there isn't any heaven," said poor Philip.

"Then, where's your grandmother," demanded Barry, with great interest, "and where's all the good

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people that had their heads cut off, and where's little Ada, as I lost, in her pink frock?"

"Oh, I don't know," cried the unhappy Philip.

"You don't know, you miserable little ijit!" roared the irate Barry. "You'd better say you won't know. You did know, and you threw your common sense all away, and you're a-flappin' an' a-flounderin' round, not knowing anything, like a fish what's flopped itself clean out of water. And what does it get by it? says I. Now, look here, Philip: didn't your grandmother bring you up religious? didn't she give you a book to sort? didn't she learn you your prayers? didn't she lay it on you to go to church? Didn't you tell me once as how your mother took you to church when you was a little shaver in long white togs, and had water sprinkled over you, and had you put into religion that way, like we saw the babies one Sunday in the church last summer? Now, what do you think, when your grandmother's dead and can't help herself, and your mother's dead and can't help herself, of going back on 'em both in this way, stopping sorting the book or going to church or saying of your prayers, and giving up religion? I vow," cried Barry, his voice rising with his emotion until he was bellowing like a bull of Bashan, "I won't stand it! I don't allow you to go back on religion this way. If you try that, you'll have me to settle with. Do you see that muscle? If I find you go-

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ing back on the book and your prayers and the church and the drops of water and your mother and your grandmother, I vow by my head I'll break your neck!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fenwick had returned from church, retaken possession of the loaned twin and begun a progress up stairs. The ascent was performed in a slow and stately manner. The twins, by aid of hands and feet, lifted themselves to successive steps, then straightened up and turned to "review the steps already trod." In this act each would have gone headlong but for a hand of the mother laid on the back of each to steady the climber. The next move was curiously to investigate a pair of pink palms covered with dust from being used rather as fore feet than as hands. Inspired by a Christian desire for neatness, the dusty palms were wiped off on the front of the little chintz gowns, and, a deep breath having been taken, another step was laboriously surmounted. When by perseverance worthy of saints they had clambered to the height of their Zion and reached the threshold of their home, they simultaneously tripped on the doorsill and fell into the room.

While consoling the pair over this disaster Mrs. Fenwick heard coming from Philip's door sounds of fierce upbraiding and wholesale and indiscriminate threatening. The noise was so fierce and unusual that she was instantly alarmed, and, with the

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twins before her, hastened to open the door and inquire into the tumult. Barry was planted in the centre of the little room, apparently posing for the Colossus of Rhodes. Peter, a twin, at once plunged at him, embraced his legs and bowed himself upon them as Samson on the two pillars of the temple of Dagon. Barry was too engrossed to notice this delicate attention.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" cried Mrs. Fenwick.

"'Matter,' missis? 'Matter'? Matter enough! This boy has gone and turned heathen, that's wot he has."

"Oh, I am sure not. Philip is such a good boy that he would do nothing of that kind," said the admiring stepmother.

"Turned he has, as I'll lay it out to you. He was not at the church. I sorted several little pints together, and I see it was my duty to come straight and look after him. Well, missis, he had not been to church along of not wantin' to go to church. He'd got tired of goin'; he had got to thinkin' that Sunday was a day made for walks an' concerts an' museums an' beer-gardings an' picture-shows an' studyin' of wotever he liked. He'd gone back on Sunday! I asked if he'd sorted such doin's out of the book, an', come to find out, he didn't think as the book was all it pretended to be. Maybe it wasn't true, he'd read it enough, he knowed it all,

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sez he; he wasn't sure God made it, anyhow. He'd gone back on the book!"

Mrs. Fenwick turned pale with consternation, and Barry, aggravated increasingly by his eloquent description, went on louder than ever:

"That ain't all, missis. I put it to him was he doin' a decent an' proper turn at prayin', an' I finds he wasn't; he wasn't sure as it would do any good. He didn't know how prayin' could alter things, he says; things is fixed to run on in a rut, he says, like as cartwheels in a track. I come 'mazin' near breakin' the young ijit's neck just there, 'cause, as I sez, if a ox can turn a cart's wheels out of the track, sez I, can't almighty Power turn universal things out of their rut? sez I. That's the way I puts it, but it didn't make no impression on the gump, I vow! Yes, he'd gone back on prayin'! Then I took a deal at religion, for, though I ain't religious, I mean to see things kep' up to the mark. He wasn't sure whether there was any religion, or whether it was any use if there was. No wonder he was lookin' at it in that cloudy, foggy, misty, twi-light-evenin'-shadows sort of a way, for, inquirin' keerful into what for stock in trade he had, I vow he didn't believe in much of nothin'. He wasn't sure there was any livin' after dyin'; he guessed there wasn't any bad place; he was nigh certain there wasn't any good place; he'd give up God; he'd lost the city of gold; he didn't know where

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dead folks went to; he wasn't nowise sure they went anywhere; angels he'd throwed away. Oh, I asks, what kind of a game is he likely to play or how is he goin' to win to anything in religion," cried Barry, pathetically, "when he hasn't one good card left? He'll be all broke up before he begins, I vow! Ain't it downright deplorable, an' such a hand as his good old grandmother had give to him!"

Mrs. Fenwick was too appalled at the revelation of Philip's spiritual state to be astonished, or even amused, at Barry's wonderful metaphors. Barry, speaking according to his light, had shed enough light on her mind to reveal to her Philip's state of darkness. She addressed herself to him:

"Philip, my dear boy, can this be true?"

"I don't know what's true," said Philip, desperately. "Is anything true?"

"Yes, my dear child; all that is in the Bible is true," said Mrs. Fenwick, soothingly and simply. She had no dogmatic education, very little doctrinal education even; she had a few simple points of faith which she never questioned. She felt that Christ was her Saviour and God her Father, that she would be sustained in this present evil world and made blessed in the world to come. She went to God in prayer for all that she needed, and believed she had an answer to her prayers. She was given to neither questioning nor arguing, and such

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doubts as racked Philip, had never touched her tranquil soul.

"How do you know the Bible is true?" asked Philip.

"Because I feel it."

"But there are some persons who feel that it is not true."

Mrs. Fenwick was silent, distressed, perplexed. Philip once more held down his head in gloom. Barry, who had hoped for help from Mrs. Fenwick because she could read, was driven back to his own very narrow resources:

"I tell you what, Philip: I ain't a-goin' to be gone back on. I brought you clean across Pennsylvany, I fought your battles, I kep' you out of bad company, I took care of you and your book. You didn't have to do nothing what you said was wrong. You said, 'Keep Sunday,' an' we kep' Sunday; you said, 'Earn your wittles,' an' we earned our wittles; you had been brung up to say your prayers an' go to church, an' them things we did keerful. On all occasions we sorted over the book. When we was goin' to run away from a strollin' company, we sorted the book an' got out of the winder by a rope, just like the book said. Do you suppose, after takin' all that trouble along of you, I'm goin' to let you turn into just common folks without no religion? No! I took care of you an' your religion, an' I vow you've got to keep your religion.

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Who's been settin' of you up to all this not believin'?"

Philip was silent.

"Was it them artist-men?" demanded Barry, wrathfully.

Still Philip was silent.

"Because if it was, and you can't go with artist-men or be a artist-man yourself without flingin' overboard all as ever you believed, then, brother, says I, stick to your believin'. I see that your religion made you better than other boys; I see as old Abraham's religion made him better than other men. I had to rewise all my notions of stepmothers because I come across your stepmother here what had religion and behaved accordin'. Persons that has religion don't get tight an' kick their wives an' shy pokers at little shavers; men as is religious don't steal nor kill nor get sent to the station-house for rowin'. You've got to keep religion, Philip; 'cause why, religion will keep you straight."

"But I mean to keep straight, Barry; I don't want to do any of those things. I shall be just as good as ever I was," said Philip.

"You may, an' you may not," said Barry, screwing up one eye and looking very sage. "If you keep religion, you're sure; an' so you'll keep it, says I."

"Yes, Philip," suggested Mrs. Fenwick. "'By their fruits ye shall know them;' 'Wherewithal

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shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word.'"

"Is that in the book?" demanded Barry, suspiciously.—"If so, then, Philip, you've got to tie to them words."

"But Mr. Flemming and the others are just as good men as can possibly be," cried Philip. "Just look how good they have been to me."

"Well, that's so," admitted Barry. "I ain't opposed to your learnin' to make picters of 'em, but I ain't going to have your ideas perwerted. Now, Philip, you look me in the eye and take notice of what I sez to you. I did think some of going off for a tower this summer, but I've give it up; I'm going to stay here and see that you goes to church and sorts over the book and don't get into no foolin' Sundays. I ain't over and above certain of getting in at the city of gold what time I goes up to the gate; there might be a hitch in it somewheres. There wasn't no drops of water sprinkled on me. Abraham said that wouldn't keep me out, but Abraham hasn't been there, and perhaps he may be a little mistaken. My folks was a mean, low-lived lot, and perhaps I might not be wanted up yonder among harps an' crowns an' gold an' palms, white robes an' thrones, flowers an' singin', an' all the rest of it; but one thing I do lay out to do, and that is to trot you up to the gate an' get you in. 'Here's a boy named Philip,' I says. 'I've took him all

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across Pennsylvany; I looked after him in the city of Phylidelphy; I kep' him at his prayers; I made him sort the book. He had to toe the mark in his religion, an' here he is,' sez I, 'so let him in. He's got folks in there. He's your kind. His grandmother is in there walkin' by the river; his mother is in there a-singing; his father didn't meet him and fall on his neck, because he had had the misfortin' to get drownded, but he's in there somewhere, an' he'll do it now when you take the boy in. Give 'em all my compliments,' says I, 'an' tell 'em I brought him clean up to the gate.'"

This was the spiritual romance that Barry had woven for himself in many hours when he sat astride of a barrel on the Water-street sidewalk, oblivious of the stream of passers-by, thinking how he should be true to his trust and march his protégé up to those gates of pearl that stand open night and day. Oh, there was something noble and pathetic and self-abnegating in this. Mrs. Fenwick felt its beauty, and tears ran down her cheeks, she meanwhile picturing the inheritance of the saints in light and "the rest that remaineth." Philip, too, felt the tenderness of the ideas of Barry; he wished with all his heart that a doubt had never been breathed into his ears, and that no profane hands had been laid on the ark of his faith.

The three were silent for a time; the stillness was broken only by the babbling of the twins, who had

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captured a piece of Philip's crayon and therewith were doing some choice work on their Sunday garb. Mrs. Fenwick remembered that she must get dinner, and she withdrew to the other room and hovered between the oil-stove and the pantry.

Barry was wont to remark of himself that "it took him a tremenjous time to get his ideas fired up, but after that he tore along like a steam-eng*ine*." His long colloquy had apparently got his intellectual apparatus in working order, for the light of connected practical thought shone in his face, and he drew near Philip, saying persuasively,

"See here, my boy: if so be there wasn't any God, nor any world to come, nor any good nor bad, it wouldn't make any difference, after you was dead, what you had believed of these things while you was alive, would it? You'd all go to nothing, any way?"

"Yes," said Philip.

"Well, suppose there is really a God and a world to come, and all them other things; then, if you haven't believed 'em, when you come to die it will make an awful great difference, and it will be too late to go back and set it right. Ain't that clear to you?"

"I suppose so," said Philip.

"Well, then, boy, ain't it best to be on the safe side? You allow that believin' can't make you worse off after death; it may make you a powerful

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sight better off. You never see nobody in this world—did you?—uglier, wickeder, more rarin' and tearin' vicious for bein' religious and believin' them things I mentioned."

"No; of course not," admitted Philip.

"Now, in course of time we gets round to a point," said Barry. "Believing won't make you worse in this world, nor hurt any of your chances in the world to come; not believing may land you with some all-fired mean critters in this world, and may be the cause of your getting left in the world to come. Bear a sensible hand, brother. Don't throw away your best chance if you've got a grain of wit. You've got one thing to tie to; tie accordin'."

"Dinner's ready," said Mrs. Fenwick.

Barry picked up Ada, and, perceiving a crayon landscape on her pink-and-white countenance, attacked it vigorously with a towel. He was undismayed by her shrieks; he meant Ada to be a model. Philip caught up Peter and took from his mouth a few inches of charcoal crayon.

After the long and weary combat dinner afforded a truce.

"Let's be comfortable," said Barry, when dinner was ended; and, putting up the window to admit April airs laden with scents of the country which he now felt duty bound not to visit, he took a twin on each arm and proceeded to rock the pair to

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sleep, while Philip helped his mother put away the simple table-service.

"Now, Philip," said Barry, in a wheedling tone, "sort over the book."

"Where?" asked Philip.

"Just do as your granny told you—take the vol-*ume*, open it, sort what comes before you, an' read right on till it makes meaning."

Philip went to his table, and, taking the first volume that came to hand, returned with the Old Testament. He sat down, opened the book and began to read.

"'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,'" he started.

"Hold hard there!" said Barry. "'Fool,' says the book? Yes, I thought there was a lot of foolishness in that observation. It's below my mark entirely."

The afternoon passed pleasantly. Philip read; he and Mrs. Fenwick sang; Mrs. Fenwick told various anecdotes of Philip's father, judiciously dwelling on those which revealed his hearty, simple religious faith. When they separated, Barry and Philip shook hands warmly, and a treaty of peace seemed signed between them.

Barry set off for the shipping-office. He felt sorely troubled about Philip, angry and jealous against the artists who had gained such a powerful influence over him.

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"He's more nor I can manage," said Barry, with a sigh.

Turning a corner near Water street, he almost ran into a man moving slowly. He looked: it was Pierre Brescia.

"Abraham!" shouted Barry, seizing and wringing the old man's hands with all his might and most heartily.

"Barry! Barry! God bless you, my man!" said Pierre.

"Have you found the little girl?" demanded Barry.

"No, not yet," said Brescia, mournfully. "I came to the city a month ago on what I thought a good clue, but I have lost it. The police have helped me, but not so strongly, perhaps, as if I had had money. And the lad? Has he found his father?"

"No more he hasn't," said Barry; "his father is drownded, and that ain't by no means the worst of it."

"Oh, I am sorry—sorry! What has happened to him?"

"He has lost his God," said Barry, wretchedly.

"No, no, Barry!" said the old man, earnestly. "I cannot believe that. The children of grace do not lose their God; they may wander for a little out of the light of his face, but remember, Barry, the Shepherd seeks his own, and finds it."

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"Come along with me," said Barry, "to my place, and let me tell you. The boy's got into bad company of painting-men."

"But artists—if those you mean—are not bad company nor bad men. There may be ill men among them, but as a class of men, Barry, not so—not so of the best, Barry."

"Are there good, religious painting-men?"

"Certainly; many of them."

"And won't the boy go to the devil if he learns to paint?"

"Oh, surely not!"

"Abraham, you give me a lift," said Barry, heartily. "Here is my place; I keeps it for my board and lodging. I'll leave the door open. Here's the boss's chair; set down in it, Abraham, and let me tell you all the ups and downs me and the boy have had, till this very blessed morning I got the deepest down of all in finding that the boy had clean flung overboard heaven and the book and praying and religion—all the ballast as ever he had aboard. And how he's going to sail anywheres in that state, that's wot I'd like to know;" and with the eye of a master-navigator Barry surveyed the shipping in the river.

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CHAPTER X.

EXHIBITS "A MAD BULL IN A CHINA-SHOP."

"I'M surprised at what you tell me about Philip," said Pierre.

"Bamboozled by the paintin'-men," responded Barry, briefly.

Barry had seated himself astride a wooden chair, his elbows resting on either side the back and his face propped between his palms, which were brought together at the wrists; so that his head looked like a great gargoyle supported on a triangle.

"But that is not like the artists I have known, and I have met many," said Brescia.

"Tell me, Abraham: do any of 'em ever get to heaven?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"'Tain't accordin' to the 'pinions I've been formin' of 'em, but of course I'm glad to hear it," conceded Barry, who, to tell the truth, was very jealous of Philip's new loves. "Now, what I asks you, Abraham, is, if the boy makes of hisself a paintin'-man, won't he go to the dogs, flyin' in the face of the commandments, an' all such?"

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"If he does, it will not be because of being a painter."

"And you think it's a honest, decent trade a man needn't be ashamed of? I know they dress up and look and talk like gentlemen, but so do some other folks that ends in jail."

"'Trade' is not the word to use for art, Barry—profession. In my country our artists have been our great glory."

"There's been too much cutting off heads in your country, and burning alive, to be much of an example," quoth Barry.

"I think, Barry, you had better give me an account of all that has happened to you since we parted on the Blue Ridge," said Brescia.

Barry was nothing loth to relate his adventures. He gave a graphic description of the conclusion of the journey, of their arrival, hot and dusty, in Philadelphia, of their finding a friend in need, and of the day of final search, ending in the heavy news of the disappearance of the Ellen Adair and all on board. Then he went on to say that they discovered that Peter Fenwick had left a second wife, and that they sought her out. Barry was free to say of this lady that "she knocked all his ideas of stepmothers into a cocked hat."

"We didn't find no father like the boy had sorted out of the book," cried Barry, warming to the theme, "but we found a mother made of that very

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same paste. She ran to him and caught him round the neck and kissed him; she cried over him. As for a ring or a fatted calf, she didn't give 'em, 'cause she didn't have 'em; but she cooked us eggs and bacon and 'taters, and made me very welcome. As for a best robe, that she hadn't, more than servants; but she washed and mended and did up his clothes, and put on him her own little knickknacks, and a flower in his buttonhole, till he looked as fine as the emperor of Rooshy or a captain of police. I haven't anything agin' the police," added Barry, generously; "they never bothered me any, and I never bothered them."

Barry yet further stated that Mrs. Fenwick, besides being the very mould and glass of stepmothers, had laid the world under obligations to her by producing a small girl named Ada whose hair would shortly be long enough to braid in two tails, and who was the nicest child—except one—that ever wore pink frocks.

"If so be," said Barry, "that ever I gets a fortune, I'm going to leave it all to that there little Ada."

Then Barry described Philip's long search for work, and his own speedy employment "without turning his hand."

"That's right, Barry; I'm glad you're earning your way."

"Oh, I don't take to work no more than ever I

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did," said Barry, shaking his head, "but I can't play bummer here in the city, on account of looking out for the boy and doing the fair thing by the little gal. But I tell you, Abraham, if I've *got* to work for a living, I wish I could do it in the country, where I could see grass growin' and trees wavin' their branches, an' fields of corn like so many soldiers marchin' along on Fourth of July, an' cows an' pigs an' horses. I've a real brotherly feelin' for dumb animals, Abraham; I don't fault paintin'-men so much when they paint animals. Well, the long and short of it was that Philip fell in with the painter-men, and I won't say they haven't been good to him in more ways than one."

Barry then detailed as well as he could Philip's new duties, his liberal earnings, the night-school, the books, the evenings at the academy and all the favors received from the artists.

"I see," said Brescia; "these gentlemen have been liberal and kind to the boy. They have become his teachers and friends, and he not only admires their genius, but he is grateful for their aid; he loves them for their liberality and for the kindness they have shown to him."

Yes, that was all true, and it woke Barry's jealousy to consider it. He had no intention of being unfair in his statements, but he mingled fact and what he had imagined. He went on to say he would not have blamed them for anything if they had left

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the boy the "good idees" which Barry had been so zealous to preserve.

"Why," demanded Barry, "can't they teach him to make black-an'-white trees, though trees ain't black an' white? They're *green*, an' they ought to be so set down. But why couldn't they teach him heathenish trees without requirin' of him to be a heathen hisself an' say there isn't any God? Can't he learn to make picters of boxes without any tops or bottoms or sides without bein' made to disbelieve in the city of gold an' life after he's dead, just as much as he disbelieves in the tops an' bottoms of his boxes? That's the way I looks at it. Can't they teach him to dror a ball—an' a ball ain't so hard to dror as they makes out—without teachin' him Sunday is all humbug an' the parsons are tellin' lies at so much a head? Can't they teach him that a flat thing ain't a flat thing, an' a black thing ain't a black thing, an' to make a thing look as it is you must make it as it isn't, without tellin' him the book —the book as we sorted over a hundred times—was not written by God an' ain't true, an' he knows enough of it, I asks?"

"It is an outrage," cried Pierre Brescia, accepting Barry's account of a deliberate attempt to undermine the boy's faith and the taking advantage of his gratitude and inexperience to lead him in the black wilderness of unbelief. "It is a shameful thing. It is thus that Satan sends forth his messengers clad

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as angels of light to work the works of darkness. While the people of God sleep the enemy sows tares in the field where the good seed has been planted. Not content with scorning the grace of life for themselves, these castaways desire to bring others into their own condemnation. Innocence is their prey; they have no reverence for simple faith. They take a gracious youth and presently make him tenfold more the child of hell than themselves."

"There! now you're talking, Abraham," said Barry, who felt greatly encouraged by this energy. "Them's my sentiments exactly. But I sha'n't have this thing any more; I'll put a stop to it as sure as my name's Barry."

This promise of active interference toward the reconstitution of Philip's affairs absorbed Barry's mind after Pierre had left him; indeed, it kept him waking several hours of the night. The next morning he hastened his labors that he might begin his mission.

All was quiet in Flemming's studio. The artist was at work on a canvas representing two girls feeding peacocks. Philip, in one corner, at a table, was working in shading from a plaster rosette. Perched on a high stool before his tall easel, his palette on his left thumb, an extra brush behind his ear and one or two others held against his palette, Flem-

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ming, his velveteen jacket thrown back, his velvet cap on the side of his head, was merrily singing a Scotch song:

"'Tweed said to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed,
'Though you rin wi' speed,
An' I rin slaw,
Whar ye droon ae man
I droon twa.'"

Just as he reached this end, and paused before recommencing, while he put a fresh gleam of color in a peacock's tail, the door of the studio burst open, and a red-faced, broad-shouldered, big-fisted man made entrance without ceremony.

Flemming wheeled about on his stool:

"Good-morning, my friend! A little lack of court etiquette in your methods, but great heartiness. Anything I can do for you this morning?"

"Yes, brother; a power of 'em," retorted the intruder.

Philip recognized the visitor well enough, but, as his acquaintance had not been challenged and as Barry looked dangerous, he thought it well to proceed assiduously with his work.

"Like to buy a picture or two?" said Flemming, who had seen Barry only at night and at a distance and did not recognize him. The artist had whirled about, facing his guest, had chosen a new

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Barry looking after Philip's Religion. Page 211.

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brush, and was elaborately dabbling a color or two together on his palette while he watched Barry out of the corner of his eye.

"No; I ain't buyin' picters," said Barry. "I've got a crow to pick with you, Mr. Painter."

"'Flemming' my name is, at your service. I'm not in the poultry business at present; still, anything I can do to suit you should be quite happy. A study in still life, now—that one on your left, for instance?"

"'Still life'! I don't call that life at all; it's a picter of a dead bantam-cock, far as I see," said Barry, scornfully.

"It *might* be put in that way popularly. As to a crow, if I might suggest, the bird would be handsomer in his feathers than picked."

"Picked it is," said Barry, drawing quite close to Flemming and moving his arms vigorously up and down. "You've been robbin' an' murderin', an' you've got to answer for it."

"I was not proposing to make a study in animated windmills to-day," said Flemming, coolly. "Would you mind being a little less energetic in your motions? You might knock something over, you know. Which of your relations have I deprived of his money or his life?"

"Drop the relations," shouted Barry; "I don't own any. But it's this boy here you've been robbin'."

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"Oh!—Philip, is this a friend of yours? Is he crazy?"

"No," said Philip, looking up; "there's nothing crazy about him.—Barry, why don't you behave yourself?"

"Is he drunk, think?" asked Flemming, with great interest.

"No; he never gets drunk," said Philip.—"What are you at, Barry?"

"Mind your drawing!" said Barry, promptly. "You ain't in this; it's me an' the painter-man.—Now, Mr. Painter-man, let's talk it over. This boy, you see, here, is in my care; I'm his gardeen." Flemming murmured that the boy was blessed with an energetic guardian, certainly. "This boy," continued Barry, "has come to the city to seek his fortune. I put it to you, Mr. Painter-man, that 'most all boys does go to the city for fortunes. I shouldn't do it myself; I'll bet on the country every time. Well, this boy came here, and it wasn't to seek his fortune only, but to seek his father, who 'pears to have been a man of the right stripe. I took this boy, as you may say, from his grandmother's grave, and safe I brought him all acrost Pennsylvany. He hadn't any fortune, but his grannie had give him some things as good as money. He had a good book to tell him all he ought to do; he had his prayers, whereby when he wanted things he got 'em from One above; he had Sundays, which he

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kep' holy, restin' his body an' instructin' of his mind in good ways; he had a God that took keer of him; an' he had a city of gold promised him for his hereafter dwellin'-place, and he had no call to fear death, because he knew he'd go on livin' in glory for ever'n never, amen, as they say in church. Well, I took up with this so-well-pervided boy. There are many boys—as you know, Mr. Painter-man—as lies an' steals an' swears an' is sassy, fightin' an' dirty. I lays it to you, you wouldn't have one of 'em in this here picter-room at no price. The reason this boy is not like them is because his mother an' his grandmother had brought him up keerful to his book, his prayers, his Sunday, his church. With them things in view, I brought him acrost Pennsylvany. I took him to church; Sundays we laid by decent; we had no bad langidge; we sorted out the book. Whenever we come to a stand to know what to do, I said, 'Sort!' and he sorted accordin'. He did his prayin'—I see that he done it—and the good God did the care-takin', an' safe an' sound I got him to Philydelphy. Then I thought he was safe. He came here to work with you. I won't say as you ain't been good to him in some ways, but what he didn't lose comin' all acrost the country—all his fortune, all his poor granny left him—you've took away from him. Careful I kept him from bad company, but worse than any bad company have you and

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your painter-men been to the boy. You've told him how to make lines here an' lines there, an' how to dab a little black chalk on to white paper till it makes a box stand clean out of the paper like it was carved; but likewise you've took away from him any comfort in sayin' of his prayers. What good was it to give the boy some pieces of paper and pencil, some picters an' some paints, an' take away from him his God? Suppose he does make money out of picters; will that be any good to him when any day he knows he may die and don't know where he's goin'? Suppose he gets to be a paintin'-gentleman like you; will that be worth to him all that the idee of goin' to the city of gold, where his granny and his father and mother are, is worth? He don't care now for Sunday; you've taught him it ain't to be kep' holy. He don't care for his book; you've told him it ain't true. Once he believed some things and took comfort in 'em; you've took away all he believed, and you haven't give him ary a thing in their place but paper and chalk. Ain't his father and his mother an' the old woman looking for him to join 'em up above? and what call have you to hinder him? You may tell him there ain't no God; but if so be, when he gets out of this world, he finds himself facin' a God that wants to know why he turned his back on him, are you likely to explain it so the boy won't be blamed? How do

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you know there's no next world? Have you been there to see? Do you s'pose there is nothing but what you've see? I've seen things you never saw, and so has Abraham. Who dare say there ain't a God 'cause you haven't see or heard him? You never see or heard the boy's father, yet he *was*, or the boy wouldn't be. Oh," cried Barry, the tumultuous sea of his emotions breaking against the restraining cliffs of his verbal incapacity, "I vow by my head!"

Here Philip felt it only loyalty to his benefactor to interpose, for Flemming sat looking perfectly blank, and, in fact, overwhelmed and guilty, under this attack:

"I say, Barry: you're going too fast. You oughtn't to come and meddle so. Just think how good Mr. Flemming and the other gentlemen have been to me, and how much I owe them, and you come here and abuse them. Why, they have not been saying these things to me. I don't suppose they cared at all what I believed. All they said of such things was to each other, and they have a right to talk, and I heard them, and—and—and—"

"Now, see here: I care what you believe!" roared Barry at Philip, glad to turn his attack in a fresh direction. "I mean you to believe right. Has people a right to talk wrong before folks an' perwert their ideas and do 'em damage? If a feller wants to play with matches an' powder, let him do

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it when nobody's round but himself, I sez. Yes, you heard 'em talk. This painter-man knows the world. I sez to him wasn't there things as me an' my pals could have said—not to the boy, but talkin' before him—as would have sp'iled his mind an' his behavin'? I asks. An' would he allow it was fair for us to hold such langidge before a innocent boy? Why ain't he an' his pals obliged to have as much respec' for the boy's believin', an' not talk perwertin' nonsense before him?—Oh, I see, Philip, I see! These are gentlemen; they wears welwet caps an' jackets; they speaks nice-flowin', moosical words; they has money; they has traveled; they are learned; they makes picters, an' all they says sounds so fine you believes it immejit. They says to each other, sittin' here, 'Is there any God? Is there any heaven? Is there any hell? Sundays is mere play-days; preachin' ain't of any 'count; the book is all make-up an' humbug; there's no use in prayin';' an' so they goes on till they haven't left a man nothin' but his clothes an' his bread, and so on, an' you believes it! Me an' Abraham has talked it all over."

"What harm will it be if I am like him?" cried Philip, warmly, pointing to his patron. "Can I ever hope to be better. Is not he nice enough and kind enough for any one?"

"Oh, I know!" said Barry. "He acts a decent fellow; he don't seem to have much of this deviltry

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but the lingo; but I vow by my head, if he ladles out any more of the lingo into your ideas, I'll break his neck!"

Here Barry struck a little table with such superfluous force that the walnut palette which Flemming had absently laid upon it leaped two inches into the air and fell upon the floor, paint-side down. Barry picked it up; there was a great composite smear on the floor, as if Iris had recklessly stirred up all the colors of her bow.

"Painter," said Barry, picking up the palette, "why didn't it make a picter?"

Flemming made no reply.

"*Why* didn't it make a picter?" cried Barry, with fulminating eyes. "Why, I says, didn't it make a picter?" He advanced toward Flemming brandishing his arms.

"My good fellow," said the artist, soothingly, "behind every picture must lie design as well as paint."

"'Design,' says you? It takes design to make one of them smeary little picters—picters which a knife can cut to bits or a spark of fire can burn or nine days under water rot—picters that may come to be sold for nothin' in a junk-shop? But it didn't take no design to make the un*ee*warse; the un*ee*warse growed! I says, Mr. Painter, did you ever see a pigeon wearin' the feathers of a crow or the bill of a woodpecker? Did you ever remark flitting

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by your windows one of them gabblesome little swallows growing a peacock's feather out of its tail? An' yet, sez you, there ain't no design in the uneewarse, nor no creatin' an' buildin' brains back of it! Me an' Abraham has talked it all over."

Flemming was holding down his head, pondering deeply. The words of Barry had recalled to him days when his boyhood had been like that of Philip, with its heritage of belief. Had he bettered his condition in any way when he exchanged belief for doubt? Was he now so sure of his creed of negations being right that he could honestly press it on Philip in lieu of faith? Was the boy likely to be more moral, to keep innocence and uprightness better, cut loose from prayer, Sabbaths, Bible, fear of God, realization of a world beyond the grave?

"Philip," he said, looking up, "I had not talked to you of these things your—guardian—has been referring to; I hardly realized that you were listening to them as the rest of us talked. I was very far from thinking you were paying so much attention to them or having your views and practices altered by what we said. I am very sorry for it. These views, with us, are but speculations. If we advance the principle that we will only really believe what we see, how can we speak with any assurance even in denying the existence of things in a state that is claimed to lie beyond all that we have

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yet experienced? I suppose foreign residence has altered my early views about the Bible and Sabbath, but I was no worse when I held those things sacred. You must not think that all artists doubt the things that you have been taught to consider revealed truth; artists far greater than any of us that you are so looking up to have believed in God, the Bible, heaven, prayer, with all their hearts. If you let our speculative talk rob you of your belief, remember that we have nothing to offer you in its place but negation—but emptiness; and possibly Nature abhors a vacuum in the moral as much as in the natural world. I do not wish to be responsible for making you an unbeliever, my lad, because, honestly, I think you will be no worse as a man or an artist for being a believer; and you may be eternally better off for it."

"Do you mean," said Barry, who had intently listened to words which he only partly understood, "that the boy had better stick to his belief, as it may turn out to be better than not believin'?"

"Yes, I do," said Flemming, "and I shall try and keep him out of the way of hearing these speculations."

"Now you talk, brother!" said Barry, holding out his hand and gripping that of Flemming with great heartiness. "I'm glad I came up here and aired things. It is always best to have it out with a man, even if you have to break his neck, because

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you and he are both sure to feel better after it. That settles it; I ain't kickin' any more."

Truce being thus proclaimed, Mr. Flemming took some artistic satisfaction in contemplating the muscle of the late belligerent.

"I wish you'd stand for a model at the academy life-class," he said; "you've got a magnificent torso."

"'Torso'! Wot may that be?" asked Barry. "I knowed I had a head an' legs an' arms, but I never knowed I had a torso likewise."

"We possess many things which we do not realize," laughed Flemming. "But, as you have invited yourself into my studio, suppose you sit as a model? I have been looking for five years for a man of your make for this picture." He set forth an easel and put on it a large canvas covered with a cloth; he drew off the covering, and showed a picture, finished except for one figure, that was indicated only in outline. "I never found just the man I wanted," said Flemming, "but you will do exactly. I'll pay you for the sittings by the hour."

"I don't want no pay," said Barry; "it ain't no trouble to sit, or stand either, as long as you like. But what is it all about?"

"It is the woodcutter of Bagdad, to whom the caliph gave the Lady Zobeide," said Flemming. "He was passing just as the lady and the caliph

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quarreled; the woodcutter had a snake fastened upon his heel. Lady Zobeide said it was his wife, and, as the caliph was in a bad humor, he ordered a slave to conduct the Lady Zobeide to the woodcutter as a gift from the caliph. Here, you see, is the slave; the scene is the street of Bagdad; this is the Lady Zobeide, and what I want is the woodcutter."

"I should have thought you might have picked him up easy."

"Not so easy. He was a man of shrewdness, wit and good nature, wise enough to obey, and honest enough to keep his word. The Lady Zobeide, on condition of his never seeing her face, agreed to make his fortune, and she made him, by means of industry and wisdom, the richest and most elegant prince in Bagdad. It is a story of the *Arabian Nights*."

"Philip, why didn't you never tell that to me?" cried Barry.

"There were so many—about a thousand of them," said Philip.

"Well, I'll be the woodcutter," said Barry, "and I won't charge nothing. It will pay me well enough to think I'm hanging up on some rich folks' walls, as a copy of the richest prince in Bagdad."

To get Barry in position and keep him there was a work of difficulty; however, after Flemming got

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his man posed, Philip undertook to keep him up to the mark. Barry was so interested in his drapery, his turban, his fagot and the snake at his heel, that he was perpetually twisting to get a better look at himself. After a two hours' sitting he went off, promising to return daily as long as he was wanted.

Philip had some feeling of embarrassment as to how Flemming would feel concerning Barry's invasion.

"Now," said Flemming, "I know what it means to have 'a mad bull in a china-shop.' I didn't know whether a whole bone or a whole picture would be left me."

"Barry always threatens much more than he means to do," observed Philip, apologetically.

"At least, he talks like an honest man," said Flemming.

Yet the idea of Barry's general honesty did not set the artist's mind quite at rest concerning his model for the "woodcutter of Bagdad," and next day, when Barry was fairly posed, the painter thought to mollify him by timely observations.

Said Flemming,

"I think you are quite a religious man, my good friend."

"Oh, you bet I ain't!" retorted Barry.

"Not? Why, you stirred yourself up so lively yesterday about the boy's religion that I thought,

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of course, you went the whole figure yourself. How is that?"

"Why, brother, I ain't such a dog in the manger as I can't want other folks to have a thing I don't have myself. Besides, the boy set out religious, and I mean him to stick to it, says I. I don't want all my trouble thrown away. Besides, brother, of all earthly things, I do hate a turncoat. And then, though I lay out that I'm as good as most folks, and nobody likely to find fault with me up above, still, if there should be any hitch about letting me in at that gate, I reckon what I've done for the boy will count."

"Humph!" said Flemming; "that's by no means the highest motive."

"No more it ain't," cried Barry, briskly. "Who said as it was? I'm not such a very high person myself. And as to high, Mr. Painter-man, there's few things so high but what they might be higher; the top round of the ladder don't touch the sky, nor yet do the chimbleys nor the church-steeple. If I ain't so high as might be, no more am I so low as I could get."

"Would you mind my observing," said Flemming, taking a fresh dip into the sepia, "that I'm surprised, when you must go on doing as the book says, that you go dead against it very frequently?"

"How, then?" said Barry, bristling up.

"You say 'I vow by my head,' and the book

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says, 'Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black.'"

"Boy, does the book say that?" demanded Barry, loudly.

"Why, yes, Barry, yes; I think it does," replied Philip.

"And why didn't you tell me? Why did you leave me to be told by the painter-man? Never said a word about it! Now I *will* break your neck;" and Barry, dashing loose from his position before the lay-figure which represented the fair Zobeide, dropped his fagot and flew across the studio at Philip, the stuffed snake flapping at his heel as he went.

Philip nimbly put himself behind the table:

"Hold on there, Barry! Cool off. Wait a bit. It said 'swear;' now, you don't swear by your head, you only vow, and you don't mean any harm by it."

"Who's tryin' to turn his hair black or white? says I," cried Barry.

"That's it; you are only talking. You mean no harm.—Wrong is in meaning wrong, isn't it, Mr. Flemming?"

"Yes. Come back, Barry; your talk is all right," said the artist.

"Well, I vow by my head, I won't say it again, ever," said Barry; and he didn't know what Flemming and Philip were laughing at.

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After the sitting, Barry roamed about among the pictures, criticising very freely. Philip looked horrified at his rude handling of both tongue and fingers.

"I say, Barry," he protested: "you shouldn't touch them."

"Why, boy, I'm not likely to carry any of 'em off."

"I know that, but you might scratch or mar one, or might put a hole through it. Mr. Flemming cannot bear to have his pictures meddled with; he is as fond of them as you are of Ada, you know."

"Great fool, then, if he is," said Barry, freely. "Ada's alive.—Mr. Painter," went on Barry, "I was talking with a very learned man the other day —an *I*talian man—and he said there had been some pious religious painting-men who held by the book. Do you know any of them?"

"Well, some. Yes, I know several artists who claim more religion than you, my good friend. And yonder in the best light I have is my most precious picture, supposed to be a genuine by Albert Dürer, a friend of the Reformer Luther. And on the top shelf of the bookcase is a long row of books by a man who knows as much about art as most men—Ruskin, who is not only a good artist, but a very good man."

"Then I think you should make the boy read

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them all to help set him straight, after the nonsense you have talked before him."

"With all my heart," said Flemming; "he could not have better reading.—And, Philip, to begin with, take home to-night the *Two Paths*."

That evening Philip sat reading his new book and his stepmother was making buttonholes when Barry came in, bringing Pierre Brescia. Mrs. Fenwick had heard much of Pierre; his history interested her, and she supposed he would be able to guide and direct Philip. The poor woman's heart was heavily burdened after hearing Barry's terrific charges on Sunday. She herself felt too ignorant to dispute with the boy or combat the arguments of his artist-friends, and yet she knew that they were all wrong, and that if Philip lost his earnest, simple faith he would lose the richest of all possible possessions. Pierre Brescia was warmly welcomed, therefore—by Philip for old times' sake, by Mrs. Fenwick for the good he might do her boy.

"Where have you been? and have you found Jacqueline?" asked Philip, giving Pierre an easy-chair.

"After I left you I went to several cities, following traces I thought I had. I pursued a show company that had been at Atlantic City, and a circus company where they had a small child that went into wild animals' dens; none of these children that I pursued turned out to be the child I looked for.

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Then I went to New York and looked for many weeks, following a clue which led to nothing. Finally I heard of a tall, dark, wild-eyed woman, with just such a child as my little one who had come here to Philadelphia, and I have looked and looked and found neither, but know they have both been here; and the child calls herself Jackie, just as my little love did."

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Abraham," said Barry, grasping his hand. "You tie to Philydelphy. I'll help you look up that there child; I've got lots of spare time."

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CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH BARRY DISCOURSES OF ART.

WITH his usual happy facility in accommodating himself to his surroundings, Barry found himself quite in harmony with "painting-folks." He soon arrogated to himself high art-knowledge, freely criticised all pictures, felt that he did not exhibit proper acumen unless he found some fault with all, yet was soon in a state to believe that art, instead of being a highway to perdition, was very nearly a straight road to heaven.

Barry, on the strength of his frequenting Flemming's studio, gave himself airs. One of his acquaintances on Water street having ventured to remark that a chromo advertisement in a tobacconist's "was a powerful pretty picter," Barry responded with scorn:

"It ain't no picter at all; it's a daub. I know what's what in a picter. I belong to a studio; in our studio we have only what's up to high-water mark. I know all about it. I'm in a picter myself—one that's going to sell for nigh a million of dollars—and what I don't know about picters ain't wuth knowing."

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In his new rôle of art-critic, Barry was very strict in urging Philip to "attend to his droring," as that would eventually make a man of him. He protested that he hadn't brought Philip clean across Pennsylvany, with the sole intent of making an artist of him, to have him now neglect his work "an' make any of his picters wrong." If Flemming found fault with any of Philip's execution, Barry at once shook his head wisely and said "he knowed just as soon as he cast his eye on that piece of work that it wouldn't do; it hadn't that there sort an' form of crookedness which when it came to be finished looked just like straightness;" by which circumlocution Barry was understood by the initiated to indicate perspective.

Flemming shared the benefit of Barry's altered opinions. Acquaintance with the artist had at once disarmed the latter's hostility and exchanged jealousy for devotion. Flemming's genial ways, his attractive face, his amiable, ready persiflage, fascinated Barry. Having finished his sittings for "the woodcutter," Barry still felt it necessary to come daily to the studio and look after what was going on, and, as Flemming had not only found that he was not dangerous, but had taken a fancy to him, Barry came and went at his pleasure.

"I suppose," said Flemming, "that Paul Potter finally got fond of the bull that he painted and made a pet of the creature, and so this subject of

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mine has got the freedom of the studio and adds a little zest to life by keeping me in a certain amount of doubt as to what he will do."

Flemming's was an affluent mind abounding in creative ideas. He began many pictures, as some enthusiasm carried him away, and then, when partly finished, they perhaps waited for years until a mood for working on them returned, or some one ordered one of them, or he found exactly the model he desired for one of the figures. It was thus that he had finished the "Woodcutter of Bagdad." One morning Barry came into the studio and found a large canvas on the easel, and Philip and an old man posing for two of the figures: some one had purchased and desired the immediate completion of a scene from Campbell's "Reullura:"

> "But the torches again burnt bright,
> And brighter than before,
> When an aged man of majestic height
> Entered the temple door."

The scene represented was "Aodh bound with many a chain" to the pillar of the church, the Norsemen at their banquet, drinking their wine from the altar-cups, a beautiful Gaelic boy-captive looking in despair toward Aodh, "last of the dark-attired Culdees," and the majestic prototype of the saint, the miraculous deliverer, entering the door. The figures of the "aged man of majestic height"

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and of the boy had alone been wanting. Flemming could not do better for the boy than to take Philip for the Culdee youth; to find the proper model for the aged man had been a work of difficulty, and finally unsuccessful—at least, in Barry's opinion, for the white and saintly garments could not make the hero culled from Alaska street less than a very disreputable-looking old sinner.

"What's that picter about?" demanded Barry, entering.

"It is about the Culdees," explained Philip, standing at ease while Flemming mingled the proper tint for his dress, exhibited in flame-light and shadow. "The Culdees, Barry, were men like Brescia's Waldenses; they lived on the Northern islands and taught the people to worship God; and these Northmen, who were heathen, came upon them and murdered many of them. I read the poem; it says:

> 'Peace to their shades! The pure Culdees
> Were Albyn's earliest priests to God,
> Ere yet an island of her seas
> By foot of Saxon monk was trod.'

This old man is a saint sent by God to save the few that were left of the Culdees."

"Why didn't you let me stand for him?" cried Barry, aggrieved.

"You are not tall enough," said Philip.

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"You are not old enough," said Flemming.

"Well, I could have stood up on my toes and wrinkled my face all up—so," said Barry, exhibiting; for Barry was as sure of his capacity to represent all characters as Bottom was of his ability to play all parts, from lover to lion.

"I needed a very large old man with a long beard," said Flemming.

"You never can make a saint out of *him*," said Barry, scornfully, pointing to the old man; "he looks like an old rascal, and you can never make him look like anything else. See his wicked old eyes! and what for a saint's nose is his?"

"I must idealize his face," said Flemming. "Noble-looking old men of a class who are willing to sit for models are scarce. I am not satisfied with this old man, especially as he is so deaf I can hardly make him hear my directions for pose."

"Give 'em to me and I'll punch 'em into him," said Barry, eager to express his suddenly-conceived hostility to the patriarch from Alaska street. "But no amount of punching will make a saint out of *him*. I say, Mr. Painter," added Barry, with a sudden illumination: "he an' I would do boss in a picter together fightin' cocks. We both looks it."

"Upon my soul you do," cried the versatile Flemming. "If I had a pair of cocks, I could make a splendid picture of you for the next exhibition. That new red shirt of yours, Barry, is

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just the thing, with that broad belt strapped round your waist, and down on one knee with your bird. And this old villain, with his dirty shirt open at the neck, an old velvet cap on his head, that ragged blue cloak dropping off his left shoulder! Zounds! I wish I had the cocks."

"There's as handsome a pair of birds as ever you see right round the corner here, at a bird-store," cried Barry, eager to get in a picture. "Can't I run round and hire 'em for you?"

"Here, Philip!" said Flemming, hastily giving Barry an order for the cocks; "help me clear away this picture and arrange for the cock-fighters. Take that old scoundrel's white gown off and let him stand in his natural rags and dirt; put that cap on the side of his head. When he gets down on his knees, I warrant it will be a new position for him. Mr. Wallace can wait for his Culdees till Fortune sends me a saint; I'm all in for these cock-fighters just now. This *will* be a picture, full of life and color! And on canvas is the only way cocks should be fought.—Well, Barry, those are birds, sure enough. What necks! What plumage! Genuine game-cocks! That one in your left arm is a black-breasted red game, and the other a duck-winged game. Don't let them hurt each other, Barry. What an outrage ever to let such birds tear each other!"

"They won't hurt," said Barry; "no one's

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going to stir 'em up, and they won't fly at each other without being vexed. They're sensibler than men in that line. 'Sides, you see, the birds haven't any of them villain steel spurs put on 'em, and I had the man put rubber buttons on their nat'ral spurs; so they're just as harmless as two kittens. Ain't they handsome, Mr. Painter? Design in making of them, don't you think? Ay, sir; mustn't there have been the very crown of artists at work, when the world was made, to get up all that color—the red against the black, the greenish tail-feathers fallin' like a fountain, these bits of gold? Look at this one, yellow and red, with the black vest. Then look you, Mr. Painter: 'cause this kind are hotter-tempered and more likely to fight than other cocks, notice how they have their feathers made, harder and shininger, narrow an' tight together, to protect 'em, like the pieces in that armor-suit you've got stood up behind the door. There ain't design in that, is there?"

"Come, come, Barry! I believe in design in all created things. You don't understand me, that is all."

"I bet you don't understand yourself very well," said Barry.

The Alaskan subject took with more zeal to being a cock-fighter than to being a Culdee saint. He evidently wanted to set the birds at each other, and sneered at the rubber buttons and inquired if

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Barry feared the police. Barry bellowed in his ear that he "didn't go in for no cruelty, and if he aggerwated his bird he'd break every bone in his body." This consistent statement cast the old man into gloom. Barry was wild with joy at having "inwented a tip-top picture," at being able to eject the old man from his saintship and to tell Flemming how the thing "should be to be nat'ral."

When, finally, all was in order and Flemming was sketching—for he was a very rapid worker—Barry began sage discourse on art, morals, philosophy, inheritance, and other high and complex themes:

"I say, Brother Painter: when we was traveling this way, we come to the watershed up in Pennsylvany. In one day we found the streams running two ways; some of 'em in the morning were going so'west, and by night other some were running along so'east. So Abraham and I, we held discourse in regard to that. Abraham told me what was plain—that water didn't run up hill nor get no higher than where it rose. He said, the land being a high ridge where we traveled that day, all the water—never so little to the west'ard slope of it—went west, an' all the streams—even a little mite on the east'ard slope—couldn't climb up that little, but ran nat'rally toward the big rivers an' the sea, by the east'ard. Then Abraham took them waters for a kind of tex', an' he held discourse to me about how

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the actions of men was as waters running out of their hearts, an' the waters, or actions, would get no higher than their hearts: if the hearts was mean and ugly and wicked, so the actions would be.—Philip, sort out the bit of the book that nailed that opinion."

"'For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,'" said Philip, looking up from his drawing.

"That settles it," said Barry, nodding at Flemming, then smoothing the gorgeous rainbow wing of his black-breasted game-cock and roaring at his hoary compeer that "if he aggerwated that duckwing he'd wish he hadn't."

After this digression Barry continued his parables:

"Abraham also laid it out to me that people's lives an' actions an' feelings gets writ upon their faces. He said Philip had always been honest and innocent, and it was so writ upon his face. Also he said that when parents for several sets of 'em back had been wicious and brutal an' stupid it was so set down on the countenances of their children, an' you might often see a man who, even if he was dressed in di'monds, you would say had very bad blood and very bad actions lying back of him, so he'd have the stamp of cruel ways and lyin' and drinkin', and all manner of wickedness, set on him. So I take it, Brother Painter, that you can't go down to

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Alaska street—which needs sixteen thousand policemen to keep it in proper order—and sort out a man there fit to make a saint of just because he has a tall body, big shoulders and a white beard. It's clear to me that 'Villain' looks out of every inch of him, 'Villain' says the back of his wicked old head, and 'Wicked' says even his elbow and the make of his back. His body's got to be after the pattern of his heart, for I take it, Mr. Painter, that the heart is stronger than the body and shapes the body after it, as, if you put a square block in a thin 'lastic bag, the bag shapes to what is in it; which is a obserwation made by Abraham and swore to by Barry. Wherefore, Brother Painter, if you do *per*sist in having this old wretch stand for a saint, and after you've drored him try to image some goodness in him to make his face like a decent-behaved saint, you'll get left, brother, you'll get left, for his heart is so low down his moral actions can't rise high. An' goodness, Mr. Painter, ain't a thing outside to be growed in, but it is a thing inside to be growed out; an' if that man's face has to look decent an' agreeable, it must be from some good feelings he's give way to in past times; which good feelings ain't in the books. Therefore, brother, if you put him in your picter, you spoils your picter, and I've got the dead wood on you there.—You old villin! You're aggerwating the duck-wing! If you wasn't so old, I'd break your neck;" and Barry stayed

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his reasoning to offer the irritated duck-wing a little wheat from his trousers-pocket, and to soothe it by several touches on its head and neck, for Barry was singularly happy in his intercourse with all animals, having, as he said, "a brotherly feeling for 'em."

This matter of the man from Alaska street as model for the Culdee saint greatly pressed on Barry's soul.

The picture of the "Cock-fighters" went on famously. The Alaska-street sinner looked such an unmitigated sinner in his picturesque wretchedness, his passion for a low sport rampant in his extreme age; Barry, with his burly form, reckless air, but jolly, honest face, holding back and petting his bird, and bound if it fought that it should not be hurt; the splendid plumage of the birds; the rusty brown, black, dirty white and faded blue of the old man's attire setting off the splendors of the yellow duck-wing, and Barry's red shirt and bottle-green trousers in the foreground,—made a picture in which the color-loving soul of Flemming delighted.

Barry often had to go early to Alaska street to see that the old man got to the studio instead of to the dram-shop, and several times this customer was so drunk that his part of the picture could not go on.

"You see, brother," said Barry to Flemming, on one of these occasions, "you can't think of putting a

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drunken saint in your Culdee picture, for sure as you do every one as looks at it will see right through the thing and say that old saint cared a sight more for his brandy-bottle than for his prayers. If you're going to paint good people, you ought to make 'em look so good that folks that see 'em should go and do likewise; you should."

Finally, four weeks had gone by. Flemming had worked relentlessly, fearing that his old man might prematurely drink himself to death. Meantime, Mr. Wallace was pressing for his Culdee picture, and Flemming felt that he must spend the remainder of May and all of June on that. After the first of July he intended to set off on his regular yearly pilgrimage of six or eight weeks, camping in the forests or by the sea, making sketches and studying nature with all his heart. On this tour he proposed to take Philip with him, for Philip's genius was evidently developing toward landscape-painting, and a landscape-painter would be of the company, who would be a priceless master for the boy's first essays in his art.

"I'm sick to death," said Flemming, on one of the last days of work on the "Cock-fighters," "of having that rum-smelling old reprobate in my studio. But where shall I get the proper old man for my Culdee saint? I've sent to the academy and elsewhere, and reverend old men are scarcer than diamonds."

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"Now, see here, brother," said Barry, holding forth from the vantage-ground of a high stool: "you're going to paint— Sort it out, Philip!"

"'An aged man of majestic height,'" said Philip.

"Yes, so you want an old man—a very tall old man and big in proportion, nothing stingy in his growing, nowhere.—Sort again, Philip, so we can take the sense of the old man."

Philip gave forth in a kind of *recitavo:*

"'All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form:
The saint before his own image stood—'"

"That's the talk!" said Barry.—"Now, brother, if you're going to paint a saint, you want to find one —a man as has lived saint so his good deeds look out of him. You want a man that has had saints back of him for forebears; you don't want a man with a fighting, drinking mother and State's-prison burglar-father looking out all over him."

"Humph!" said Flemming. "Saints—let alone saints with two or three generations of their ilk back of them—are not plenty these days."

"Then, brother," said the oracle of the studio, "don't try to paint 'em."

"You speak as if you could bring me saints just as readily as you brought me game-cocks," said Flemming.

"So I can, brother, on this here occasion," quoth

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Barry; "it was what I was leading up to. I didn't intend to leave you in the lurch for a saint; I've got one in my eye.—Philip, you sort out that poetry-bit which mentions the kind of saint he is, you know—'that rolled mothers and children,' and so on—as you often sorts it out for Abraham."

Philip loved to recite poetry; he had a gift that way. His principal early occupation had been reading or reciting to his grandmother, a woman with a naturally good ear. He began:

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
> Even them who kept thy faith so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones."

"That's it! He's one of them, from his far-away grandfathers all saints to the back-bone. Now, Mr. Painter, leave it all to me. I'll trot the right man here to-morrow, and we'll have our picter done in proper shape."

"Philip," said Flemming, "if you knew of such a person, why did you not think of mentioning him to me?"

"Why, I don't know," said Philip, who was shy of seeming to meddle, though sometimes quite brisk in expressing his opinion.

Barry turned to Flemming with a lofty air:

"The boy ain't to say bashful, but he's short of 'sperience. He'll grow into it, brother, never fear."

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"See here, Barry," said Flemming, suddenly: "if you bring me the right model for my Culdee, let me tell you what I will do for you. You shall not suffer by it."

"We never suffer for good deeds," said Barry, sententiously.

"We might, but you shall not. Barry, you're used to tramping. Can you cook? Can you clean up camp-utensils? Can you set up and strike a shelter-tent?"

"Can't I?" said Barry. "I can do anything I lay out to do, you bet!"

"Then, Barry, you shall come with us this summer as general utility-man for our excursion. We shall be gone July, August, and perhaps into September, to get the woods after frost. You shall go with us. You'll have plenty to do and your fair share of luggage to carry, but I think you'll enjoy it, and we'll do the fair thing by you."

"'Enjoy it'! Won't I enjoy it? What! Be out in the woods once more with fair reason? Go round with painter-men? See the woods and the streams, and hear the birds and see the cattle and horses, and the sheep grazin'? What! See dew glitterin' on the grass an' rainin' in fine points off the leaves? See the mist rollin' up from the valleys? See the hills all crowdin' up blue and purple? Get wide room to breathe? Be going along day after day with all the joy and good of a tramp and none of

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the sneakin' feeling that one is a low-bred lot that all decent folks are down on? Oh, Mr. Painter, do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it," said Flemming. "I wouldn't leave you home on any account after you have turned your heart inside out on the subject in that way. You shall go."

"I vow I'm going to be real industrious," said Barry, "and earn my togs. Mr. Painter, what do you say to my having a pair of corduroy trousers, another red flannel shirt, a big white linen hat and a pair of leather shoes made of yellow canvas?"

"You look up to the mark, Barry," said Flemming, with a shout of laughter echoed by Philip.

"I'll earn 'em while you're painting the Culdee," said Barry.

The scale was turned in favor of tramping once more. When Ada, Philip, respectability, lay in one scale, and only the joys of the road in the other, the balance, after trembling unevenly for a little, turned in favor of the three; now that Philip and respectability and the delights of a wandering life were in one scale, and Ada only in the other, Ada's case mounted toward the beam.

The next morning Flemming and Philip were both at work, and Barry, who had come up without explaining why, was hovering restlessly about the studio, when Flemming cried sharply,

"Barry, if you could clear out or behave less like

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a drop of mercury let loose or a pea on a hot griddle! You're a deal of a tame bear to have in a studio!"

"Let me only open the door, brother," said Barry, whose ear had caught a step on the stair, "and then I'm off to work."

Barry flung open the door, and Pierre Brescia stood framed on the threshold. His lofty stature, nobly-formed head, long white hair and beard, his quaint foreign garb and the mild, firm, earnest light of his deep-set eyes made him one of the most striking and magnificent old men that Flemming had ever seen—a proper model for his Culdee saint. Flemming rose, impelled to do him reverence. Philip hastened to meet the old man; he had no question of Pierre's fitness for an artist's studio, as he had of Barry's when Barry had first made his irruption after the fashion of Vandals pouring to the sack of Rome.

"Oh, ain't he the very moral of a saint!" cried Barry, presenting Brescia with as much triumphant joy as if he had been the crowned work of his own hands.

"Sir," said Brescia, taking off his felt hat and sweeping a bow in which Italian suppleness and grace were tempered by the strength and solemn dignity that belong to mountaineers, "the man Barry said that you needed me."

"So I do," said Flemming. "If you will sit for

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me, so that I may finish a picture that is tormenting me to death, the service will be nearly priceless."

"I should not wish to hold myself so valuable," said Pierre, slowly. "If by sitting to you as a model I can earn some of my own support while I search for a lost child, I shall feel that this is a true help sent from above."

Flemming had an intense admiration for all that was noble and beautiful, especially in human development. The grave majesty of Brescia's air, where humility and dignity were blended, his fine proportions, his reverend age, aroused Flemming, and the enthusiasm for his Culdee saint—enthusiasm which had chilled and almost expired under the incubus of the drunken old man from Alaska street—awoke in tenfold vigor before such a worthy subject for his pencil. He hastened to bring forth the long-shrouded canvas, and to invest Brescia with the flowing white woolen robe that made the drapery for the deliverer of the Culdees.

Barry vigorously assisted each process. He hoisted the canvas to the easel; he with more zeal than discretion adjusted the folds of the saintly garment; and meanwhile he discoursed:

"Now, Mr. Painter, you've got something wenerable. It ain't only the outside of a man as has to do with it: wenerability is the good that's inside of a man growing out when he's old. When you

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has a mean, sneaking, gin-guzzling spirit looking out of the eyes, you can't turn round and put honest goodness there out of your fancies. It isn't a bald head, Mr. Painter, that makes a man venerable, nor yet a big back: it's something inside. And he's willing to sit for you. He approves of paintin'; he says there's lots of people take to it in his country —though I don't know as that is of any account, for by his tell they act pretty crazy in his country. Still, he believes you painter-men can get to heaven if you act according. But tell me, brother: do you suppose you are likely to act according, or that you will get there if so be you don't believe there is any such place?"

"You can't get along without breaking a theologic lance against me every now and again, can you, Barry?" said Flemming, laughing. "But if this old gentleman is the Abraham to whom you refer as your authority in religious matters, he may take just as much exception to *your* expecting to get to heaven because you deserve it as a reward of merit as to my not being sure of heaven at all."

"My son," said Pierre Brescia to Flemming, "indifferentism is more dangerous than a mistake, for he who desires a thing and seeks it in a wrong way may revise his seeking and find the right way, while the indifferent will miss all in his neglect. Who is most likely to become an artist, he who

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paints earnestly if faultily or he who ignores art altogether?"

"Now, my dear friend," said Flemming, "you are standing just as I want you for the Culdee saint, and I have no objection in life to your preaching me a sermon while I paint you into my picture; you may make something of me while I make something of you. And the preaching will be quite in the character of the saint, and may move you to an expression which I could not possibly imagine into your face. My trouble with my man from Alaska street was that his thoughts were entirely intent on his next dram or on the last nickel he won cheating with a dirty pack of cards, and I could not get a noble expression into his face by any process of imagination."

"My son," said Pierre Brescia, "let us say man is as a lantern: he must be lit from within. The mere glasses have no light of their own. If you put in a small bit of candle—well, you get a light through the glass; if you have to your lamp oil or gas or electric light, so much more and clearer the light will be; but if there is no light, the lantern is all dark in itself and can enlighten nothing. The old man you mention could not shine in any moral beauty, as he had no spiritual light. Have you ever seen religion—true religion, I mean, and not superstition—making such a man as you describe from your Alaska street?"

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"No, I have not," said Flemming; "but, on the other hand, I have seen plenty of moral men who made no profession of religion, and very agreeable characters they were too."

"Possibly," said Brescia, "they had more religion than they knew. And then think how much of their morals they owed to religion—to the religious teaching had from their parents, to the religious example of good people about them, to the long religious culture of society as they found it! If you want to discuss man as a moral being entirely without debt to religion, you should take him as you find him in the heart of Africa, in the South-Sea Islands, in Central China. You have traveled, my son—in my own country a few years ago, in Spain, in other places: have you not found a low standard of morals just in proportion as the pure religion of the Bible was withdrawn from the people? You found human life less esteemed, family ties less sacred, truth and honesty and cleanliness less respected, frankness and industry and public safety less general."

"I laid all that to lack of education," said Flemming.

"Yes, but did you not notice that this education which you esteem is general in proportion to the diffusion of the religion of the Bible? Just in the degree that the Bible is free is the measure of the public education, and the high morals of the public are in

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the degree of both. In a land where God's word was withheld from the people, and where sin had come to be considered, not as transgression against God, but as a mere question of preference or human expediency, I went up and down for years, taking the light of the gospel to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. Only the consolations of God could heal broken hearts; only hope of heaven could cheer those who had been deprived of all inheritance here; only the law of God was strong enough to convert the soul and holy enough to show sin to be exceeding sinful."

Pierre Brescia was saying what he thought; he was embracing his opportunity—as he had striven to do all his life—to preach the gospel in season and out of season, if any "out of season" there be for such labor. The genial face and the courteous manners of Flemming won the old man's heart, and he desired his spiritual good. Besides, he remembered how by the free expression of error Philip's soul had been shaken; he marked now the earnest eyes of the boy fastened upon him, standing as Philip was for the bound Culdee boy, and the old man wished Philip to hear the other side—the side of truth—to antidote error.

Truth has, however, her noblest advocates in the lives and the deeds of her children. The consistent courage of the believer is the best refutation of unbelief. Pierre Brescia felt this, and he spent many

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of the hours while he sat in the studio in telling of the mighty acts of those whose martyred blood and ashes are "sown o'er all the Italian fields." To these he united histories of the Hussites in Bohemia, of the Lollards in England, the Culdees in centuries far remote, the Poor Men of Lyons in France. Pierre had read much and inherited the Italian gift of graphic story-telling.

"The one thing," said Flemming, "that drives me back from religion as the sword in the Eden-story drove back banished man from the gate is that it makes so much of a little sin and makes one so hopeless over it."

"You are all wrong there," said Pierre. "What of hopelessness is there in saying that God has found a ransom for sinners and a way of forgiveness for sins, so that a man's sins which he hath done shall no more be even mentioned unto him? The cry has gone out, 'Deliver! for I have found a ransom.' It is as Charles Wesley sung in a hymn which I translated into Italian and sent home to comfort my people:

'Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and perfectly forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Aspiring to our native heaven;
With joy upon our heads arise
To seek our dwelling in the skies.'

God's people only are delivered from the bondage

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of their sins. Was it not Augustine who said long ago that of our sins, if we tread them under foot, we can make the ladder whereby we climb toward heaven? Here is where our God turns the wrath of men to praise him; all evil things, all loss and pain, all our natural and besetting sins—our pride, our malice, our discontent—can bring to us the crown of victory when in honest combat, by God's help, we meet and defeat them. All our falls, our griefs, can bring to us the excellent dower of patience, humility and sympathy if we are but intent on bringing 'meat out of the eater, and sweetness out of the furious.'"

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CHAPTER XII.

BARRY SEEKS AND FINDS A MODEL.

THESE were happy days for Barry; he lived in the hope of once more freely wandering forth along the roads—not now as a vagabond, but as a respectable traveler. For once he became industrious, and as he earned money for each desired item of his outfit he purchased the article, took it up to exhibit to Mrs. Fenwick, and then begged her to lock it in her bureau-drawer. He had never apprehended danger from robbery at the office until now that he owned a linen hat and some extra socks and kerchiefs.

The time set for starting was the tenth of July. "The Culdee Saint" had needed but the two figures furnished by Pierre and Philip, and certain finishing; it was successfully completed by the middle of June, and Flemming felt that he owed much to Barry for bringing Brescia to him, and Barry took to himself nearly all the credit for the picture, referring with great scorn to the reckless manner in which the "Alaska-street bummer" would have been turned into a saint but for his interference.

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When Barry saw an admiring crowd around the window where the picture was exhibited for a week, he walked near them, rubbing his hands and saying audibly, "Oh, our picter takes pretty well;" "We made a mighty good thing of that, but what, I asks, would it have been if *I* hadn't set him right about it?" Still, even this consciousness of merit in regard to "The Culdee Saint" was not so exhilarating to Barry as was his triumphant joy at being a principal figure in the "Game-cocks;" that was even better than being the woodcutter of Bagdad. In the "woodcutter" he wore a gown swathed about his waist, and he was burdened with a turban; besides, he had nothing to do with the design.

"Moreover," said Barry, "I never was a woodcutter, and I never had a snake bite my heel. But I made the picture of the 'Game-cocks,' and I'm in it large as life; you'd know me in a minute. When it is at the exhibition, I'm going to stand by it and show the folks how like it is."

"If you do," said Flemming, laughing, "I'll break *your* neck. Familiarity of that kind will breed contempt of my work."

But Flemming had yet another picture to finish before leaving for the summer—one of his numerous incomplete undertakings. For it he wanted a little child, and, with some respect for Barry's zealous if inchoate ideas of art, he showed him the canvas and explained what he wanted:

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"I need a little girl, Barry, between three and four years of age; golden-haired, but with large, soft black eyes—a beautiful child with a bright laughing face."

"I'll find one," said Barry, valiantly. "Ada wouldn't do; she has blue eyes and red hair. You'd better want that style; she's handsomer than any other child in the city."

"I have no doubt she is," said Flemming, "but black eyes and golden hair are the items on the bill you have to fill this time, Barry."

Away went Barry, and from light till dark of the June day he searched for Flemming's ideal, but unsuccessfully; a second and a third day passed likewise. On the morning of the fourth day entered Barry, jubilant:

"I've got her, Mr. Painter!"

"Bring her along, then," said Flemming, speaking indistinctly, owing to the handle of a paint-brush being between his lips.

"But I want to tell you a story, brother," said Barry, taking a lofty stool from which he might speak *ex cathedrâ* with some impressiveness. "Early this morning I see a big fat old woman going along carrying a child that was crying enough to break one's heart; so, as I don't lay out to have no child abused, I stopped to ask what was wrong, and I found she was shrieking after some currant-bun which the old woman didn't have change in her

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pocket to buy. She said she had got a loaf and some milk for the child's mother, who was lying at the p'int of death. Well, I had a nickel in my pocket, so I gave the youngster the currant-bun; and when she cleared up her face, I see she was just the youngster I was looking for—yellow head, black eyes, dimples in her chin and cheeks, just as pretty as a pink—but most miraculous dirty and ragged; so I carried her along home, and the old woman said the child was no kin to her and would soon have to be sent to the poorhouse, for the mother had long been sick and was getting sicker, and would need soon to be sent to the hospital to die. She said she had a conscience, being an honest woman, and so long as the board-money paid in advance warn't run out she kep' the sick woman. But now the poor soul was out of her head—and, indeed, she hadn't never been in it very especial—and in a week she was going to send her off; so I asked her if she'd hire the child out for a little, to get painted, and so be she might get some money for clothes for it, for about all the little critter had on was a ragged old woolen gownd. She said 'Yes,' so I can get her any time. But I say, Mr. Painter: the child's not fit to come in here, and she don't do no sort of justice to her looks; she needs cleanin' up and dressin' up. What kind of clothes do you want on her? If so be you could spare a little money, Philip's mother could take

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her in hand and fix her up appropriate. It's a work of charity, says I."

"Well, Barry, there was no need to plead so long for it. Take five dollars and tell Mrs. Fenwick that a clean skin, a pair of patent-leather slippers and a little loose white gown made with a yoke at the neck will be about the thing, and a little French cap in lace and pink. Now off with you!"

Flemming handed a bill to Barry, and that worthy went off after Mrs. Fenwick.

The street-child was taken to a bath-house by Mrs. Fenwick and treated to scrubbing and hair-dressing; then Mrs. Fenwick clad her in clean white from top to toe and combed the golden, wavy cloud of her hair over her shoulders under the dainty little French cap. Barry fed the child until she was content, and then carried her, gleaming with cleanliness, fresh robes and general happiness, to Flemming's studio.

"Well, Barry, I'd nearly given you up; it is three o'clock, and after. Whew! Is that fairy your treasure-trove? Why, she *is* a beauty! You'd better not let her go back to her den until the sittings are finished."

"Mrs. Fenwick says she will take care of her," said Barry. "Ain't it a downright pity for such a blessed little creature to be sent to the poorhouse?"

"Yes, Barry. It's a dreadfully mixed-up world."

The child, meanwhile, released from Barry's

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arms was making a tour of the studio. She felt quite at her ease, stooped her tiny figure, putting her dimpled hands on her knees, as she examined the pictures set along the floor, insisted upon being lifted up to get a good look at Philip's work, and, finally arriving at Flemming in her progress, leaned back familiarly against his knees with the tranquil remark,

"Me likes pitty people; me is velly pitty me ownself."

A mandolin then attracted her attention, and, picking at the strings until she evoked a sound or two, she said,

"It sin's, an' me tan sin' too;" so, taking a deep breath, she began:

"'Elle est blonde
Sans seconde
Elle a la taille à la main.'

I fordet the most rest of it, but I know anodder:

'Let 'em alone,
An' they'll come home
An' wear their tails behind 'em.'"

"Goodness!" said Flemming. "Isn't it a pity that such a sweet, strong, natural voice must be spoiled by the time she is ten, singing at the concert-halls and beer-gardens? for that is what it will come to. Seems partly French; she will take all the more readily to posing."

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The child took so well to posing that she became entirely quiescent and fell asleep in her place, which gave Flemming a fair chance to paint her lovely hair.

Next morning she came back in a very happy frame of mind. She was clean, well fed and had slept well in a little bed made up for her by Mrs. Fenwick. She had, it is true, shown some stormy temper as regarded the twins, and called them both *gueux*, but, as they were ignorant of French, they calmly endured the vituperation. Flemming put her in position again and placed before her a screen, partly to secure such light as he wanted, and partly to keep her truant black eyes from Philip, whom as pre-eminently "pitty people" she greatly affectioned.

After a time Pierre Brescia came in, very much excited:

"Philip, I am going to Boston; I have heard of my child, I am sure. There's a woman at one of the dime museums there with just such a child, and people think she stole it. It is a foreign child—speaks some foreign tongue that the woman does not. I saw a man last night who was in that museum a few weeks ago showing off as a 'horned Hindu,' or some such thing. I've earned money enough the last month from the artists here to take me the quickest way; I'm going by cars this afternoon."

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"Dim me de moosic," said a voice behind the screen.

"What is that?" cried Pierre.

"A child we have posing—a model," said Philip.

"Sit still, pretty, and you shall have some candy," said Flemming. "You can't have the music. Be good, now; here's candy."

"Non! non! Jackie no have any tandy; moosic for Jackie!"

Brescia dashed around the screen, then stopped and stared. This elegant little lady in the lace cap and the patent-leather slippers never belonged to him, yet, flung back on the cushion and going into a fury after the music, she *was* a reminder of his spirited little idol.

"Sir, sir," said Pierre, in his deep voice, "what child is this? Where did you get her?"

At the strange voice the child not only recovered from her temporary collapse, so as to sit up, but she sprang to her feet and stood poised, her hands half outspread, her big black eyes on the lofty form of the Waldensian; then, with a flush and a shriek of delight, she knit up the broken thread of her memories: "Mon père! Père Pierre!" and flung herself against the old man's knees.

The mighty frame of the grandsire was shaken as a reed in the wind; he sank down, kneeling, beside the little one, and clasped her to his bosom with a storm of tears and sobs:

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"O God, glory to thy name! Thou hast given me the desire of my heart. I called upon thee in the day of my trouble, and thou hast delivered me, and I will glorify thee.—Jacqueline, is it thou? My treasure! my ewe-lamb! my little love! light of my eyes! Ma mie! Ma douce amie!"

Jacqueline struggled around in her grandfather's clasp until she stood with her back against his heart, one hand knit in his flowing beard. From this coign of safety she reviled her late patron Flemming:

"Bad man! Mechant garçon! Div Jackie moosic!"

Evidently, the manners of Pierre's darling had not been improved by her year of absence from his guardianship.

"Mignon," said Pierre, "does she remember petit Pierre and Tante Marie? Does Jackie want to see her little white bed—the cow, the flowers, les marguerites, ma chèrie?"

To all these beguilings Jackie remained deaf; she had forgotten these belongings of her infant life. Then she drew back and eyed Brescia, and recollection awoke again, and she made a dash toward his long waistcoat, crying,

"Montre!"

Alas! the big silver watch—Brescia's pride—had been sold to aid him in his search by the little money it would bring. He took the girl in his

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arms and rose up from the floor, standing as if ready to go out. This recalled another memory to Jacqueline; she tugged at his neck in impatience, and shouted, "Venez! Mes poulets! My shickens!" and, as in ecstacy the old man clasped her fast without moving, she boldly beat him on the head.

At this moment the door opened, and Barry came in to look after the welfare of his new model. He saw Brescia, with an illuminated face, holding the black-eyed blonde to his bosom, and Flemming and Philip looking on radiant and with a dimness in their eyes. He comprehended the scene at once: by no wit of his own he had completed Brescia's search and found his lost child.

Barry stopped short; he took in the happy scene, clapped his big hands together and shouted,

"He took it, and laid it on his shoulders rejoicing. Philip! SORT THE BOOK!"

The library of Flemming was not destitute of a Bible. Philip yielded as of yore to Barry's orders; he turned to the desired passage, and read:

"'And what man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.'"

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"There, brother!" roared Barry, drowning his emotion in waves of stentorian sound—"there, brother! What do you make of that? If ever you sez again that that book ain't true, I'll break your neck!" He made a rush at Flemming, stopped halfway and executed a war-dance, cumbersome but enthusiastic. "I said I'd help you find her, and I did; I said I'd get a proper baby to paint, and I did. I got 'em all in one. I'll bet on Barry every time. What would any of you do without me, I'd like to know? I brought the boy safe all across Pennsylvany; I've kep' him straight up to the mark in Phylidelphy; I'm seein' to his getting made into a painter-man; I kep' the Alaska-street man from being made a saint; I got up the picter of the game-cocks; an' I've found Abraham's little gal! What would any of you do without me, I asks?"

"Come," said Flemming, when the emotion of the scene had a little quieted, "let me go on with my picture.—Brescia, put your baby back, and you can sit near enough to touch her if it is necessary to your peace of mind. There is no occasion for you to be too happy; the child will give you enough to do, as she has over-much of both temper and beauty.—Give her a bit of candy, Philip, to keep her still."

"No tandy! Shickens!" shrieked Jacqueline.

"Give me a dime," said Barry, "and I'll whisk

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round to a toy-shop and get her a chicken in two minutes."

It was arranged that in the afternoon Flemming should go with Barry to investigate the facts about the child, while, at Mrs. Fenwick's, Pierre enjoyed the society of his recovered idol. Arrived at the narrow and dirty "no thoroughfare" where Barry had borrowed the baby, they saw in the doorway which closed the head of the alley the fat and dirty old woman with a conscience who had done the loaning. She at once ran at Barry, crying,

"Oh, you're the man I want! Where's the child? I wish to goodness I hadn't lent her to you. I thought her poor mammy would never know, she was so out of her head like, and for the sake of helping the little critter to good clothes, and me so tried with her rolling into the gutter and fighting the other children, I let her go. But things goes so crosswise! No sooner is she off than the poor woman begins to fret and wail and moan for her, until I'm driv' out of my head; I came out here in the door to be clear of listening to it. Where is the young one?"

"Quite safe, and well dressed," said Flemming; "we will answer for her. We came to see the mother; what can we do for her?"

"Nothin' but give her back the child," said the woman, indifferently. "Go in if you like; one pair up, back."

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They climbed the narrow, dark and dirty stair, and in the room indicated found a poor bed, and tossing on it a woman in the last stages of consumption. She was as Pierre Brescia had described —dark, tall, gaunt, wild-eyed, her long unkempt black hair falling over shoulders half covered by a torn yellow gown. She rolled her head restlessly and plucked at the bedcovers with her bony fingers, muttering, "Ma bêbe! Ma mignon? Ma chèrie!" then, louder, "Give me my child—my little girl-child!"

"If this," said Flemming, "is the person who did the child-stealing, she is beyond all reach of law or punishment; her death is near. And what neglect and destitution! If we hope to learn anything from her, the only chance is to have her taken to a hospital and at once restored a little by good care." He went down to the woman at the door, and, returning, told Barry to go out and speak to a policeman and send for a hospital ambulance.

The ambulance having come and the woman being laid in it wrapped in a quilt, Flemming and Barry followed it to the hospital, and Flemming had some conversation on the case with the house-physician. He was told to come with the child the next afternoon.

At the time set Brescia and Flemming took Jacqueline to the hospital.

"The woman is very near death," said the house-

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doctor, "and has recovered her mind. I think she must have been partly demented for a year or two."

When Jackie was placed on her bed, she looked at her approvingly, but without mark of affection.

"Here is your child," said the doctor.

"Oh no, sir; my child was not so old, and she died. My little one—all I had in the world—died. They put her in the ground; I remember. It was a winter day, sir, and they put under the snow the soft little body I had kept so warm in my bosom. I think the loss drove me mad, sir, for I know it was long ago, and since then I remember things only as if they whirled together like red wheels. There was the lady that lost the pocket-book with a hundred dollars in it. I found it; I saw her drop it. That was quite clear. I was sure of that pocket-book, and while I talked with my own heart—whether I might keep it, you see, as I was so poor and she so rich, and I wanted it to live on—while I thought 'Yes' and thought 'No,' it was all as whirling red wheels again. But now they are gone, and I am clear. But there *was* a little child when I found the money. Yes; she cried for food. I kept the money for her, and I got her what she cried for, and I hurried away on the boat and the cars. What child was that?"

"Mamma," said Pierre's grandchild, "Jackie will sing:

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'Elle est blonde
Sans seconde
Elle a la taille à la main!'

Don't know more; fordet all the more there was."

"Yes, I had a child, but not my child. My child is dead; I go to her. Where did I get the other child?" She twisted her thin hands together. "Where did I get the child?" A look of terror came to the haggard face. "Do you think I took the child away from somewhere, thinking it was my own and that I must have a child? Have I made some other woman as miserable as I was when my little one was gone? Is this the child I had? Did I steal the child?"

"I think you must have done so," said the doctor.

"But oh, good gentlemen, what will become of the child? Who will find its mother? Who will carry it home? Oh, did I see a little child in a little garden, a pretty little child—not a rich child—and did I carry it off with me, going fast and far, so no one would take it away, thinking it was my own, and yet feeling all the time that mine was cold under the snow?"

"I think this is so. But do not grieve; you did not know what you did. The child is safe; its friends have found it."

"The child is mine," said Brescia. "No mother

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grieved for it: its mother was in heaven; so was its father. I have followed your steps, and God has at last given me back my child. Mourn no more."

"I think I took the child," said the woman, faintly. "She is yours; take her back. I want my own! Oh, will God give me my own?"

"She is safe," said Pierre, "'for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father.'"

The woman closed her eyes for a while; then she looked up:

"The little one is in heaven, and I must get there too. Once I knew some One who was to take me there—some One I loved and prayed to. Who was he? It was a Shepherd, you know—a good Shepherd—and there was a word: 'I will in no wise cast out.' It was to get me there, but my mind was broken when the mine fell in on the father of the little one and when the little one was laid under the snow. Where is that Shepherd that once I knew?"

Pierre Brescia bent above her, his hand on the golden head of Jacqueline:

"He was the Christ, the Son of the Blessed. He said, 'I am the good Shepherd, and I lay down my life for the sheep. No man taketh it from me; I lay it down of myself. Father, I will that all that thou hast given me be with me where I am.

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Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Not cast out! Yes, that is it. Take the little child away. If I took her from you, I am sorry; I did not know what I did."

And this was all they ever learned of the fortunes of Pierre's little grandchild during the more than a year of her disappearance; when Barry went to the hospital to inquire, two days later, the woman was dead.

Flemming had proposed that Brescia should wait in the city for a few days while he finished his picture and Mrs. Fenwick prepared a little wardrobe for Jacqueline; Pierre, meanwhile, remained with Barry, and the child with Mrs. Fenwick.

Barry and Pierre had gone down to Water street one night, and, as it was too hot to sleep, they sat in the open door of the office, striving to get a breath of fresh air from the river. Barry, with much hesitation, began:

"Abraham, I promised you something once. You seem to have forgot, but I'd have you know Barry is a straight fellow. I don't go back on a bargain; I says, and I sticks to. I told you if the Lord kep' his word to you and give you back the little child, accordin' as you'd prayed, I'd say the Lord was right about it and I was a sinner. Now I'm going to say it. Stand clear. Here goes! I'm a sinner!"

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There was a long silence. Barry drew his breath slowly; he was expecting in himself some manner of revolution, which did not come. He was astonished; he cried out:

"I wants to deal fair by you, Abraham. I've said it, and I don't believe a word of it. I can make my mouth say it, but I can't make my idees feel it. I say I'm a sinner—a big sinner if you like—and I know I ain't."

"'Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God,'" said Brescia.

"Oh, you hold on there, Abraham! That's not fair; I haven't lied at all, to any one. I'm trying to act on the square."

Brescia meditated on Barry's case. Soul-saving had been the passion of the Waldensian's life; he had greatly desired Barry's salvation from the first time he had seen him. Now not only did he see in Barry a soul to be saved, but he saw a man to whom he felt that he owed a debt. Barry had been largely instrumental in finding his child; had Barry not found her just as he did, Pierre would have gone off to Boston, leaving the little one behind him, to be sent to the cold charities of the poorhouse. Now his heart burned within him with tenfold zeal to lead this lost son to the celestial Father.

The Christian life is one of progression: the true child of heaven makes daily some new development

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of grace or knowledge and enters more deeply into the mysteries of godliness. Pierre Brescia had dealt with many souls, but he had yet something to learn in dealing with Barry, and that something would unfold to himself more clearly the methods of divine grace. Pierre had found that the terrors of the law thundered harmless above the sleeping soul of Barry. The man's unenlightened conscience knew nothing against himself; no one convinced him of sin, because by inheritance and utter lack of religious influence and education he had little realization of what sin was. As no enormous overt act of sin rose up to convict him, Barry was incapable of feeling any burden of original transgression or general iniquity. To Barry all spiritual questions were as dim and indistinct as those vast nebulous tracts the Magellanic clouds, and it seemed matter of doubt whether any glass could be discovered capable of resolving his vague ideas into any distinct opinions.

Pierre had talked and explained and vainly brought human reason to bear on this hazy and vaporous condition of mind, when it suddenly occurred to him that doubtless God himself had delivered theology in its most simple and comprehensible form, and that man, in endeavoring yet further to simplify, might be darkening, counsel by words without knowledge. Therefore he ceased expounding and devoted himself to reading slowly and care-

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fully to Barry the four Gospels in their order, ceasing the reading in each one at the betrayal of the Lord. The delineation of the divine life in its holiness and simplicity, four times repeated, reached and roused the soul of Barry. Hitherto he had had no fit standard of moral measurement, nor had he had any true sample of spiritual whiteness to show him that the righteousness which he hugged about him was as filthy rags. But now was clearly set before him One whose "raiment was exceeding glistening, as white as snow, so as no fuller on earth could white them;" and Barry, struck by the marvelous contrast between himself and the Man of Nazareth, cried out in heart-sincerity, "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife!" "I am a man of unclean lips;" "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" He recognized his sinfulness, but it neither greatly dismayed nor long distressed him. He made no further plea of holiness, but he could not conceive that God would have any controversy with him on account of sin. "What else could God expect of him?" said Barry. "He was as he was made." He realized, by contrast with the character of Christ, the existence of sin in himself, but he did not realize the exceeding sinfulness of it, nor yet that it was very hateful in the sight of God. In vain Pierre reasoned with him that God was so holy that he could not look on sin with any degree of allowance, that before him

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even the angels were chargeable with folly. Barry made answer:

"If that were so, he wouldn't have abided the world and its wickedness so long as this. He can stand sin better than you think, or all creation would have been nowhere long ago. You see, the Lord knows what we are, and what to expect of us."

Then Pierre took the book again, and read of Him who trod the wine-press alone, and to whom the waters of a full cup were wrung out. He began with the betrayal, and he read in each of the four Gospels the Passion of the Lord. In the life of Christ, Barry had gotten a measure for his own life and found that he fell short of the requirements of God; now the death of the Redeemer showed him the exceeding sinfulness of sin by showing the wrath of God against sin and the greatness of the cost of making man just with God. It was in making this plain to Barry out of the inspired word that upon Pierre Brescia broke more clearly than ever before the logic of God's plan of redemption. Now, at last, Barry saw not only that God had much in him to condemn, that evil was fearfully and utterly condemned, but that between his guilty soul and divine wrath stood divine incarnate mercy.

Oh wonderful, oh beautiful, story of redemption, true centre of crystallization to our troubled thought, seeing else only dark and broken riddles in the uni-

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verse! About this eternal idea determine into form and comeliness and become luminous and precious what otherwise were dark, worthless, disastrous speculations and angry questionings of an incomprehensible destiny. What light is there upon the soul of man and his long toilsome progress through the ages when we read the story!—

"As if Sin's legions did not one day crowd
The death-pangs of the conquering Good to see!
As if a sacred head was never bowed
In death for man—for me!

"Nor ransomed back the souls beloved, the sons
Of men, from thraldom to those nether kings
In that dark country where the evil ones
Trail their unhallowed wings."

Truly said the fierce De Montfort, "The Lord will know his own." He knows them all; not one of them is forgotten before God. Into what strange byways, what dens and slums, has he gone down to gather out his own! From ancestry given over to the devil, from ignorance and besotted indifference, he brings forth his own, chosen trophies of his uncovenanted mercies.

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CHAPTER XIII.

WANDERS THROUGH A SUMMER WORLD.

THE tenth of July dawned in fiery splendor. The studio of Flemming was resigned to darkness and to silence; cobwebs might now grow in the corners and spiders weave their filigree over all the painted palaces. Pierre Brescia had taken his child and gone back to the home so long abandoned and desolate, now made glad again with the presence of the little one. The twins were kissed and bidden "Good-bye," and Mrs. Fenwick, leaning from her window, watched Philip gayly marching up the street beside Barry.

Perhaps the world did not that day hold a happier man than Barry; he was happy up to the very limit and summit of his desire and capacity. There might have been plenty of people who thought they had greater and higher cause for happiness. The lover who had attained the love he most desired, the childless whom God had at last crowned with paternity, the thankful to whom their best-beloved had come back from the jaws of death,—all these, and others, might have felt superior to Barry in the subject of their joy, but Barry was as happy as he

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could be. He had all that he wanted; what man can have more? Blessed are they who want little in a world where patrimony is likely to be limited!

The theme of Barry's rejoicing was that once more, after nearly a year of bondage, he was free of the city, free of the paved ways, free of the jostling humanity, and out where he had breathing-room, where he had sunshine unhindered by envious walls and high-piled roofs; had water running, not through culverts, but in the glad light of day; had grass growing for his feet, and trees waving out of sight and bees and birds and butterflies and dragonflies skimming about him. Barry did not shout, leap, sing, fling his arms abroad, in his delight; no well-regulated tramp wastes himself in that fashion. He held his head a little forward; his arms hung lax, responding to the motion of his body; he moved at a slow, regular pace, seeming to see nothing, yet seeing everything; and he walked alone, for he was too true to tramp ways to walk beside anybody. Yet the soul of Barry was inundated with harmless pride as he "took stock" of himself and his possessions. He felt his linen hat resting—lightest of diadems—on his head, the weight—blessed weight!—of a rubber-covered pack on his shoulders reminded him that he had extra shirt, socks and kerchiefs, towel, comb and soap, a tin plate, a tin cup, a fork, a blanket. His feet were just under his eyes, and the canvas cover-

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ings which graced them had suggested to him to ask Philip whether "sorting the book would bring out anything to fit *them*," and Philip had promptly "sorted" from memory, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes!"

"Anything about corduroys?" demanded Barry, slapping the knee of his new trousers.

"No; the only breeches mentioned were linen," said Philip.

"Very good, but not fit for tramping in this climate," said Barry; and his hand, from caressing his trousers, passed fondly over the flaming breast of his new red flannel shirt. Hot? Too hot? By no means! Barry loved the glowing heat of the sun as a Sahara or a leopard loves it, drinking in life.

Flemming and his artist-friend, clad in white flannel and hats with wide green-lined brims, walked side by side, carrying their appropriate packs on their shoulders, their easels and umbrellas and camp-stools ingeniously folded into walking-sticks in one hand, and their boxes of colors and blocks of paper in the other. Barry had for extra luggage a coffee-pot, a frying-pan and a thin web of rubber cloth which, properly put up, formed a tent. Philip, less laden with artistic materials than the rest, had with his impedimenta a strong hammock weighing scarcely two pounds.

The plan of the travelers was to stop each Satur-

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day noon at a public-house, to remain until Monday morning, sending forward to each of these stopping-places their extra luggage and getting weekly advantage of beds, baths, fresh raiment and general civilization. There would be but few days when they could not find a sequestered stream or pond for a swim, and the rubber tent was shelter enough from dews or light rainfalls. For food they depended on purchases at villages or farmhouses. The order of the day was an early-morning start, when all the air was fresh from night-dews that yet sparkled along each roughened edge of grass-blade. Barry made the fire, cooked coffee, meat or eggs, made toast and set forth the morning meal of the food provided over-night. Meanwhile, the others took a morning swim if swim were possible, arranged their baggage or examined items of the previous day's work. Breakfast eaten, Barry quickly cleaned up his utensils, Flemming folded the tent, and they were off at leisurely pace. Not a lizard coated to his habitat, not a green adder with a forked and flamy tongue swiftly playing from its erected head, not a great dytiscus framed in tawny orange, not an almost microscopic anisotome like a tiny drop of blood, not a cicala clad in green scarlet and silver-spangled liveries, glorious to behold, crossed the path or stirred among the herbage but the eye of the seemingly unobservant Barry marked it, and by the general name of "beetle" he intro-

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duced it to the notice of his companions. No eyes were keener than Barry's to mark the green shading into blue on the shardy wing-covers; his quick glance told the lines and dots on the thorax and marked the curious changes of tint and form. Many a good lesson in natural science did Philip get from this ignorant teacher. At noon the party sat down in the shade for an hour or two of rest, while they ate the luncheon purchased during the morning. Sometimes almost the whole day would be spent in one place while sketching was going on. Barry was inclined secretly to judge it unfair that Philip must be kept to simple black and white, while the other two lavished color at will; it looked to him unjust that Philip must spend hours depicting an old dead, leafless, half-rotten tree forlornly leaning over a stream, while his elders painted some roadmaker pounding away at stones, or a group of cattle cooling in a pond, or masses of crimson and gold in a sunset sky.

"It is the only way to make him an artist," said Flemming to Barry, perceiving his dissatisfaction. "The bird must be fledged before it can fly; he must walk before he can run. These black lines which you despise are form, and form in art is something higher than color."

Barry's discontent in his behalf did not waken kindred vexation in Philip; the boy was fortunate enough to understand that his teachers knew more

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than he did. In fact, Barry's art-ideas were narrow, in spite of all his talk of "our studio" and "the picters we make."

One day Philip beguiled the time while he was sketching a stump and a broken-down panel of rail fence by telling Barry of him who, lying on the hills watching his flocks, had occupied himself in drawing his sheep, and a great artist found him so occupied, and, taking him to the city, he became one of the most famous of painters.

"That's just it!" said Barry. "Why don't you paint sheep, if you mean to be anybody? Sheep mean something; no man ever became great by painting a rail fence."

"Well, now, Barry, there was another painter, who, when all were to send the best they could do to be judged, just took a crayon and drew a circle—a ring, Barry—and he did that so very well that he was called to Rome and became first of painters."

"Do circles, then," said Barry; "if anybody got great by doing circles, try it. But who ever made his mark by droring a stump? I asks. What's a stump to dror? If you drors stumps an' rails, folks will think you don't know better!"

"'Better'!" said Philip. "Just now I don't know near enough. When I can make a real good stump, well shaded, I shall be proud, I tell you."

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"'Proud'!" said Barry, with contempt. "'Proud'! Why, I could do it if I knew how."

Barry often wondered why his simplest observations were received with such hearty applause.

About six o'clock the camp was made for the night. If a charming spot had been reached earlier, there the party sat down; if a little longer march were needed to arrive at some scene of sylvan beauty, no one complained. Arrived, Flemming and his friend set up the rubber shelter-tent, Philip found a place for his hammock, and Barry made a fire and cooked supper, having obtained culinary reinforcements from the nearest farmhouse. Barry was very skillful in collecting material for soft beds whereon to spread the blankets; and when the supper was finished and the utensils were washed—and Barry was a neat steward—then he would stretch himself out at a little distance from his patrons, clasp his hands under his head and tell tales of his past life.

"You wouldn't suppose anybody ever had called me a angel, would you?" inquired Barry, one evening.

"You don't look particularly like one. But people are liable to use rash expressions," said Flemming.

"I was called it, hearty," said Barry. "Five years it was last November, and the place it was down in Jersey. It was a cold, sleety night, and I

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was wishin' I hadn't been born a tramp and findin' houses far between, and farmers pertic'lar sassy about letting a stroller lie in the barn. I see a house—quiet little place—standin' alone, an' the smoke rollin' out from the chimney looked so promisin' that I made bold to knock at the back door just at dusk. I found two tidy little old ladies eatin' of their supper in a tidy little kitchen, an' I declare if I didn't pity myself more than I had had any idea of doing, when I heard how they pitied me for bein' so wet and cold and forlorn on the roads, without no home. They was werry charitable old ladies, and about as simple as the Lord ever sees fit to make 'em. There's some folks he must count among his very small children even when their heads is grown gray. These old ladies give me a chair by the hot stove and handed me a cup of tea and a plate of hot eating, and I went in for it miraculous. Well, seeing they was so kind-like, I asks if they hadn't a shed or a shelter where I could sleep over-night, and they says no, they hadn't nothing but the house; and they lived alone, they said, and had for ten years, since their old father died, wellnigh to a hundred. I thought it was a risky thing, them telling they was alone, but, seeing it was me, of course it didn't make no difference. Well, the storm got worse, and I kind o' glued to the stove, and hated so powerful to turn loose that one of 'em says it wasn't a fit night to

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turn out cat or dog, an' the other says it looked unchristian-like to deprive a fellow-creature of shelter. What 'unchristian' meant I didn't know then, but I do now. At last the oldest little old lady says to me, tremblin'-like,

"'Man, if we let you stay, are you willing we should put a pillow and quilt into a large closet we have, and lock and bolt you in?'

"'Bless you, ma'am,' says I, 'you may tie me hand and foot to boot, if it will comfort you any. Tie me and lock me,' I says; 'I ain't up to no cabinet tricks.'

"So after I was dry I stepped into the porch and washed up a little; and when I came in, the two of 'em, scared as death, but striving to do Christian duty, showed me to the closet, and, I saying I was more than agreeable, they locked me in, and drew two bolts on me besides. I lay down in clover, and just as I was dropping off to sleep like a lamb I found that my closet had two doors, one of 'em opening on to the old ladies' sleepin'-room, and I heard them seeing to the locks and bolts there, which seemed to satisfy them. Then, in a minute, I heard one of them readin' out loud to the other in a solem' voice words about God; I didn't recognize them then as being sorted out of the book. Then I heard 'em praying. I'd never heard no one say a prayer before, but these little old ladies laid it all out to the Lord how they was weakly and all

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alone, and wouldn't he send his angels to guard 'em and to bless the poor man under their roof. Well, I listen as tight as I could, and I vow it made me feel sort of teary in my eyes. Then I heard the bed creakin' when the little old ladies climbed in, and by a spark of fire through the keyhole, I see they slep' with a light. So I went off to sleep myself, solid, and the first thing I knew was a shriek that brought me up sitting. First I didn't know where I was, but I soon straightened that out, and was just considerin' as one of the old ladies had the nightmare, when I found it was something else, for I heard 'em saying quaverin'-like,

"'Oh, good man, don't kill us! Don't do such a deed as to kill two helpless old women!'

"I wanted to leap out, but I was locked in fast. I opened my mouth for a yell, but bit the noise off 'tween my tongue and lips, feeling I could do more good by lyin' low for a little. Says a man's voice,

"'I don't go to kill you; all I want is the money. Give me the money, an' keep quiet till morning, and there sha'n't be a hair hurt. It's the money I want, quiet.'

"Then them two began to pray him, as they was old and feeble, not to take what little they had, or they'd have to go to the poorhus in their dyin'-days. They begged him not to be so wicked, but he said to give him the keys quick or he'd brain

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'em. Then I reckon God give that simple old lady her word. Says she,

"'If you *will* have the money, there's no need to give you the keys; I'll unlock the closet myself.'

"I see in a minit what she meant. I gathered on my heels, and I got out the only thing I had of fightin'-kind—a knife as big as the law allowed without calling it 'concealed weapons.' I heard her working with the lock and bolt, an', as the door came a little ajar and there stood the poor little shaky ghost in a white gown and a white cap, I gave her a wink, an' I see round her a black man standin' by the bed with a axe in his hand, eying her. I give a roar like a wild lion, an' I flung at him full strength. He was took very aback, but swung up his axe; but the old lady in the bed caught at his elbow, and that give me chance to wrench the axe away. Then he cut for the door he came in at, and I after him. The front door was open; there was six steps to that, and as the man flew out of it I leaped on his back, and down he came, me on top, and broke his hip. Well, the end of it is he was one of their neighbors come to rob 'em, and blacked up. It was then them two old ladies called me a angel, hearty. They kep' me there three days, treatin' me like a king, an' give me a suit of new clothes and a lot of shirts made by theirselves. Seems the simple old souls had two thousand dollars in the house—

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all they had: 'feared bank might break if they put it in. But they 'greed to never keep more than ten dollars by 'em ever after. When I left, they promised they'd pray the Lord for me every day as long as they lived, but I didn't feel very choice of that promise then. Now, brother, I believe all the good I've got since—all the keepin' out of trouble, all finding of Philip and Abraham, and helpin' you make picters, and learning all the goodness of the Lord to me a sinner—is along of my old ladies' prayers. Don't you ever tell me, brother, prayer don't do good; it does."

"Why, Barry, that is quite a romance," said Flemming.

"There's lots of queer things happens in this world," replied Barry.

They were passing along part of the road traveled the year before by Philip and Barry. One afternoon Barry said he had a call to make, and would turn off the straight road and meet them in the evening. About two miles from the place where he turned aside was a pretty white house, a well with an old-fashioned sweep in the front yard, borders of poppies, marigold, feverfew and asters leading up to a honeysuckle-draped porch. In the porch sat an elderly Quaker lady knitting, a cat in sober gray, like its mistress, sitting, on a bench at her side, a row of straw beehives near the house, where hundreds of bees came and went among

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climbing roses and beds of mignonette. Just such a picture had Barry seen a year before; it seemed that time had here stood still—that, as in the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, all had been stayed:

> "Here rests the sap within the leaf,
> Here stays the blood within the veins."

The Quaker dame might have knitted on and on without leaving her chair since last Barry stood at her gate, and the roses might have bloomed for the bees and the hollyhocks have crimsoned in a stately row, and the cat might have purred in a vagrant sunbeam, and no winter have smitten them ever since, no day have died, no morning risen, no decay or change fallen upon this garden-world.

Barry went up the gravel-walk as he had a year before, only then Philip had been at his side.

"Missis," said Barry, "may I get a drink at your well?"

"Certainly thee may; but perhaps thee would like a glass of milk?"

"No, thanky, mem; I'd as lief have Adam's ale," said Barry, going to the well and helping himself. Then he came back near the steps: "Missis, you don't remember me."

"Thee has a something that seems familiar. But no; I do not remember thee."

"May I sit on the steps, missis? I passed here once before. Then I was a tramping-man; now

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I'm a artist-man, an' the rest of the painter-folk are moving toward evening camp."

"Thee looks little like a tramp, and less like an artist."

"Well," said Barry, striving to be honest, "the most I do at the painting is to carry the things, and to sit model, and to give my idees and see to it that the rest of 'em don't make mistakes. When my boss is well looked to, he makes picters that sells for as high as five and six hundred dollars. Last year, missis, I come by here with a boy—a very pretty boy, long, loose, curlin' locks over his shoulders; looked as innocent as a girl. You took a heap of fancy to the boy, missis. We slept overnight in your carriage-house, and you give us two very good meals. And you didn't want to let the boy go on; you said if he'd bide with you he should help in the garden and go to school, and that such a pretty young lad shouldn't run the roads."

"I remember the boy," said the lady. "What has thee done with the boy?"

"You mind I said I'd promised to take him to his father and I meant to do it square? I mind, missis, you seemed to doubt whether I was good company for the little chap, and you took me round the corner of the house and told me I would have to give account to God for the boy, and if I led him into sin better would it be for me to have a

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milestone tied around my neck and me to be throwed into the sea. Which was a bit you sorted out of the good book, but I didn't know it on that occasion."

"I remember thee now, clearly," said the lady. "Where is the boy? I gather from thy words and coming back that thee has not failed in duty to the child."

"No more I haven't, missis," said Barry, with honest pride. "I took him to Philydelphy, like I laid out to do, and not a bit of mischief did the lad hear on the way. Honest I got him, as one may say, from the grave of his grandmother; and with the manner of welcome we'd get at the city above in my eye, honest I marches him across the country. We found his father, missis; dead and drownded he had been for two years, but he'd left the boy a stepmother and a pair of babies, one of them named Ada—a mighty nice child without saying a word against the other—and the stepmother a woman with a good heart and religious as they make 'em. We have done very well by the boy. He's learning to be a painter of picters, and is going to make a fortin'. The artist that learns him—though I think he's too strict, making him draw too many stumps an' fences an' great ugly stones—is a very nice man, not so pious now as he will be after I've had him in hand. For, as to religion, I've took a new turn, and I think I'm doing

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very well at it just now," added Barry, with frank satisfaction.

"I am glad to hear it. But thee must not be too self-confident."

"Oh, I won't," said Barry, heartily. "I don't deal in anything that's wrong now—I'm as good as gold—but I need more light."

"I think thee does," said the Quaker lady, severely, "if thee thinks thy natural heart is not yet troubled with sin that will give thee sad falls some day. If thee is so tripped up that thee comes down on thy knees, it may do thee good."

"Oh," said Barry, "you mean praying? Yes, I prays reg'lar, and I have the boy sort over the good book to me, and Abraham told me, if ever I did get wrong and say 'vow by my head,' or things of that kind, the Lord would forgive me if I said I was sorry."

"Yes, yes! thee is right there," said the Quaker lady, mollified.

"And, missis, I come out of the road this two miles to see you because I remembered the interest you had in the boy and the warnings you gave me, and I felt I'd like you to know I'm a religious person now, and not a poor tramp more, and that the boy is provided for and doing well. He got a little shaky about religion and the Bible, but he's all right now; I stiffened up his back-bone by my observations, and the Lord and Abraham did the rest."

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The good lady looked sharply through her spectacles to see if this odd visitor were making fun, but she saw he was in dead earnest, though it was quite evident his piety was strongly tinctured with his own individuality. She brought out a plate of cakes of her own making, and a glass of raspberry-vinegar, and insisted on treating him; then she gave him a tiny book of daily texts for Philip, and gave him a "God-day" with a cordial wish that she should meet him and Philip in the land that lies very far off. Then Barry rejoined his patrons.

Flemming's line of travel with his party was along the course of the Schuylkill into the Kittatinny region; then toward Wilkesbarre, along the Wyoming Valley; then north-east, crossing the Delaware at Lordville into Delaware county, New York, and where for a week they camped among pastures all a-crowd with the ripe beauty of the Autumn. From there they traveled slowly northward into the Adirondack region; here glittered in icy black and silvery unending shadow almost numberless lakes. When the forests of birch, beech, cedar, hemlock, maple and pine opened a little, Mount Marcy could be seen dominating all the landscape. Here through the stillness of the summer woods they heard the hurrying of little streams to join the Hudson and the Saranac near their cradles; here partridges fed unterrified in the silence, the speckled trout slept where

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the streams formed quiet pools around the gnarled brown roots of the trees, and sometimes across an opening a deer bounded in its flight or came fearlessly down to the lakelet to drink, while squirrels —red, gray, striped—boldly ran upon boulders or on bare dead limbs, and sat to watch the intruders upon their long domain. In such blissful scenes Barry built two huts of logs and hemlock branches, and thatched them well with bark; he made a shelter for his fire in case of storms, and he dug and walled up a fireplace where he could cook in peace. He built of saplings a table and some seats, and, making cupboards of the boxes in which the camp-stores had been forwarded by team from the railroad, he admired his housekeeping arrangements as much as a young bride admires her first ménage.

They had been a month on the way, and the plan was to remain a month in the woods and go home by rail. Those were halcyon days in the lives of all the party. They fished, hunted, painted, collected; they were visited in their camp by other parties of tourists or artists, and they returned these visits. It was a glorious sight when the camp-fire was lit at night and roared and blazed, sending flashing arrows of light cleaving into the surrounding blackness and lighting instantaneous paths of glory through the gloom, when the outmost branches of pine and hemlock turned to bronze or gold in the ruddy glow of the flame, when the fire sent up a volume of smoke,

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crimson, orange and gold, near the glowing heart of the embers, then fading into white and gray, and finally rolling darkly off into the kindred darkness of the forest-aisles. To see all this, to catch it luminous and suggestive for the canvas—this was glorious. Each day seemed more beautiful than the day that went before.

Flemming and his friend visited, sketched or wandered about on Sunday at first, but Barry kept Philip with himself, remarking,

"When I've cleared up the camp, we'll sort the book, and you shall sing me some good things; we'll let the woods know it's Sunday, brother."

Flemming lent his aid to the plan, by saying to Philip,

"My boy, I'm not sure I'm right, but I am sure you are not wrong; so read your book and keep your Sunday as your people kept it before you."

Thanks to the energy of Barry and the instructions of Pierre Brescia, Philip's spasm of doubt had been short-lived, and he had returned to his early ideas, and conducted himself accordingly. He had brought along the two Testaments received from his grandmother, which he had "sorted" so frequently to Barry on the road, and also, at Barry's earnest entreaty, a little copy of *Pilgrim's Progress;* these he read to Barry as they lay under the trees. Flemming and his friend Morrow soon began to enjoy these readings, and to return early from their

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rambles to hear them. The melodious voice of the young reader commended the noble words, and his two books are the two of which the world never tires, and which as soon as read seem straightway new, to be read again.

One Sabbath they went to a camp-meeting held several miles from their huts. They started early in the morning and returned late in the evening, carrying pine-knot torches blazing, to light them in their dark path through the woods, where fallen trees or deep ruts constantly lay across their path. The camp-meeting reminded Philip and Barry of the stories Pierre had told them of the Waldensian pastors preaching on the mountains or in deep glens, or of the conventicles held in Scotland during the times of covenant and persecution.

Sitting on a fallen tree listening to prayer and to hymn, Barry began to wonder whether he would be there if old dangers were renewed, and if to go to the camp-meeting he must take his life in his hand and be ready for axe or stake. He did not find in himself martyr-grace, and became very melancholy.

"What's up, Barry?" said Flemming. "You don't seem to have relished the preaching. Now, I did. That old man was in real earnest; he made one feel he had got hold of a truth."

"See here, brother," said Barry: "I asked myself if I had got grit to die for religion, and I found I hadn't. I believe if there had been soldiers after

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me on account of being present I'd have been the first one to run."

"That would be all right," said Philip. "Don't it say in the Bible, 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another'? Why should we stay and provoke people to commit murder?"

"The Bible is a very common sensible book," quoth Barry, "amazin'; but I vow, Philip, if there was danger back of the meeting, I'm afraid I wouldn't go anywheres near it."

"I've heard say," cried Flemming, "that dying grace comes with dying need, and that we are not called on for martyr-courage until there is martyr-question. There's no need of throwing away energy or graces, either, Barry. If you've spunk for each day's need, perhaps you'd have it for the greatest need that could be."

"I believe," said Philip, "that must be what it means when it says 'not to take thought for what we shall speak when we are brought before kings and rulers,' for it shall be given in that hour what we shall speak."

"Then you don't think I shall be pitched into outer darkness on account of not being up to any higher mark than flying at this present time?" said Barry, floundering in unwonted depression.

"No," said Philip; "there's no call for anything more now;" while Flemming comfortably added,

"When you've got a good pair of legs, Barry,

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probably you are meant, in case of danger, to save yourself by running."

A new glory rose to Barry and Philip the very next evening when the party were all lying around their camp-fire. Something was said of a picture wherein Philip had stood for Blondel singing his famous lay. Barry demanded what the brave Lion-heart "had got put in prison for," and Philip explained that the emperor of Germany had taken occasion to imprison, until heavily ransomed, the king of England.

"How did kings come to be lyin' round loose that way?" asked Barry. "I thought they were always settin' on gold thrones, an' wearin' crowns, an' fur round their necks, except when they was safe in bed with sixteen guards standing round with a gun in one hand and a sword in the other."

Philip expounded that such martial state does not always "hedge a king," and also that Cœur de Lion had been away fighting on a crusade, but as to the true reason and history of the crusades Philip admitted that he was in the dark.

Flemming thereupon took up the tale and expounded the state of Europe at the end of the eleventh century, the possession of the Holy Land by the Turks, their cruelties to Christians, and how Peter the Hermit preached a crusade to deliver the sacred sepulchre from infidel hands. He told of the thousands that gathered wearing the emblem of

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the cross, of brave and famous men who went in succession to fight for the rescue of Jerusalem, of victory and defeat, of one crusade after another, of the Children's Crusade in 1212, of Edward and of Saint Louis, of Stephen and of Nicholas. The history was broken by various digressions made by the artists concerning the fitness of certain scenes for delineation, also by descriptions of pictures illustrating these events. Such talk seemed so fitting these forest-evenings that when the crusades had been discussed Flemming, who was a good talker, described the Round Table and its chivalry, the quest for the Holy Grail, and said that the next winter, when at home again, he should paint a picture of Sir Galahad, illustrating

> "I muse on joys that will not cease,
> Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
> Pure lilies of eternal peace
> Whose odors haunt me in my dreams.—
> O just and faithful knight of God,
> Ride on: the prize is near."

But the time for the home-going drew on. The camp was broken up; so was Barry's heart.

On the day when they were nearing Philadelphia in the cars Flemming bought a paper; after a little he turned and said to Philip,

"There's a letter advertised for you at the post-office; you had better get it to-morrow."

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CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN PHILIP INHERITS A FORTUNE.

IN the joy of seeing Mrs. Fenwick and the babies, being made much of and having his experiences to narrate, very likely Philip would have forgotten all about the letter in the post-office, though he had never had a letter in his life, and it was surely a great event. Flemming, however, was not so elated; a letter for him was advertised in the same column as the one for Philip, and the next day he despatched the boy to the office for both.

"I wonder where my letter is from?" said Philip, coming back. "Who could write to me? I don't know of anybody."

"When I want to know what is in a letter," said Flemming, "I make a practice of opening it." He set an example with his own letter by ruthlessly tearing off the envelope, and Philip, placing himself by the window, as if his letter needed a deal of light on it, did the same. There was no date or address, but Philip saw that the sheet was covered with very pretty and even, carefully-done

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writing, as if immense pains had been expended upon it. He read:

"DEAR PHILIP: I hope ever this letter will get to you, for I do not know any place to write, only just Philadelphia, and I have heard that is a very big city. Then Deacon Keppler says he cannot wait but two weeks for me to find you. If not, then I must tell, and it seems almost wicked to do that, when you made me promise certain-sure and hope-I-may-die, and all that, that I would not. I don't think it is right to make promises like that, Philip; we did at school, but I shall never again. There is so much that has happened since you were here; I must tell you all about it. I hope you have not had so much trouble as I have. Are you well? Did you find your father? I suppose you have been in school and learned so much you will feel far above me in classes, for I could not be in school much, my cousin Kate was so sick, and then at last she died. That was dreadful. I know now how you felt about your grandmother. But you had a father, Philip, and I have nobody. I have no friends and no money, and I have to go and live out with somebody. Boys can run away if they don't like things, but girls can't. I hope wherever I go people will be good to me and not make me work too hard, but will send me to school. I wish I could go to school till I learn to be a teacher; I

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should like that. I should have had a place now, only for your aunt, Miss Mary Athole. You know she wanted to live all alone; well, she did. One day her house was shut all day; then people noticed it. Next day it was the same, and they went and knocked, and then broke in, and she was there in bed, staring at the ceiling, but alive, and she had had a stroke and could not move hand or foot. The people said she had got too much of being alone that time. If you had been there, she need not have laid two nights and more than a day without any help, looking at the ceiling. So I was put there to wait on her and keep the house neat, and Miss Foster came to help with Miss Athole night and morning, and people said I did real well. It was six weeks, and ten days ago Miss Mary died, and was buried. Then people began to look for you. They want you very particular. Deacon says nothing can be done till you are heard from. They made so much of finding you, and said something dreadful would be if you were not found, that at last I told Deacon Keppler that I saw you before you went away, and you told me where you were going and made me promise solemn not to tell, and that maybe a letter could find you. Deacon said I was to write, and he'd give me two weeks; and then, if you don't answer, I must break my promise and tell all I know. So, Philip, you had better send me or the deacon a letter. And he says par-

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ticular you are not to be afraid, for you shall never be bound out to anybody now. And I am here keeping your aunt's home that was,

"Your friend,

"CLYTIE HARPER."

After two readings of this diffuse letter, Philip took it to Flemming. He only read it once and laughed:

"Write at once to the old man, Philip. You're in luck. I see how it is: you have fallen heir to your aunt's money."

"I don't believe she had any," said Barry.

"I'll warrant she had. Sit here by my desk and write the old gentleman where you are, and that your father is dead, and what you have been doing. And, Philip, if you're in luck and a guardian is wanted, choose me; and the deacon, he can take charge of the property, and I will take charge of the person. Only you needn't go into those particulars in this letter."

Philip accordingly elaborated a letter to the deacon in this wise:

"DEACON KEPPLER—

"HONORED SIR: Clytie Harper tells me you want to know where I am. I heard my aunt Mary Athole telling you I should be sent to the poor-house and bound out, and I ran away. I came to

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Philadelphia to find my father. I will not be bound to any one, and I hate farm-work; I am to be an artist. My father was lost at sea two years ago; he had married, and my stepmother is very good to me. I live with her and help her take care of two little children that she has. I suppose I ought to be sorry that my aunt is dead, only she never wanted me to like her. Will you tell Clytie I think she was very kind to write me such a nice long letter? If you want to know any more about me, you can write to Mr. Flemming, who is teaching me to be an artist. I put his address below.

"Your humble servant,

"PHILIP FENWICK."

About a week after this Flemming and Philip were busy at work one day in the studio, when they heard a slow, heavy step coming along the hall and in a few moments some one knocked at the door. Philip quickly opened it, and there was Deacon Keppler, very much out of breath from climbing the stairs.

"Here's the deacon, Mr. Flemming," said Philip, to whom there had never been but one deacon in the world.

"Why, Philip, how you've grown!" said the deacon, "and you are handsomer than ever—the very picture of your mother. And what is this

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you're doing? You never made all these pictures, did you?"

Philip laughed as he looked about at the numerous products of Flemming's genius during many years:

"No, deacon; only this one bit of woodland here on my drawing-board;" and he held out the piece of charcoal-work on which he had spent a week.

"I take it that's a very remarkable picture," said the deacon, beaming through his spectacles. "So you don't want to be a farmer, Philip?"

Philip shook his head positively; he was quite clear about that. Every hour during the last year had served to fix him in one purpose and one passion.

"And you don't want to go through college?"

No; Philip thought not. He explained to the deacon that he read a great deal and studied nights, and could go on so:

"Besides, I haven't any money, only what I earn from Mr. Flemming; and he pays me more than I am worth."

"You have more money than you think," said the deacon; "you have all your aunt left."

"She couldn't have had much," said Philip; "she sold eggs, milk and butter and made shirts for a living."

"She loved to accumulate," said the deacon; "she made it all income, and no out-go. She left

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the house and garden, the five-acre pasture and five thousand dollars."

"What an immense lot!" cried Philip. "But then I was no relation to her; I heard her say so."

"So she counted it, but you were the nearest kin she had; all the Athole blood else has run out. Your grandmother's second husband was cousin to the first, so you were Miss Athole's third cousin, or fourth—third, I think—and by the will of Miss Athole's father whatever is now left would go to that branch, and you alone represent it."

"I understand, then," said Flemming, "that the boy has a furnished house, a garden, a pasture-lot and five thousand dollars?"

"And a cow and fifty fowls," said the deacon; "and the money is very well invested, bringing three hundred and fifty a year. It's at seven, on first mortgage, and good."

"You're rich, Philip," said Flemming.

"But what can I do with it?" said Philip. "Who will take care of the garden, the cow and the chickens? I can't go back."

"If you let the place, it will run down," said the deacon.

Now, Flemming, since the letter came, had foreseen exactly some such event as this, and had settled his opinions. He said,

"Your stepmother is a very smart woman; why

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not put her and her children in the house? She could do as well as Miss Athole did with sewing, eggs and butter, and she would keep the property in good shape. You might let her have fifty dollars of the interest yearly to help her out, and three hundred will keep you. Small incomes, hard work and having to earn for themselves—these things make artists. You will not begrudge Mrs. Fenwick anything, I know."

"Of course I will not," said Philip. "But, you see, she isn't as strong as my aunt Mary was, and she has the two little children. Who will make the garden and see after the cow and do the weeding for her? It took hours of weeding."

"I have the very thing," cried Flemming: "send Barry out there with her. He is mad about the country, he can live on almost nothing, and he is as honest a fellow as lives."

"At least," said the deacon, "if you make that plan, you had better come out there yourself for a week or two, to get them settled and let folks see you."

"Take the deacon round to your mother to talk it over," said Flemming; "and if Barry comes here, I will send him there."

A day of talk settled everything as Flemming had suggested. Philip was to go to Morning Sun for a fortnight to see his family settled, and then return to Philadelphia to pursue his work under

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Flemming's care. Mrs. Fenwick was sure she could do almost as well on the Athole place as Miss Mary, and then what a blessing to bring the twins up in the country!

When Barry heard the plan, he seemed to grow a foot in all his dimensions.

"I knowed it," he said; "I knowed that boy would turn out something uncommon from the first I set eye on him on the road. I see it in his whole make. Now, I'd like to know how that Athole place would have come out if I hadn't took the boy in charge and brought him all across Pennsylvany? And, what with his letting off his mouth too easy and dancing bears and reading tramps, and all that truck, you bet it wasn't no easy job. But I did it. Philip, you're a boy to go pardners with; you hold trumps every time. Oh, I'll take care of the place, never fear. There ain't a weed dares get an inch high with me round; the cow won't choke herself with a turnip nor bust herself with clover with me there; an' if them hens don't lay every day, they'll have me to settle with. I know I'm nat'rally lazy, but then it is only about some things; if I can work in the country an' be my own boss, I'm all there every time. Won't little Ada just bloom in the country!"

The deacon took them all to Morning Sun three days after. September was closing; there were no roses in Athole gardens now, but there were dahlias

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and asters, hollyhocks, marigolds and chrysanthemums, and busy little Clytie had kept the garden trim as well as the house. Hers was the first face they saw as the stage left them at the gate.

Such a plain little house as it was! low in the walls, high-pitched roof, red paint outside and yellow paint within; little windows with many little panes; little lattice porch in front and well with a great sweep behind. In the vegetable-garden were the rows of cabbages, the yellow, withered vines of ripened beans and the huge red flapping leaves of the beets, planted, but never gathered, by Mary Athole. Barry could hardly wait until next day, so eager was he "to settle the case of that garden." Then, within the house—so poor and humble as it would look to rich people—what a world of comfort opened on Mrs. Fenwick! The floors had rag carpets and braided rugs of Miss Athole's making; the white cotton curtains were bordered with lace of her knitting; most of the wooden or cane-seated chairs had cushions pieced by her busy hands. In the three bedrooms were more trophies of her industry—gay patched quilts, knit covers, towels which she had bleached and fringed, stools covered by her hand, samplers worked by her at school. How much, during all her life she had toiled and striven, busy as ant or bee, and with as little thought of the world lying outside of this as any bee or ant of them all! The conservation of this

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house, the accumulation of property for its own sake—such had been the central idea, the inspiring motive, of her life. She expected to spend her years there until she reached her century; she felt in her strong sinewy frame no seeds of death. She said to her soul, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years." To wealthy people who spent as much as her whole little fortune in a month or less what she had laid up to comfort her soul, would look very small. A one-story red house between two gardens, five thousand at seven per cent., constant earning of pennies by daily drudgery,—these *were* poor husks for a soul. If she had had a four-story brownstone house on a fashionable city avenue, another dwelling full of bric-a-brac and general splendors at Newport, a few millions in bank, a carriage, horses, liveried servants, jewels, pictures, hothouses, a few trips to Europe, and all the whirl of fashionable life, then there would have been something reasonable in saying to her soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods." But perhaps in the worldly much, as in the worldly little, the shivering soul, cold, hungry, forlorn, severed from its native skies, would have been equally desolated, and perhaps the saints in light, beholding afar off, could not see that the estate of this soul was any better with the much or with the little, since in either case it missed its natural heritage and had nothing that it could carry out of this world. The family who, eager and

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happy, came crowding into the little house to inherit what Miss Athole had left, thought of none of these things. Mrs. Fenwick had not known her; it was her habit to believe nothing of the dead except good, and she was not philosophic: she indulged in very few speculations. Philip was too young and inexperienced to think anything about his aunt's soul, her wasted life or her imperiled future. She had not impressed his heart; he was not of a disposition to cherish enmities: he straightway forgot her. It was an irony of fate, surely, that Miss Athole had toiled and grudged and denied herself year after year to lay up this little competence for the boy whom she hated, and not for him only, but for his stepmother and her children.

The first evening of the home-coming all was excitement, unpacking, examining, planning. The cow had to be called upon in her stable as some county magnate; she was found to be the most admirable cow on record. The hens and cocks had to be counted and their virtues descanted on by Clytie. The gardens were visited. Barry promptly vowed he could make them produce "ten times as much—enough to supply the neighborhood." Philip suggested that that would be superfluous, as all the neighborhood had its own gardens. Barry then ventilated a plan of supplying the Philadelphia markets from Athole garden, but listened to reason on behalf of expense of freighting. Clytie and

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Philip arranged to pick the apples from the two trees next day, and gave Mrs. Fenwick information concerning the late housemistress's store of preserves and dried fruit. The twins rolled and tumbled everywhere.

The next day it was poor Clytie's case that chiefly disturbed Philip; it reminded him of his desolation when he fled. She had been his favorite schoolmate; she had sent him on his pilgrimage with words of cheer and good counsel and a basketful of eatables. Now Clytie was lonely and homeless and obliged to go among strangers.

"Say, mother, couldn't you keep Clytie here and let her help you with the work and the children and go to school? Clytie is an awfully nice girl, and she is not used to rough ways. How much would it cost? Could you do it?" Thus Philip to his stepmother, plucking her by the sleeve and leading her out for private consultation behind the well.

"Why, Philip, if she would be content with board and clothes, like the rest of us, it would not cost much. I have the machine to make all the clothes on. She is a sweet little girl, and I should be sorry to see her going where people would not be kind to her."

"After a few years she will have learned enough to be a school-teacher, and can make lots of money for herself," said Philip.

"If I have her here to help me, I can make

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much more at my machine sewing," said Mrs. Fenwick. "But what do you think Miss Athole would have said at hearing of a family of five living off this little place?"

"She made most of her money while three of us were living off it," said Philip. "Besides, Barry will make more than he uses, a great deal. He has set his mind on making money here for Ada, and he will, you shall see."

"For Ada! That is all nonsense. What is over the living is yours, I shall let him know."

"Don't say anything about it; let him go ahead. It is all in the family. But you will keep Clytie?"

"Yes, if you wish and she wants to stay."

Clytie thought the gates of paradise were opened by this invitation.

Philip remained a fortnight at Morning Sun while Mrs. Fenwick prepared his clothing for winter. He spent several days at the schoolhouse, where Clytie was now restored to her place; he visited all his friends, and in his simplicity he wondered why people made so much more of Miss Athole's heir, who was going to be an artist, than of little Phil Fenwick driving his aunt's cow.

The evening before Philip was to leave, Barry said,

"Philip, you never showed me where they buried your old grandmother; won't you do it?"

"Come on, then; I'm just going there," said Philip.

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"It's kep' mighty nice," said Barry as they stood in the churchyard beside the low sandstone slab.

"Clytie and I were here and fixed it all up last week," said Philip, "and Clytie's cousin Kate's too. There is where my aunt Mary is." He pointed to a grave near at hand, a high-piled mound of fresh earth. "Deacon Keppler is going to get a stone for it. I asked him to get a good big white one; she'd like it, and it's all the good she will ever get out of the money she worked so hard for."

That was all. It could not be written over Mary Athole,

> "Full many a poor man's blessing went
> With thee beneath that low green tent
> Whose curtain never outward swings."

"Now, Philip," said Barry, extending his hand to either grave, "them two has gone out of this here world to another, but their lines of travel didn't nowise lie together, and it is quite nat'ral to think they didn't come out the same place. Which of them are you going to follow?"

"Why, my grandmother, of course," said Philip.

"You turned considerable aside out o' her line of life last winter, my boy," said Barry.

"Well, Barry, I got a little mixed up by hearing so many new things," said Philip.

"You mixes too easy; you need more sand in you," said Barry.

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Philip flushed, looked down, and said nothing. Barry went on,

"Now, my boy, it's the cars and not me as will take you clean acrost Pennsylvany this time. Folks can't have everything they want in this world at once, and now, though you've got more money, you won't have me to break your neck if you begin to go wrong. I'll be here looking after your property and Ada, and so on, and I'll not be looking after you. What's the vally of the property, I asks, if so be, brother, you gets discombobolized as to the good of your soul? Sort out the bit that fits just there, I says."

"'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" said Philip.

"That's it!" cried Barry, delighted. "There wasn't never such a book for sorting over. Well, now, Philip, there lies a woman as held to her Bible and her prayers and loved God and kep' her eye sot on the city of gold, and here was another woman as didn't care for none of them things. It makes a mighty difference in the end, Philip."

Philip stood between the two graves; they were preaching him a powerful lesson, but even more potent was the lesson taught by this man whom a year and a half before he had found sitting by the roadside, a reckless, ignorant tramp—the best of

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his class, perhaps, in that he was honest and kindly, but a homeless, idle rover who knew no prayer except a rhyme about his bed, who seemed to have absolutely no spiritual nature, a Sabbath-breaking, lying vagabond, but now transformed into an earnest, helpful, reliable man full of simple, zealous piety. What had wrought the mighty change? Was not this work of the glorious gospel its own triumphant vindication?

The lesson had its effect. Philip waved one hand toward the low myrtle-draped mound where his grandmother slept.

"Barry," he said, sincerely, "I shall stick to what I was taught by her."

"Well said, brother!" cried Barry. "But you can't stick to it if you neglects prayer, church, sorting the good book."

"I know it," said Philip, "and you have my word I will not neglect them any more."

"And, Philip, before you goes, if you'll just speak to the little girl, Clytie, about sorting over the book for me evenings."

"Certainly," said Philip. "But why don't you learn to read?"

"Oh, there's a powerful sight too many letters in the world for me to learn 'em all; it's a heap easier to have one sort."

Back to the city went Philip, and heartily resumed his work with Flemming. There was more

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time given to study now; all the evenings were spent at classes, and Philip went no more to the academy to serve as a model. Flemming felt that he was responsible for making a man of the boy, and he set himself honestly to his task. Barry himself had never been more particular about Philip's evenings or his companions or his morals, and Flemming, as knowing much more of the world than Barry, was a wiser guardian. One Saturday evening he said carelessly to Philip as they were leaving the studio,

"Phil, it is well never to lose a good habit; good habits are hard to form. I hope you are going to church and keeping Sunday, as you were taught by your grandmother?"

"Yes, I am," said Philip.

"All right! I am not very strict myself; it may be a pity. At least, I don't want, if I should be wrong, to hear the sound of anybody's feet coming behind me."

But in this world is it possible for any of us to go either right or wrong and not hear the sound of some one's feet following after us? Verily, no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

That was a busy winter—a winter of progress to Philip, and letters told him that it was a winter of happiness at Morning Sun. Clytie wrote wonderful things of her school and of the twins; Mrs. Fen-

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wick gave good accounts of the sale of eggs and butter and the value of machine work. Barry was popular among the farmers; he went out to help in threshing and husking and woodcutting, and he was as diligent as Miss Athole in gathering a hoard. His hoard, though, was for Ada; as soon as he had a hundred dollars tied up in a rag in the eaves over his bed's head he meant to put it out at interest. Meanwhile, he saw to it that the doors were well bolted at night, and he slept with a thick club at his bed's head.

In the spring a new plan opened to Flemming. He had not been in Europe for five years; he proposed to return for a long sojourn and take Philip with him to complete his art-education. Philip could thus improve by travel, and could learn several languages.

"Your three hundred a year will hold out very well for you," said Flemming—"we shall not live like princes—and after two or three years more you will be able to do things to sell. We will sail for London direct, and go from London to Rotterdam, see what Holland has to offer, go into Belgium, and spend our first winter in Paris, the second in Munich, the third in Florence, and so on."

It was fairy-land opening into sober earnest. There was nothing to withhold Philip. He loved his stepmother and her children, but not with a love that would make him homesick when far away from

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them. He wrote Mrs. Fenwick of the plan, and stated that he and Flemming would go to Morning Sun for a two weeks' visit, closing the twenty-first of June. Let the best-room be made ready for Flemming.

They made gala then at Athole house. Barry rose early and worked late. Never did garden show more goodly order. Peas and beans, lettuce and radishes, cucumbers and beets, peeped above the rich mould in discreet rows; every walk was straight and clean. In the rose-garden Mrs. Fenwick and Clytie tempered Barry's zeal with discretion, and roses climbing and standard, white, pink, red, yellow, variegated, double, single, large, small, bloomed in redoubled profusion. The house was cleaned and polished as spotlessly as Miss Athole herself could have wished if her restless ghost lingered around the scene of her earthly cares. Barry scrubbed and curried every inch of the cow's sleek red hide; and if he could have caught the fowls, he would have given every individual feather a brushing.

Now, on the sixteenth of June, when Athole and its roses were in the very height of their beauty, Mrs. Fenwick was instigated by Flemming to have tea in the garden. The sun was setting; the soft air shook fragrance from the thronging flowers. The group was gathered about the table, Flemming, who was so much a gentleman that he could be as

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courteous to Barry as to a king when fate brought himself and Barry socially together, was luxuriating on strawberries and cream and hearing Barry tell of the wonderful care he had devoted to the strawberry-beds; the children were feasting; Clytie and Mrs. Fenwick were cutting bread and cake and passing about sandwiches, when Ada perceived a wayworn pilgrim looking over the gate. She was a kindly little maid, so she slipped from her chair, having seized the largest cake she could reach, and, trotting to the fence, thrust it through, saying,

"Man, have a cake."

The man opened the gate, not to take the cake, but to pick up the child. He asked her her name, and, being told "Ada Fenwick," he hugged and kissed her furiously, and strode toward the table with her in his arms. Mrs. Fenwick, hearing little Peter shout "Nodder man!" turned to see her long-lost husband carrying in his arms their child. Here were a wonder and a joy such as had never entered their dreams.

Barry, after shouting and dancing and circulating in a frantic manner around the group, superintending the hugging, kissing, exclaiming and handshaking, relieved his feelings by rushing to the barn and bestowing upon the fowls a half a peck of corn, and on the cow a pail of shorts. He, however, warned them that he should bear this extra prodigality "in mind to-morrow."

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After captivity among the pirates of the China seas, Peter Fenwick had escaped, and finally made his way home as mate of a ship sailing from Canton. He had learned from the owners of the lost Ellen Adair of the fortunes of his family, and, having come by train to the station, five miles off, had walked across the fields to get home as soon as possible. He had had enough of sailing, had made three hundred dollars to bring home from Canton, and thought he saw his way clear to making a support for his family at Morning Sun. The amazement of all at his return was equaled by his wonder at what he heard of Philip's adventures, of his inheritance of Athole and of his proposed departure for Europe.

"I shall be back before you know it," said Philip.

Those days at Athole till the twenty-first of June were very happy days.

Barry did not let Flemming go without final warnings:

"Don't be letting the boy give up things he's sure of to take things you're only guessing at, brother. What's the use of always going about with a 'No'? Why tell always what isn't, and never what is? Don't rob a man of things, when you can't give him aught in place but 'perhaps' and 'possibly.' You sort the book keerful, and you'll find it a powerful sight too wise and too good to

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have growed out of any human's idees. Devils couldn't, and wouldn't, have made it; so God must have made it, and I reckon he knowed what was right to put in it. You don't make things more comfortable, brother, by taking all creation down out of the hand of God and leavin' it resting on nothing."

Ten years had passed from that June afternoon when Philip, weeping under the roses, had heard Miss Athole remorselessly planning his fate—ten years since, with a little bundle in his hand, he "fled away on his feet." It was again a June afternoon, and now, after eight years' absence, Philip was coming home. He had promised Clytle to return, lifted high in a chariot drawn by six circus-horses, to let Miss Athole see if he looked much like a bound-boy; he returned, as he went, on foot: he walked because he preferred it, having left his luggage at the station. In these eight years he had not become a millionaire nor bought six horses, but he had painted some very good pictures, and was making a reputation and fulfilling all Flemming's hopes for him.

Morning Sun lay in its little nook almost unchanged, but near by Morning Sun the seething life of the nineteenth century had woke up in all its turmoil, and a well was pouring out scores of barrels of oil daily where had been Miss Athole's

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five-acre pasture-lot. Athole house, out of the riches of this river of oil—albeit speculators had made the most of it—had grown larger and been painted white, and had a fence of iron filigree. The iron fence had a central gate—a gate toward the sunset—and the splendor of the parting day poured over a young girl who leaned on the gate with folded arms. The ruddy sunset-light tinted her white dress, and ruddily lit her cheek and chin and smooth round throat, and burnished into splendid bronze the pile of her dark braids. Philip saw her from far. He knew Clytie; he remembered how she had stood in the morning sunbeams, her face lit and her hair bronzed, watching him go forth on his first pilgrimage. He remembered, too, that he had told her he should return home gallantly in a glittering chariot drawn by six splendid and prancing circus-horses, and she should ride beside him. The coach and six must give way to some humbler vehicle, but he was still anxious that Clytie should ride beside him.

THE END.

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